

Sadness and Discoveries

Harry sat in the sitting room at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place. He half expected that in a minute Hermione would crash through the door and announce she had found a few books that would help with this years school work, or Ron to barge in offering Harry a game of Wizard Chess. Then his mind reminded him that the pair hadn't talked to him since two weeks after the incident in the Department of Mysteries. They had both told him that they blamed him for the injuries that they sustained; Ron had said Ginny refused to go near him. Certainly they had not minded the cuts and bumps they had got before but to recklessly put them into a battle was the last straw. Harry had tried to tell them that they had wanted to go, but they just told him it was the end of their friendship.

Out of those that had gone, only Luna and Neville sent letters to him. A small hooting brought him out of his musings and saw Hedwig perched on the armchair back, a letter in her beak.

"Thanks girl" Harry said petting her head and took the letter and read it.

Dear Harry

I know we don't write to each other, but we wanted to tell you that we believe you that Voldemort has returned. Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley sent us owls to say not to write to you and to talk to you because they blamed you for what happened at the Ministry of Magic. We wanted to say that if Voldemort attacks, we will be at your side.

Yours sincerely

Hannah Abbot and Susan Bones

Warmth filled Harry as he read the letter again. He still had friends that he could talk to whenever he wanted. He started to get up when another owl arrived; it carried a slightly larger letter.

Dear Mr Potter

You have been named as a benefactor in the will of Sirius Black. The will reading will be at 11.30 am on Tuesday 21st August at Gringotts bank we have tried to contact you but have not received a reply. We trust this will reach you. The following will also be in attendance: Albus Dumbledore, Nymphadora Tonks, the Weasley family, Hermione Granger and Tom Pintpot. You are to be announced as the main benefactor of the will. Please reply using this owl with the reply note provided. Should you have any questions contact me at once

Griphook

Senior Accounts and Will Manager

Griphook! He had last seen him before he started Hogwarts when Hagrid had taken him from the Dursleys. He had been the Goblin that had taken him to his parents vault and then to vault 713 which had contained the Philosophers Stone, but Harry had not known that yet. Harry looked for the date and checked it against the calendar on the wall. TODAY? He looked for the reply slip in the envelope but couldn't find a quill to mark his reply. Figuring that it had some kind of charm on it, he said yes to the parchment and a mark appeared in the right place. He replaced the part in the envelope and the owl flew back. A will? Harry knew that Sirius was well off, but not enough to give a lot of people money. He didn't know what would happen at a magical will reading, but he assumed that it was more or less the same as a muggle one. He would have asked Hermione but she wasn't speaking to him. How could he find out what was going to happen? He needed to speak to Griphook, but Dumbledore had told him to ask his permission to go anywhere. But there was one way he thought of smiling to himself.

"Dobby" he called and the house elf appeared in front of him.

"Harry Potter has need of Dobby?" Dobby asked.

"Take me to Gringotts please, then return here until I call for you" Harry said.

Dobby didn't reply but took hold of Harry's hand and apparated to the main lobby of Gringotts and once there Dobby returned to the house. Harry went straight up to the nearest desk and spoke to the goblin.

"I am Harry Potter. I have come for the will reading of Sirius Black" he said the Goblin looked very familiar.

"Ah Mr Potter, you are a few minutes early" the Goblin paused. "Do you not recognise me?" he asked causing Harry to search his memory.

"Griphook?" Harry asked.

"Indeed Mr Potter" Griphook said, clearly delighted that Harry remembered. "If you will follow me please I will take you to the office for the reading" and with that Harry was led to a large office. He noticed a few chairs there and sat down on one while Grip sat at the desk. He hardly had time to settle when the door opened and admitted Albus Dumbledore, Nymphadora Tonks, the Weasley family - minus Charlie, Bill and the twins - , Hermione Granger and Tom the landlord of the Leaky Cauldron. So that was the last name of the landlord. He had wondered if Tom had one at all. They all sat down and waited the last few seconds until 11.30. When the clock showed the correct time, Griphook stood up and spoke.

"Good Morning everyone. This is the will reading of Sirius Orion Black. In contrast to normal Wizarding practice, this will is in the form of a written statement. It is however charmed to project his voice" Griphook touched the parchment with a long bony finger and sat down.

"Hello you lot. If you're reading this then I'm dead. I hope that it was either whilst killing Death Eaters or shot by the father while escaping from the window of twin 16 year old girls at the age of 100. (Even Griphook smiled at that) Well I'm not one to stand on ceremony or anything so heres what each of you is getting.

Remus Lupin, will receive his items seperatly, at my request as will Alastor "Mad eye" Moody.

Hermione Granger – To you I leave all the books in the library of 12 Grimmauld Place, with the exception of those on the top two shelves.

The Weasley family – I leave you 250,000 Galleons.

The Weasley Twins – as per instructions, you now have separate accounts from your family one and also 50 shares in Dr Filibusters. I give you 250,000 Galleons each.

Nymphadora Tonks – well first of all, you can't get me for using your name can you? To you, I restore your name to the house of black. I also give you 500,000 Galleons to spend on whatever you want.

Tom Pintpot – I leave you 1 million Gallons and instructions that you never pay rent or bills for the Leaky Cauldron until the end of time.

Albus Dumbledore – I leave you with absolutely nothing at all. The reason for that is because you have kept Harry from the things he should know. And don't get me started on you keeping his parents will from him.

Harry Potter – I leave you the rest of my money in my account plus the flying motor bike currently in the possession of Rubius Hagrid who gets 150,000 Galleons for looking after it and Harry Potter. Harry Potter is now an adult according to both his parent's wishes and the letter of Wizarding law. He is also to be given all my property.

Well that's it, so unless I come back from the dead, I want to thank you all for coming. Please pick up your goodie bags when you leave" and with that, the parchment shrivelled up and burned up to ashes. True to his word a table appeared next to the door containing sweets and wizard toys. The others started to leave, only Harry, Griphook and Dumbledore remained.

"Professor Dumbledore, I believe it is time to explain yourself to Mr Potter" Griphook said carefully.

"Starting with why I wasn't told about my parents will" added Harry.

“Everything I have done has been for your benefit, Harry” Dumbledore said with a sigh. “I had hoped to tell you about it whilst at Hogwarts. It is unfortunate that it has come out at this time”.

“Griphook, when should I have been told about my parents will?” Harry asked the goblin while maintaining his gaze on the Headmaster.

“It is normally told on the 16th birthday of the eldest child, unless it has wished otherwise. In this case, it was so wished” Griphook turned to look at Harry “I am sorry Mr Potter, if I had known what was happening, I would have contacted you. I did think it strange that you had not replied to the owls we have sent you since the age of 8” the goblin glanced at Dumbledore with the goblin equivalent of contempt.

“That’s alright Griphook, you was not to know. Tell me, does Professor Dumbledore have his fingers in anything else concerning my parents will?” Harry asked taking his gaze off Dumbledore.

“Indeed he does” Griphook opened a drawer and pulled out a small file. “After your parent’s death, Professor Dumbledore informed us that he was taking over as the custodian of your will. He provided a letter which we assumed was correct. I however long maintained that it must have been false, as I have been your parents account manager since their accounts were placed together. I was overruled by the senior goblins. For that I must apologise” Griphook did seem very sorry indeed.

“There is no need to apologise Griphook, it is Professor Dumbledore who must do that. Tell me exactly what he has spent please” Harry said returning to staring at the headmaster who seemed to have gone a shade of paleness that would have given Snape a run for his money.

“Very well. He has spent exactly 16,000 Galleons and 2 Knuts” Griphook said after looking through the file. “You can however claim it back as head of the House of Potter” Griphook looked at Harry’s astonished expression. “I take it that you was not told about that either”.

“No, Griphook, I was not” Harry’s look turned from hostile to downright anger. “When were you planning to tell me, Professor?”

“Harry, my dear boy, I may have done things that have been extreme, but it has all been for the greater good. Surely you believe me” Dumbledore said colour returning to his cheeks.

“I don’t know what to believe from you anymore, Headmaster” Harry said not quite believing that this man had lied to him for so long.

“I don’t understand your anger Harry. It has not cost you much money” Dumbledore said trying to contain the damage that had been caused.

“It may not have cost me money, but it has cost me most of my friends. Hermione and Ron will never speak to me again. Most of my own year wouldn’t give me the time of day thanks to your meddling. And you can forget about ever using Grimmond Place again. Only my friends may enter there, and I’m sorry to say, your name no longer appears on that list” Harry had to stop before he lashed out and hit the man opposite.

“Mr Potter, there is one other thing. As Head of the House of Potter, you know have a seat on the Wizandgamot. Is there anything else I can do for you?” Griphook asked as he had been quiet during this exchange of words.

“Griphook, would you like to earn 100 Galleons? Right now, no questions asked? Harry asked.

“Certainly, Mr Potter. What must I do?” the goblin asked.

“Get him out of my sight” Harry said jerking his thumb at Dumbledore. And before he could say anything, Dumbledore disappeared from sight in a flash of blue light.

“That” Griphook said with an air of authority “was the best moment of my life in the last few years” and he smiled. A smiling goblin is a fearful sight, but Harry didn’t mind as he too was laughing.

"How do I have only people I want enter what is mine?" Harry asked when he had regained the power of speech.

"When you go into the house, just speak aloud the names of those you wish to have entry. Others must ask you first if they wish to gain admittance" Griphook said.

"Thank you Griphook, that will be all for now. I thank you for all your help. I would like to keep you as my account manager, and hope that you will accept" Harry said and crossed to the door. He called for Dobby to take him to what was now his property. When he got back he dismissed Dobby, saying he could take the rest of the day off. It took thirty minutes and the threat of Harry dismissing him from his service to get the house elf to believe him. Harry stood alone in the sitting room and decided to choose who was aloud to enter the house.

"The following people are allowed to enter this house with my permission: Hannah Abbot, Susan Bones, Neville Longbottom, Luna Lovegood" Harry paused to think of anybody else "also these people: Remus Lupin, Nymphadora Tonks, Rubius Hagrid and Minerva McGonagall" there was flash of white as the house rearranged those who were allowed to enter. "All others on the previous list may not enter by my order" the light flashed once more as it got rid of those on the list who no longer had permission to enter.

Harry sat in an armchair as he wondered what to do next. What could he do for the next week till he went back to Hogwarts? Then he hit upon the idea of visiting his remaining friends. He made a list of those few people on a scrap of parchment and decided to start at the top of the list. He glanced at the first name then stood and walked over to a loose floorboard that Sirius had once told him contained "Reserve Floo Powder". He reached in and pulled out a large container. Harry raised his wand and cried "Accio Trunk" and his faithful trunk came down to him and he cast a charm on it to make it lighter. He threw some floo powder into the fire and cried "Hannah Abbot's House" and jumped into the fire.

A/N: So what do you think of my first chapter? This is the first time I have written a proper Harry Potter fanfic, though I have written many others before this one.

As you can guess, this is an Old Dumbles bashing fic. Before you ask why pick Hannah Abbot, Susan Bones, Neville Longbottom and Luna Lovegood as he his remaining friends, it is because a) they have never voiced dissent while in the D.A and b) they don't get much fanfic time a lot of the time anyway.

Thanks to my fellow Harry Potter fanfic writer Ibris, (who has an account here – put in Ibris inside the search bar (just remember to change it to author selection first) – for beta reading this chapter.

Would you like a few clues over the next chapter? Well OK then.

Harry visits each of his friends in turn and they plan a little surprise for Dumbledore when they go back to Hogwarts. Let's just say that Harry uses his wealth and finds his true friends.

True Friends

Harry glanced round the room the moment he stepped out the fire. It was a large living room with a couple of decent sized chairs and sofas. Sitting on one sofa with a book in her hands, and staring at him with astonishment, was Hannah Abbott.

"Harry? What are you doing here?" Hannah asked confused.

"Sorry, I'll call ahead next time. I really needed some friends to talk to" Harry said sitting down next to her.

"Why not talk to Hermione or Ron?" Hannah said asked putting down her book.

"They haven't spoken to me since that incident at the Ministry of Magic. And almost everybody else has said that they won't speak to me either. Apart from you there's only Susan, Luna and Neville that will talk to me. But that's not the only reason I'm here. I needed to get out of the house my godfather left me" Harry said.

"Sirius Black was your godfather" Hannah said laughed at Harry's reaction.

"How did you know" he spluttered.

"How do you think runs the rumour mill at Hogwarts nowadays?" she said. "What are you planning on doing then?" she finished.

"I don't know really. I thought I'd visit you and the others, because I don't want to stay in the house all day by myself, it gets upsetting. Then again there are lots of bedrooms, so I guess that's normal" Harry replied a little sadly.

"Well my parents have gone on holiday by themselves to America so I'm here by myself. They don't mind what I do as long as I get to school on time" Hannah said. She thought for a moment or two. "If you wanted some company, I could stay with you until the start of term" she offered.

“Really? You would really want to do that?” Harry said shocked.

“Yeah, you look as if you could do with cheering up. Besides, that’s what a Hufflepuffs do – look out for their friends and be loyal to them” a smile broke over the girls face and Harry couldn’t help but do the same.

“Thanks” Harry mumbled.

“Anytime. Were you going to anybody else?”

“Actually I was going to see Susan and Neville. Luna is off hunting for something or other” Harry said. “I don’t know though where I could find Susan though” Harry said.

“Try her aunt’s house. She spends the summer there” the girl said.

“Thanks a lot. Erm... what do you want to do? Do you want to go to see Susan with me, or do you want to go to the house?” Harry said not quite sure what to say or do.

“Could I send my trunk to your house and come with you?” Hannah asked.

“Sure” Harry said. He was overjoyed that people wanted to stay with him and actually talk to him.

It took most of the afternoon to get to all of the people on Harry’s list. Luna, contrary to belief, was not hunting for the Crumple Horned Snorkbacks. She was in fact at home sorting out various boxes. She had accepted Harry’s offer at once. Neville had been a bit a different story. His grandmother was concerned that he would be away from her before school, but when Harry explained that Neville had fought in a manor that his parents would have been proud of, she relented and Harry could have sworn that Neville flew up the stairs to get his trunk. Susan’s aunt, however had to be given lots of assurances that her niece would be well looked after. In the end Harry swore on his magic that no harm would come to her, and that they would all be sleeping in separate rooms. It was only after that, Madame Bones

allowed her to go. They all flooded back to number 12 Grimmond Place. Their trunks sat in a line near the stairs.

"I don't know where you want to sleep, so grab your trunks, and pick a room. Just don't go in the one at the far end of the first floor or the room at the top of the house" Harry said to his friends. The four got their trunks and each chose rooms. It turned out that they picked ones next to each other, which made things easier. Harry told them that if they wanted to redecorate their rooms, then they could do whatever they wanted to the rooms. Hannah and Susan both put up posters of famous witches and wizards who sang, and Harry recognised the Weird Sisters drummer. Luna had charmed her room so the walls were now a deep shade of blue. Neville asked for Harry's help in his room, and eventually, the walls now displayed the Gryffindor house colours. Harry looked round the room and noticed that Neville had already unpacked a lot of stuff. The other boy was looking at the bedside table and a magical photograph that was on it. Harry looked closer at it and saw that it was Neville's parents.

"Harry, can you make a promise to me?" Neville said slowly.

"Sure, what is it?" Harry said.

"When we fight the final battle against Voldemort, make sure that Bellatrix is mine. I want to get some revenge for what she did to my parents" Neville said. He seemed a bit distant for a moment. "Harry? Did you mean what you said back at my Gran's?"

"About what happened at the Department of Mysteries? Nev, if I had to pick anybody to fight with me when up against Voldemort and his cronies, then you'd be at the top of the list. I mean you took on all of his remaining Death Eaters by yourself at one point. Besides Neville, there's you, me, Hannah, Susan and Luna. But if it's possible, then she is all yours. But don't kill her, if you do, you'd go down to her level" Harry said.

"Thanks Harry" Neville said. He seemed to be much better now that he had talked to someone, and Harry suspected that his Gran didn't do much of that.

“Well I don’t know about you, but I’m starving. Let’s go down for dinner. I don’t know what you want, so we’ll get an old friend to get it for us” Harry said as he walked out the door with Neville following him. As they headed downstairs, they told the girls that dinner was going to be served. The group trooped down to the kitchen where Dobby was sat in a corner making what appeared to be a type of stew.

“Dobby, these are my friends. They will be staying for dinner and the rest of the holidays. Can you make that bigger?” Harry asked pointing at the stew. Dobby nodded and snapped his fingers and the pot grew in size, as well as the contents. The others sat round the table while Harry reached up and got six plates with accompanying knives and forks. He set a place for them all, and as he sat down he noticed that the others looked at him all with the question of the six places set etched on their faces. It was Luna who asked it however.

“Harry, why have you set six places? There are five of us” she said.

“I know” Harry replied as he looked towards Dobby. The house elf had put the stew pot on the table and was now heading towards the door. “Dobby, sit down at the table please. From now on, you have your evening meals with us” and the house elf began to cry. He walked over to the table and sat at the place next to Neville.

“Thank you Harry Potter. Dobby has been fortunate to know the greatest wizard Dobby has ever known” said the house elf who started to burst into tears. Susan patted him on the head while Neville kindly served Dobby a portion of stew.

While they ate, they talked about what had happened over the summer. Neville had been reading books on Herbology, while it turned out that Hannah and Susan had both been doing the same things. They had been writing to their friends and the only reason that they had managed to get a letter to Harry was they resorted to using the Accio charm on Harry’s owl. That, Harry thought, explained why Hedwig had taken off in such a hurry the day before. Luna had been sorting boxes of her mother’s things; her father had discovered them in the loft of their house. Harry saved his story till last. After they had finished eating and Dobby was washing up (he insisted on doing it in order to repay Harry’s kindness), he told them all about what had

happened with the will reading, and also about the fact that most of his friends now would talk to him. They all looked at Harry opened mouthed as he informed his friends what was said after the reading. Neville just shook his head in disbelief, then thinking of something he ran up to his room. He came back down holding a book under his arm.

“Can we go into the sitting room? It’s much better to read this in there I think” and he headed back to the living room.

The others followed him and each drew chairs round Neville’s as they looked at the book he held. It was a leather book and judging by its condition, it had been well used. It had a title in gold leaf bearing the legend Hogwarts Rules.

“You know what you said about you thinking that you wouldn’t be safe when you back at school? Well there’s an obscure rule in here about a student being able to live in a place other then their house dormitory” Neville said passing the book round to Harry and the others. He pointed out the right part and read it themselves.

Living outside of house dormitories.

In exceptional circumstances, a student is permitted to reside outside their normal house dorm. A request must be made to the Headmaster or Headmistress stating the reasons why the request is being made. The Headmaster or Headmistress can not refuse this request. Should the Headmaster or Headmistress refuse the request, the requester may appeal to the Board of Governors. The requestor may choose up to four fellow students to live with them, should they agree. These students may come from different houses should that be the case.

Harry looked from Neville to each of the others. He guessed, from their smiles, that they had just thought of the same thing.

“You know, if you want to stay in your own houses, then that’s fine with me” Harry said.

“Harry, you helped us to train to defend ourselves last term. We’ve been talking and we feel that we owe you a lot. I know that Luna and Neville do in particular” Susan said. She thought for a moment then

continued. "We consider this a small form of paying you back for that" and the rest nodded.

"Harry, we are your friends. We will stand by you whatever will happen. We will stand together and fight. If we have to stand together and die to defeat Voldemort well..... Let us cross that bridge when we get to it" Luna said adding her opinion.

"Well, I don't know as well as Neville or Luna about what happened that night. But I do know it was important to us all. I say we give the school an impression that everything is normal and then to ask the Headmaster ourselves" Susan said. A smile suddenly broke over her face. "What about if we asked Dumbledore the morning after we get there? That way the announcement would be made at breakfast" she explained her plan, and the others agreed.

"Well we have about a week left of the holidays. What do you want to do?" he asked the others.

"We could go swimming" suggested Luna, but Neville said he couldn't swim.

"We could go shopping" suggested Hannah and Susan in perfect unison but this idea met with disapproval from Harry and Neville who claimed that they suffered from brain shutdown. The two were very insistent until Harry explained that he didn't like shopping much because of what his Aunt would buy for him and they agreed.

"What about a Theme Park?" asked Neville.

"Whats a theme park?" asked Susan.

"It's a place where muggles go to have fun. There are lots of rides and sideshows to see and lots of different foods to try" Harry said.

"You've been to these places?" asked Hannah sceptically, one eyebrow raised.

"Well actually, no I haven't. My Aunt and Uncle didn't exactly like me a lot. They used to give me some food and water and lock me in the

house” he said. He had told them all about what they had done to him while the others had eaten.

“Erm... Harry. How do we pay for this stuff? I don’t think they will take magical money. Is there anyway of getting hold of some muggle money?” asked Luna.

“Well, we can go to Gringotts and talk to my account manager, or we can take some money and charm it. Better yet, I’ll send an Owl to him now. I don’t know what office hours Goblins keep, but somebody must work there at night” Harry reasoned. He looked around for Hedwig. He saw her perched on the windowsill. “Here girl, I need you to take a message” he said. Hedwig flew over and waited until the message was finished. “Hedwig, take this to Griphook at Gringotts. Wait there until he has what I have requested” he tucked the message onto her collar and stroked her feathers. She nibbled his finger gently and flew out. It wasn’t quite six, Harry reasoned. Somebody must know where Griphook was.

In fact, it was about half an hour when the reply came back. Hedwig was carrying a small package in her claws. She dropped it on Harry’s lap then flew back out the window to go hunting. Harry opened the package eagerly. In it, contained a different selection of muggle money. Sitting on top was a little note, and Harry could tell that it was Griphook’s handwriting.

Dear Mr Potter

Please find enclosed the amount of money you requested be changed into muggle money. I do hope the £2,000 pounds is enough for your needs. Should you require more then please contact me so I can arrange for more to be changed

Griphook

“Is that going to be enough?” asked Hannah.

“More then enough” laughed Harry.

“Defiantly more then enough” Neville said.

“We’ll go tomorrow if that’s okay with you guys. We’ll take our wands, but better keep them well hidden. The muggles might start asking questions otherwise” Harry said. It was nearly midnight before they went up to their rooms. Before he went, Harry sent an order to the Leaky Cauldron for two barrels of Fermented Cows Milk to be sent to Gringotts. Better to be on a Goblins good side, Harry thought.

The next day they all assembled in the living room ready to go to the theme park. Harry, Hannah, Neville and Susan had all dressed in normal muggle clothes. Luna had come down in a bright yellow dress so bright, that they had to turn away to protect their eyes. After several attempts, and the help of the other two girls, Luna settled on a blue blouse with a pair of jeans and some sandals. Harry had collected the money and split it between them all so they had £400 pounds each. The group went outside where Harry raised his wand into the air. With a pop, the Knight Bus appeared. After giving their destination to Stan Shunpike, they got seats at the front of the bus at the top, and set off for the theme park.

A Surprise for Dumbledore

"Luna, time to go" Neville called as he poked his head round the door to her room.

"Thank you Neville. I'm just getting changed now" she said and Neville blushed and went to get his trunk downstairs. It seemed a little heavier since their trip to the theme park. Neville had picked up quite a few souvenirs. Each had spent all of their money, but they had all agreed it was the best time they had had in a long time. All five of them had a muggle photograph of themselves after going on a white-water ride. Harry was the only one who was dry, as he had cast a discrete water repelling charm on himself, much to the annoyance of the others at the time. Susan was already downstairs and waiting, as was Harry and Hannah. They had agreed the night before that they would wear their Hogwarts robes before they got in the train, so as not to leave Harry alone, should anybody try to jinx him. The sound of a trunk being dragged down the stairs, alerted the others to the fact that Luna had arrived to join them.

"Dobby" Harry called and the house elf appeared. He was dressed in a jumper that the others had bought for him as a gift. It had took a few hours for him to believe that he wasn't being dismissed from Harry's service, for him to start to wear it. "Dobby, we are going to Hogwarts now, I want you to go to the kitchens there like you do" Harry finished.

"Dobby understands Harry Potter" and Dobby disappeared.

They all pulled their trunks outside while Harry put a locking charm on the door. Waiting for them was a magical taxi. It worked on the principle of the knight bus except it was smaller. Hannah had tried to book a taxi for the trip that morning, but had been told that nothing could be done. Then Harry asked, and suddenly, one was spare. There where times, Harry thought to himself, that being him actually paid off.

The trip was uneventful and they reached Kings Cross station with no problem at all and with plenty of time. As it was busy, nobody paid them any attention to their odd dress. After the train had left, the group went to see their other friends, but made sure that Harry was

always with somebody. For the welcoming feast, they had to go to their separate house tables, but as Susan pointed out, it would only be for one night. Harry suspected that Dumbledore had tried to read his mind, but Harry had spent part of the hols, learning to block those sorts of people from getting in. the sorting hat did it's regular job and Harry was reminded fondly of his own sorting. It turned out a long time afterwards, that he was the first person to successfully argue the sorting hats decision.

"Those of you who start Hogwarts tonight the staff and I extend a big welcome to you all" Dumbledore said to the newly sorted first years. "I would like to inform you of a few rules we have here; no magic to be used in the corridors between lessons, first years can not be in the Quidditch teams for any house (though Harry knew of one first year who had played), and the other two dozen rules, that Mr Filch our caretaker, has asked me to say can be seen in a full list in his office. I hope that you do well this year, and now, on with the feast" and he sat down after giving Harry what could only be described as a scathing look. Nobody else seemed to notice it though, so Harry's mind was returned to the different types of food on the tables. As he expected, Harry was only talked to by Neville. The poor boy had to endure the looks of most of the table, the first years were too busy talking amongst themselves. Eventually, the feast wound up and the students split up and went to their various houses. Neville stuck to Harry like magical glue as they made their way to their tower. They waited until everyone was in bed before Harry posted a notice on the common room board that said he was now the team captain, and that Ginerva and Ronald Weasley had been placed on probation. Not wanting to risk Ron attacking them, the two boys sat in an armchair each. These where the ones where it was possible to go to sleep. Neville soon dropped off to sleep but Harry watched into the flames and wondered what Professor Dumbledore's reaction would be to his request. According to the school rules he could not refuse, but Harry had the feeling that he was going to try something anyway.

The next morning Harry woke early out of habit of living with the Dursly's. Looking quickly round he saw that he and Neville remained the only ones in the common room. He gently woke him up and the two boys had a quick shower and dressed in their formal school robes. This was a more posh version of their normal work ones.

“Nervous?” asked Harry.

“A bit” admitted Neville. He had never done anything like this, even though Harry would be doing the most speaking. What was making him feel how he was, was the fact that it was he who had told the others about the rule.

“Don’t worry, Nev. Dumbledore can not refuse us. But you know what?”

“What?”

“Imagine the look on his face when he sees the number of students revolting. He is going to have kittens” Harry said laughing to break the tension and it worked as Neville started to laugh. “Hey Neville, as team captain I have to find out new players. Want to join the team?” he asked

“Me? Remember what happened on our first flying lesson? What position could I take?” Neville asked not believing what his friend was asking him.

“Well, I reckon you’d make a great chaser. I’ll try you out and see how you are” Harry said. He glanced his watch. “We better go to Dumbledore’s office before he goes out. The girls are meeting us there” Harry said mean Hannah, Luna and Susan. He and his fellow Gryffindor walked to Dumbledore’s office where the girls did indeed wait for them.

“Well, lets get this over with” Harry said and the group turned to the pair of gargoyles which guarded the entrance to Dumbledore’s office. “We would like to see Professor Dumbledore please” Harry asked politely. To his surprise, the statues allowed them entry without asking for a password. They walked up the marble staircase and knocked on the wooden door.

“Enter” came Dumbledore’s voice from the other side. Harry opened the door and walked in, with the others following close behind.

The room was much as it was at the end of the last school year, but now had a few more books on shelves and yet more trinkets and strange instruments.

“Ah good morning Mr Potter, Miss Abbott, Miss Bones, Mr Longbottom and Miss Lovegood” he seemed to be confused about the various students up so early. “What can I do for you?” he asked.

“Professor Dumbledore, under the Hogwarts rules, I request that you give me a dorm of my own. I request it because it is no longer safe for me to be in Gryffindor Tower anymore because blame me for allowing Lord Voldemort back” Harry said. “The other reason is that because of your meddling, my best friends have turned from me”.

“Well, I admit that I may have been wrong in something’s, but you do realise that I can not possibly grant your request. I am sorry” Dumbledore said looking at each person through his glasses.

“Living outside of house dormitories.

In exceptional circumstances, a student is permitted to reside outside their normal house dorm. A request must be made to the Headmaster or Headmistress stating the reasons why the request is being made. The Headmaster or Headmistress can not refuse this request. Should the Headmaster or Headmistress refuse the request, the requester may appeal to the Board of Governors. The requestor may choose up to four fellow students to live with them, should they agree. These students may come from different houses should that be the case” said the five students in perfect unison, and to add effect, Neville pushed over the rule book he had brought with him towards Dumbledore who picked up the book and read and re-read it for several minutes.

“It seems I have no choice. Have any students agreed to reside away from their houses with you?” Dumbledore asked with a tone of defeat in his voice.

“Yes sir. Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones, Neville Longbottom and Luna Lovegood have agreed to my request” Harry said barely containing

the smile on his face. After all the times, Harry had to do what Dumbledore said; it sure felt good that the tables had turned.

“Very well. There is a tower that contains two dormitories which you can use. I will make an announcement at breakfast. I was going to go before you came in, so would you care to accompany me?” Dumbledore said trying to save face and the group agreed.

They went down to the great hall with the friends talking to themselves and pointedly ignoring Dumbledore. They reached the doors and Dumbledore stopped and turned to the group.

“I wait until everybody has finished breakfast, however to keep the houses here I will tell them to stay with the exception of Slytherin house of course. Will that be acceptable to you” he asked expecting Harry to speak, but it was in fact Susan that replied.

“Thank you Headmaster. Though we will no longer will be staying with our houses, we would still like to contribute any points to the house totals. And from now on, we will no longer be taking our meals in the hall” she said determination crossing her face and the others nodded to show their agreement.

“I suppose that can be arranged. Tell me though, how will you get your food to your towers common room?” Dumbledore asked thinking that he could at least make them suffer having to eat with their houses.

“That’s no problem, sir” Neville said and called Dobby’s name. During the holiday, Harry had told the elf to respond to Hannah, Luna, Susan and Neville’s calls should it be that they needed him for some reason.

“Harry Potter and his friends have need of Dobby?” asked Dobby wearing a t-shirt that the group had got as a present for him.

“Dobby take all our stuff and take it to our own tower if you would please. You will also bring all our meals to the towers common room” Harry said.

“Dobby will do what Harry Potter and his friends want” Dobby said .With a nod to the group he disappeared.

Dumbledore waited till the elf had gone to open the doors. The friends followed him in and went to their house tables for what would be the last time. The headmaster went to the top table but did not sit down, instead he faced the students.

“I would like to request that when you have finished your breakfast, only Slytherin house goes. I would like the other houses to remain where they are, thank you” and Dumbledore sat down.

Certainly there had always been buzzing in the hall when students talked while they ate, but this time it was extra loud. Slytherin students tried to finish as late as possible to try and hear what was going to be said, but Professor Slughorn shooed them away and out of the hall. Harry and Neville glanced at the table and saw that the teachers where as confused as the students. Dumbledore stood and addressed the remaining students.

“I have to inform you that a student has made a request to live outside of the house he has been sorted into. Harry Potter will now live in the west tower on the seventh and eighth floor” he glanced at Harry and then continued. “Mr Potter, under the rules, you may pick four students to reside with you. Do you have anybody in mind?” Dumbledore already knew the answer, but he had told the group that he would do things formally.

Harry stood up and spoke in a clear and level voice that carried to the entire hall.

“Yes Professor I do. I would like to pick the following people: Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones, Neville Longbottom and Luna Lovegood” as he spoke each of the named people stood up and away from their tables.

“Very well Mr Potter, I wish you and your friends all the happiness” Dumbledore said. It seemed to Harry that there was a trace of hurt and a sense of defeat in his voice, but if the teachers or students heard it, and Harry decided that they had not heard it in the first place.

“Mr Potter, you and your friends may go now” Dumbledore said and he sat down.

Harry led the way past all the open mouthed students and out into the corridor.

“I wonder how we will get our timetables for lessons” Luna said.

However when they got to the tower where they were now going to live, the group spotted timetables on a coffee table in their new common room. It looked to be a large room, at least as big as the Gryffindor one Neville remarked. There where two sofas and a five armchairs dotted around the room. On the wall opposite was a series of windows that gave a magnificent view of the castle and grounds. There where a couple of tables dotted around, with one having some wooden chairs round it to sit on. There was a decent sized fireplace which had the banners of the friends three different banners. The Lion of Gryffindor was flanked by the Badger of Hufflepuff on one side, and the Eagle of Ravenclaw on the other.

Neville was looking at his timetable with a mixed look on his face. He had been expecting some surprises in the new timetable, but not like this.

“Harry, look at your timetable” Neville said sitting in the nearest armchair, while the girls sat on the sofa.

Harry looked at his until he found the problem.

“All our lessons are with the Hufflepuffs? Not that I mind it” he added when he saw the glare from Hannah and Susan. He and Neville had Herbology with them but something was wrong with the timetable surely.

“It’s not just yours that are messed up” Luna said glancing up at hers. She looked at each of the others. “Mine are with the Hufflepuffs as well” she said.

Harry looked at the banners which he noticed now had an egg timer underneath each one. They where perfect replicas of the ones in the

entrance hall that kept the house points. Harry decided to get more information on the problem.

“Dobby” he called and the house elf appeared.

“Harry Potter needs Dobby?”

“Yes I do. Can you go to Professor McGonagall please and ask her to come and see us please” Harry requested.

“Dobby will do what Harry Potter wants” and the house elf disappeared to McGonagall’s office.

While they waited they looked to see if the timetables had been charmed as a joke, but no matter what spell or charm the five tried, it remained the same. There was a knock on the door of the common room and Susan crossed the room and opened the door and moved out the way to allow the Deputy Headmistress inside.

“Dobby gave me your message. What seems to be the problem?” she asked the group.

“Professor, our timetables are all showing the same thing. It shows that we have all our lessons with the Hufflepuffs. Now that would be fine for Neville and me, but Luna’s in Ravenclaw so she should have a different timetable to the rest of us” Harry said and showed her Luna’s timetable.

“Yes, Harry, I already know about that. Professor Dumbledore told me of your conversation with him this morning after you left the Great Hall. I talked to the other teachers and they agreed that it seemed right to keep you together” McGonagall said. It was partly true what she had said. She had talked to the other teachers, but she had not spoken to Dumbledore. Harry had sent her a letter after the row he had with Ron and Hermione. He had said that all of his fellow Gryffindor’s in his year wouldn’t acknowledge him, and the rest of his house wouldn’t speak to him. She didn’t know what was going to happen until Dumbledore’s announcement. The other tutors had rapidly agreed to her idea. It was decided that Luna had better stay

with the others for her lessons because she might have been the subject of pupils playing jokes on her.

“Harry, I’m glad you had the courage of a Gryffindor and able to take decisions. But please tell me, I detected a sense of hostility between you and Professor Dumbledore. Can you tell me the reason?” She asked concern creeping into her voice.

“Professor Dumbledore has been lying to me for a long time. He told me about Voldemort, but he didn’t tell me that I was emancipated at the age of 16 and that there were two wills. One for my parents, and one for Sirius as well” Harry said as McGonagall shook her head.

“I had no idea” she said. She got up and walked to the door, glancing at the clock as she did so. “It is nearly nine. I believe you should get along to your first lesson” and walked out the door, dropping a piece of parchment as she passed through the doorway.

Neville picked it up and looked at it intently.

“Good old McGonagall” he cried as he passed the scrap to Harry who looked at it.

“For those who do not have the benefit of being able to read that piece of parchment, would one of you two please tell us what that says?” Susan said in a mock annoyed tone.

“This is the password to the Gryffindor tower. I’d need it to get in to post things like the notices for Quidditch try outs and other stuff” Harry said.

Hannah looked at their timetables once more.

“Well, if I’m reading this right, we all have Herbology. I’ll bet our bags are in our rooms” she said and she led the other two girls upstairs to the dorms, Harry and Neville followed to theirs. They came out of the rooms a moment later and swapped on account of the fact that Harry never wore nightdresses, they got their correct rooms. After grabbing their school bags with the right books in them, they headed off to the greenhouses. Luna had to be shown where to go because it turned

out that Ravenclaw used a different greenhouse to the other four friends.

They got there with a minute to spare and took the only free space available, the potting table nearest the front. There were some stares as the other Hufflepuffs saw Harry, Neville and Luna in their midst. They started muttering to themselves and Harry caught somebody mention a few choice words about Harry, including the word Mudblood. He reached for his wand, but Susan stopped him.

“No Harry, that’s not how we sort this in Hufflepuff house” she said while looking at the offending person, and she made a mental note to talk to Justin later.

Professor Sprout came in and started the lesson. She had a shrewd mind and kept the friend together even though everybody else was in groups of three.

“Ah Mr Potter, Mr Longbottom and Miss Lovegood. I’m glad to see that you have seen the light and decided to have your lessons with us. Three of the best students for this subject in your year. Though I do feel sorry for Gryffindor and Ravenclaw” she said picking up a trowel.

“Why is that Professor?” asked Luna picking up some compost for the Monkshood.

“They don’t have your brilliance to help those who don’t get the subject” she turned to the two Gryffindor’s, “As for Mr Longbottom and Mr Potter. As you are now in all our classes, I suggest that you help us by coaching our Quidditch team” she dropped her voice to a lower level, but the class could still hear. “I mean we promise to help Gryffindor to win the cup, by playing so good against Ravenclaw and Slytherin. And we promise to let your house win, but it won’t be easy” she finished and the whole class laughed to break the little bit of tension there had been before the start of the lesson.

They settled back to work and Harry found he was more relaxed than ever when he did this subject. Neville was helping a Hufflepuff who couldn’t get his plant potted properly. Hannah and Susan talked to their friends, but were careful not to say anything Harry had said. He

didn't want the entire school to know. But he could use the fact that the two ran the school rumour mill to his own plans. He planned to let it slip that the reason he was now living outside his house was because of things that other members said to and about him. And there was also the fact that as Quidditch Captain, he had the plan to replace Ron with Neville and recruit another better keeper. After two hours of potting plants, and also learning the history of them, they had a quick five minutes to wash the soil and other stuff off their hands before going down to Professor Flitwick's classroom for Charms. Once again, the friends grouped together and it turned out that they got more work done and understood more when they worked as a group. Flitwick noticed it and awarded the five 10 points each, except Luna who he gave 20 to, on account that she was the only Ravenclaw.

After the end of charms, it was time for lunch, and Harry led the way up to the tower. Dobby had set up a table full of food including Crisps, sandwiches and other magical and muggle foods. At one end of the large table, the one with the wooden chairs, sat a pitcher of pumpkin juice and five glasses.

Luna served the juice as Harry and the others got plates and piled food on it. The friends sat down on the chairs and sofas with Luna and Neville putting their get up on the small coffee table in front of the sofa.

"Make yourselves at home" Harry said laughing.

"We intend to" replied Luna and Neville in perfect unison making the other three laugh really hard.

They had a great lunch and Harry had finished first. He looked at his timetable and then at Luna who was getting up for another glass of Pumpkin Juice. He had a sudden thought and then yet another great idea.

"Neville, can I have a look at your book please?" he asked.

"Sure thing Harry" and the other boy passed the book from where it had been left that morning. "What you want it for?" he asked.

Harry beckoned the two Hufflepuffs to get closer so Luna couldn't hear them.

"We are in the same year as each other except Luna – she's in the year below us. But I thought we could do something about that" Harry said in a low whisper.

"What do you mean?" asked Hannah.

"I thought perhaps we could get her moved up one year" Harry said to her. "Neville, can this book of yours search on its own" he asked.

"Oh sure it can. Just tell it what you want, and it will find the best match for your needs" Neville said.

"Right thanks Nev" Harry said. Harry turned his attention to the book. "Find me any rules that allow a pupil to be moved up a year" and as soon as he finished, the book started to flick through its own pages. It stopped roughly towards the end of the book at the same time that Luna returned.

"What you all doing" Luna said as she passed Neville a glass of juice.

"Well, we noticed that you are in the year below us. So I thought of finding out if we could get you bumped up a year" Harry said.

Luna put her glass down and then jumped over to Harry and hugged him fiercely.

"Thank you Harry she said and as she let go, she gave him a small kiss on the cheek, much to the others amusement and giggles.

"Well ... um right. As I was saying, the book seems to have come to out help yet again" Harry said and he read aloud the passage he had been looking for.

Pupil Year Allocation (Moving Up)

A pupil may be moved up a year if that pupil has the nomination of one member of staff and at least two pupils, one of which must be a prefect or similar grade.

Judging by the look on the others faces they had thought of the same thing. They quickly finished their drinks and food and brushing off the crumbs, they went to Dumbledore's office for the second time that day.

Library Attack

Dumbledore was sitting in his office when he heard a knock at the door. His mind was still thinking of ways to get Harry back under his influence. It was bad that Harry had found out that he, Dumbledore, had been keeping vital things from him. Dumbledore still suspected that it might be possible to keep the fact of the Dursly's and the fact that his parents had named them as people NOT to foster him or to be guardians. That also extended to himself. Dumbledore suddenly wondered if it was possible that he could get hold of the will and change it somehow. There was a second knock on the door which brought him back out of his musings.

"Come in" he spoke and when he saw Luna, he assumed that she had either a message for him or here was some other reason she was here. His mind started to go into overdrive as Susan, Harry, Hannah and Neville followed her into the office. "Ah good afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen. What can I help you with?" he asked giving a smile he hoped was genuine, which it wasn't.

"Professor Dumbledore, under the Hogwarts rules I would like to moved up by one year" Luna said. She was a bit nervous asking Dumbledore to move her up. Apparently, she considered the Headmaster to be more un-nerving then Voldemort or his Death Eaters.

"Well, this is a bit of a surprise. May I ask your reasons for the request?" he asked hoping that he could refuse Luna, and so score a point against Harry.

"Well, my results for the exams last year all passed expectations. Professor Flitwick and Professor McGonagall both said that I got Outstanding in their subjects and my other teachers have said that I got Exceeds Expectations in their subjects" Luna said in a different voice then her normal sing song dreamy voices. "Its in the rules" she added more firmly.

"Well, I think we will have to wait until I have chance to look at the rules" Dumbledore said.

“No need sir” Harry said and passed over the rule book Neville had. Dumbledore visibly paled as he saw the book. It was the same book that had allowed Harry to win his case for living outside his house tower.

Dumbledore read it and read some more. He was about to put the book down when he spotted a point that he could use against them.

“I would be happy to consider your request, but there is a problem that you have seemed to have forgotten. You need either a teacher or a prefect or somebody of a similar rank. Unless one of you is a teacher or a prefect, I’m afraid that I will not be able to do as you request” Dumbledore said. He had just got one over Harry.

“Yes sir. But I’m the head of the Gryffindor Quidditch team and therefore have the same rank as a prefect. And as such, I support Miss Lovegood’s application” Harry said giving Luna an encouraging smile.

“For what its worth, we support Luna as well” Neville said with Hannah and Susan nodding behind him.

Dumbledore sighed inwards. Today had to be his worst day since they stopped making Playwizard.

“Very well. I will have to consult with other teachers on this. I’m afraid that I can not say yes or no to your request until then. I suggest you go to your next lesson” he said. Dumbledore was very worried indeed. His control over Harry was badly damaged. He was dreading the day Harry had to attend his parents will reading. He didn’t know what it contained, but as surely as the Chuddly Cannons would come bottom of the league, it would contain bad news for him.

“We don’t have any lessons this period. So we’re off to the library, Professor. Good Afternoon” Harry said and he led the group out the door and headed off to the library.

They stopped at their tower first to pick up their school bags. They had been given a piece of homework to do for Professor Sprout on how to correctly look after Mandrakes. It would be research for them,

as that would be the subject of the next lesson. They walked to the library talking to themselves and wondering if Dumbledore would accept Luna's request, or if he would refuse it.

"He's not got a reason to" Hannah said "After all, we've complied with the rules to the letter. The only problem is Snape. I'll bet a Gallon that he will say that Luna shouldn't go up" she remarked talking about the Potions master. He could always be counted on to give bad reviews to all but Slytherin students, who he seemed to like.

"Well I wouldn't bother about that. Snape's always mean to everyone except his own house" Susan said. "Don't bother Luna. I'm sure it will work out in the end".

They reached the library and went inside, and went straight to one of the tables to work on their assignment. They worked really hard on it, and in fact by the time they had reached the end of their free period, they had all written three pages of parchment. The amount was not unremarkable in itself, but it was a full piece longer than was asked for. They had worked so diligently that Madam Prince began to wonder if the friends were planning something, but she left them alone to see what was going on, if there was anything going on in the first place.

As they packed up to go to their next lesson, Harry remarked that Hermione would be so upset that somebody had produced a bigger piece of homework than her. The others laughed until they reached the door of the library. Neville opened it, and stopped short. On the other side of the door and in the corridor walking towards them was Hermione, Ginny and Ron. When they saw Harry and his friends, they stopped and went for their wands. Harry and the group didn't even attempt to defend themselves by reaching for theirs.

"Ah look who we have. How does it feel to have almost no friends" Ginny said.

"Yeah Potter, you know what? It feels better to not have you around us for once. We actually had a good summer with no Voldemort to worry about" Hermione said.

"I can't believe that we ever counted ourselves as your friends Harry" Ron said.

"Look you three. I don't want to talk to you, but I'm glad you are here at least, Ron and Ginny. I have something to tell you two" Harry said.

"And what is that then?" Ginny spat moving her wand so that it moved across Harry and his friends, Ron was doing the same.

"As Gryffindor Quidditch Team Captain, it is my duty to tell you that you are both off the team" Harry said.

"I don't think so, Potter" Ron growled "You can not do that".

"As Captain, I can do what I want with regards to the team. I have decided, based on your performances from last year that you played very badly" Harry said, and he and his friends had still not even reached for their wands.

"Oh, I've had enough of this" Hermione said. She flicked her wand towards Harry. "Locomotor Mortis" she cried and Harry's arms and legs snapped together and he fell backwards through the door as the five were still in the library hitting his head on the floor.

"Miss Granger, what do you think you are doing?" came the smooth and oily voice of Professor Snape.

"Professor, we were just going to our next lesson, when Ginny, Hermione and Ron stopped us and drew their wands at us, but we didn't draw ours. Then after Harry said that Ginny and Ron were off the Quidditch team, Hermione hit him with the Body Bind Curse" Susan said.

"I see" Snape said looking over Susan's shoulder and gazed at Harry's still form. He flicked his wand and released him from the bind.

"It's a lie Professor Snape. They tried to attack us" Ginny said in a voice that tried to cover a total lie.

“Miss Weasley, all I see is you, Mr Weasley and Miss Granger with their wands out. Miss Granger clearly attacked Mr Potter without any cause to do so. I’m afraid I am going to have to give you all detentions for using magic while in the corridors” Harry and his friends looked shocked. They had not drawn their wands at anytime.

“Professor, my friends and I never drew our wands at all. Plus I was the one that was attacked” Harry protested.

“I never mentioned you and your friends. I will tell the Headmaster about this” Snape said to a relieved five friends.

“But Professor. Why have we got them?” Hermione said whining.

“Because you used magic in the corridors, and Mr Potter and his friends, were still inside the library at the time you, Miss Granger, attacked him. Now if you three would will come with me, we will go to Professor Dumbledore’s office” Snape paused for a moment then added “I believe you already know the way” and led them towards Dumbledore’s office, holding the three’s wands which he had took off them.

“Am I suffering an attack of the Lurgies or did Snape just take Harry’s side?” questioned Luna.

“I thought that too” replied Harry rubbing his now sore head. “I thought I drunk a whole case of Firewhiskey by myself and started seeing things”.

“The next thing you know, Snape will be handing out free snacks in his lessons” Hannah said.

“Or being nice for once to students” remarked Neville, who had remembered the time when, facing a Boggart, he had imagined Professor Snape wearing his Grandmothers clothes. Snape had given him a hard time after that incident.

“Well I know something,” Susan said at last and the others turned to her “We are going to be late for Transfiguration” she finished.

They didn't run, but they still managed to get to Transfiguration on time, by using a few of Harry's little shortcuts, thanks to the information of the Weasley twins, and the Marauder's Map.

This lesson was shared with the Gryffindors, and Harry was a bit nervous to face his fellow Gryffindors after his request had been made. Harry and his friends took the front row and a half and waited for their lesson to begin. They had got there about five minutes early. Harry got his books, parchment and quill out of his bag. There was a small cough behind him, and he turned to see Dean Thomas and Seamus Finnegan standing looking very sheepish.

"Harry, we heard about what happened at the library. Parvatti saw the whole thing and she picked up a piece of paper that was a letter. It was from Hermione to Ron and it told us everything about their plan to make you leave Hogwarts" Dean said.

"Ah, to be sure Harry, we believe you and we want to say we are really sorry that we ever doubted you" Harry could see Parvatti and Lavender nodding their heads in agreement. "If there's any way we can do to apologise, tell us" Seamus said in his warm Irish brogue.

Harry thought for a moment and as McGonagall came in to start the lesson he came upon an idea.

"Can you play Quidditch?" he asked.

A/N:

Well that's that then, four chapters for you to read in a weekend. I hope you like it and hope some of you can give me reviews. You all know the procedure, press that funny shaped and worded button to send me a review. Also as a nod to the person I Beta Read for, there is a non Harry potter character going to appear in an upcoming chapter.

Please give me a review per chapter please, that way, I can stay higher up the Harry Potter list on here.

Regards,

Pixel

Your friendly fanfic writer.

Halloween Ball

Even though Harry had made peace with the other Gryffindors of his year, except Hermione and Ron, he still decided to live in the tower with Hannah, Susan, Neville and Luna. Ginny, Hermione and Ron had got detentions for a month, and had to help the teachers to tidy the classrooms after lessons had finished. According to Dean, it was a good thing that Harry no longer lived in their dorm. Harry had also found out that he needed two beaters and a keeper for the team. Surprisingly only three people put their names down. Lavender Brown, Parvatti Patil and a 5th Year – Rafael Calderon. Parvatti and Rafael took the vacant beaters places, while Lavender took up the Keepers spot – the one formally Ron's. Their first practice was not very good, but they slowly and surely got better. Dean, Neville and Seamus got on together as well as any chaser team that Harry would have sworn that the three had played for years. It seemed that Neville was being modest about his Quidditch skills. Harry had also taken the chance of having a reserve set of players for the squad, given Gryffindors record for getting players injured. Harry kept the reserve team full of experienced players and older students from the 5th to 7th Years. They had practiced in many different combinations until Harry had declared after one training session, that the cup was in the bag for them this year once again.

The rest of his time was spent in his tower with Hannah, Susan and Neville teaching Luna all the stuff she would have learnt in the fourth year, had she taken it, as well as the stuff she now learned in the fifth year. Dumbledore had allowed Luna to move up a year, though the friends had thought that he didn't seem very pleased that he was doing so. Halloween came soon, the rumour went round, fuelled by Hannah and Susan, that Dumbledore had booked both the Weird Sisters and a dancing troupe of Skeletons for the nights entertainment. For a week before the Halloween Ball, the three girls had spent their time looking at catalogues and whispering amongst themselves. Harry was certainly glad the ball was that night as anymore of the whispering, and it would have driven him and Neville mad. That morning, one of the house elves had said that there were several packages for Hannah, Susan and Luna. They had squealed in delight and went off to Filch's office to collect them, as they were too big to be carried by Owls. Once they had returned to the common

room, they had rushed straight upstairs with them and returned with school bags to head off towards their first lessons for the day. They trooped down to Snape's dungeon where instead of it being cold, it had actually had heat for once. They had expected to see Snape awaiting the class, but when they looked up, they saw somebody different. Standing at Snape's desk, was a tall wizard wearing long purple robes with silver stars on. He had short black hair and had a pleasant expression on his face, which was completely different from Snape's.

"Good Morning class. I'm Professor Sharpe, and I will be taking Professor Snape's class for the foreseeable future" he spoke with a kind voice. "I hope that I can remember all of you Hufflepuffs's names. And yes, Professor Dumbledore has told me about your circumstances" he said indicating Harry, Neville and Luna. "Now if you will please get out your books, and turn to the section on making Polyjuice potion, we will be learning how to make it with the aim of possibly making it next week".

It was a different lesson and nobody seemed to mind that it was a double lesson. After they had finished, it was straight up and outside for Herbology. As always, Neville did particularly well. When they had finished the friends went up to the tower for lunch. Dobby had supposed all previous records for food, and there were plates of Sandwiches, biscuits and other snack foods, along with a pitcher of cool juice. They didn't have a lot to eat on account of the fact there would be a feast that night. After lunch, they went to Flitwick's for Charms which was also a double lesson. By tradition, lessons ended ten minutes early for Halloween, and when the bell sounded the students gave a cheer and some rushed straight out, not looking where they went. Flitwick was nearly crushed in the rush, and was only saved when Harry did a Wingardium Leviosa charm on him to lift him clear of the mass.

"Thank you Mr Potter, I'm glad that your ability in that spell has greatly improved" Flitwick said as he straightened his robes, and turned to head into his office.

The friends went back into the tower, where Harry and Neville had decided to wear their formal robes. It didn't take them long to change

and when they came down, the girls where still getting ready, Harry had tried an experimental step onto the stairs leading to their room, and when he discovered it had no alarm spell on it, he knocked on the door, only to be told to get away or it would spoil the surprise. Harry rolled his eyes and left to rejoin Neville. He was reading a copy of the Daily Profit to pass the time. On the back pages was an article on a recent Quidditch league game and how their old house member, Oliver Wood has scored twice, despite the fact that he was the keeper. Harry and Neville glanced at their watches, wondering the girls would be ready this side of the end of the world. It was another five minutes when the two boys heard a small cough from behind them. The turned in their chairs, to see that the girls really where ready. Hannah and Susan wore shimmering ball gowns of what looked to be silk, and each was in a deep shade of blue. Luna wore an exact matching dress, but hers was a deep silver colour. Each had a decent sized neckline, but without giving anyone too much of a view. They all wore silver slippers on their feet and the girls had matching purses, to complete the outfits. They had put on make-up, and had also had done up their hair in a different style to how they normally had it.

"I think that they have lost the power of speech" Luna said to Hannah and Susan who giggled.

"Sorry, we just are not used to seeing such great beauty" Neville said. He walked up to Luna and held out an arm. "Miss Lovegood, would you care to accompany me to the ball?" he asked formally.

"I would be delighted, Mr Longbottom" Luna replied holding onto it.

Hannah and Susan looked at Harry expectedly.

"Harry Potter asks for the pleasure and the company of escorting Miss Abbott and Miss Bones to the ball" he said with a small bow to top it off, and the two girls blushed and giggled even more.

"We would be delighted" Susan said and the two girls took one of Harry's arms each, and together the five walked towards the great hall. They could hear the sounds and smell the aromas of the feast before they got there. When they did, Harry checked that the coast

was clear and wandlessly opened the doors and in a line walked into the hall. All the people talking inside the hall stopped to stare at Neville and Harry as they walked in with girls on their arms. All eyes were on the group as they made their way to a free table which had a small surround, giving it a degree of privacy. Harry separated from the group and got them all drinks, Luna said that she had to have Pumpkin Juice on account of the fact she was not 17, though she noticed that her glass was empty.

“Really?” Harry said as he looked into her glass. As he stood up, he tripped slightly and his glass of wine spilt just a little bit into Luna’s glass. “Ooops” He said as he sat down.

Luna giggled as she took a sip. Just in case a teacher happened to come along, Harry wordlessly cast an Accio spell on a spare glass of pumpkin juice. He looked around the hall to see who he recognised, and spotted several members of the Quidditch team. Looking more, he also saw that Ginny, Hermione and Ron sat in one corner. When they saw Harry looking away from him, they looked away with disgust on their faces. Even though Harry knew they had made their own choices, he still felt upset about what he considered to be a betrayal. He turned away from them as the talking stopped. The friends looked in the direction where everyone else was. Dumbledore stood on a stage that had been set up where the head table normally was.

“Welcome everybody to the Halloween Ball. I know there have been some rumours going round as to what I had booked for this year’s entertainment. Well to answer them, here are the Weird Sisters!” and he walked off the stage. He was replaced by a few cracks as the house elves apparated the band and its equipment onto the stage. They launched straight into a song and everyone got a partner and started to dance.

“Oh Neville! This is one of my favourite songs. Can we dance please?” asked Luna and Neville looked at Harry with an almost pleading look. Harry looked back with a Not getting help from me, Mate look at Neville.

“Ok then. Lets go” Neville relented and leading Luna by the arm, he went on the dance floor. Hannah, Susan and Harry watched as Luna

and Neville glided over the floor, and they looked as if they were having the time of their lives.

“Harry, would you like to dance with me?” asked Hannah.

“Me? Well... erm.... that is to say I’ve never danced before” he stumbled. That was not true in a sense, for he had danced at the Yule Ball with Parvati Patil. But since then, he had not danced at all.

“Really? Well let’s see what we can do about that then, shall we?” asked Hannah.

“I can’t dance” Harry repeated sounding a little scared.

“Hannah, I don’t believe it. He’s faced the biggest evil that has ever been known, and he’s afraid of dancing” Susan said smiling.

“Fine, I’ll dance. But I’m warning you that I’m bad” Harry said and led Hannah onto the dance area. The song had changed from a fast one, to a slow tempo. Harry found that he could actually cope with it. The two glanced over at Susan who was deep in talks with Colin Creevy. There seemed to be a few heated words and then Colin left, leaving his ever present camera behind.

Susan picked it up and went to the edge of the dancers, and aimed it at Harry and Hannah. Harry hoped that the pictures would not be used in some kind of blackmail purposes.

“Harry, look at the other two” Hannah said referring to Luna and Neville.

He looked over and saw that Luna had her head resting on Neville’s shoulder, looking totally relaxed. The music changed back to a faster song and Harry decided, in the spirit of all good leaders, to make a retreat back to their table.

“Told you that you could dance” Hannah said smiling.

“Why do girls ever get the upper hand in everything?” Harry asked aloud.

"I don't know Harry. That's a good question, could you let us know if you get an answer?" Susan said bursting out into peels of laughter.

"Forgot me, did you see Luna and Neville? I think that they are a couple" Harry said indicating the still dancing pair.

"Yeah, I reckon they are as well" Susan said.

They chatted until the song changed to a slower one again and Harry went onto the dance floor again, this time with Susan. They stayed on for quite a while only stopping when the food was served and after that, when the dancing skeletons took the stage. By the time the Weird Sisters came back on, all of the first to fifth year students had gone off to their dorms and to bed, though Harry suspected the fact that there might be some dancing going on, in each common room.

By now, the band had dropped the slower songs almost entirely, and was now playing lots of fast songs. The tables of food and drinks had been demolished by the students, though it was still possible to find various items. It did help of course, that Harry had the ear of one of the house elves. Dobby kept them in good supply of food and drink for the rest of the party. By the time the ball was over, Harry had danced with all of his friends including Neville. Harry and Neville had held each other tightly and danced a rather passionate tango. Every person in the room had stopped what they were doing and stared at the two boys as they danced right around the hall in complete silence. Two girls ran out of the hall crying loudly believing that Harry was gay.

Eventually the party wound up and everybody headed back to their dorms. Luna had to be woken up after she had fallen asleep on Neville's shoulder. When he had nudged her awake, Luna jumped up with a start.

"Oh Neville, I'm sorry" she said blushing and apologising to Neville.

"It's okay, Luna" Neville replied who looked as if wanted it to keep going.

"Yeah, besides you two make a really perfect couple" Hannah said smiling at the shocked expressions of her friends. "Its okay you know. We know that you two are going out, we saw you when you danced."

They arrived at the door to their common room and went inside. Luna said she was very tired and after giving Neville a kiss on the cheek, which threatened to go father. Harry had to resort to using a Stinging Charm on the pair; Luna blushed and went off to bed.

"Wait up Luna" Susan called "I think I might join you. Not in the same bed of course" she added seeing the looks on the others faces.

Harry got up and looked through the windows at the distant sight of the Quidditch pitch in the moonlight. He wasn't nervous about the game, but rather at playing a totally new and untried team against a strong one.

"Thinking of tomorrow?" asked Neville from behind him.

"Yeah. Just thinking that it's going to be a tough fight tomorrow" Harry said.

"Well, I'm not nervous. I'm confident that we will win" the other boy said.

"Really? Well I could do with your confidence round about now" he chuckled.

"We'll be fine. Look I'm going to bed now, goodnight" Neville said.

"Good night Nev" Harry said and watched as the boy went up to their dorm. He went to sit back down where Hannah was, but found her to have gone to bed as well. Deciding that he too had better go, he got his wand out from the inside pocket of his dress robes, and pointed it at the fireplace and the lights and went "Nox" and they went out. Harry went up to bed, and after undressing he fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. For once, he didn't have his sleep disturbed by Voldemort.

The Quidditch Match

Harry was woken the next morning by a bucket of water being tossed unceremoniously over his head. He jumped out of bed without looking who had thrown it.

“Damn, I thought you really did have a Hippogriff tattoo on your back” said a decidedly female voice.

“SUSAN BONES! WHAT IN THE NAME OF MERLIN WAS THAT FOR?” Harry shouted as he performed a drying spell on himself.

“We’ll we did try to wake you. You got to have some breakfast before the match you know” Susan said.

“Ah” Harry said looking sheepish. “Yeah I guess your right. Is Neville ready?” he asked.

“Yeah, we all are. We’ve been waiting for you to get up” she answered. She turned and headed towards the door, pausing only to chuck Harry’s Quidditch robes at him. Harry dressed quickly and went downstairs. The first thing he saw was the various photographs – both magical and muggle – of the friends when they went to the theme park and other pictures, including a few from last night. In the middle was one that showed Neville and himself in the middle of their dance.

He headed to the table and sat down. Hannah passed him a massive plate of bacon, eggs, mushrooms and tomato’s. After muttered thanks, he tore into the plate, demolishing it in less than three minutes. Susan rolled her eyes and passed a second, identical plate which he tore into as well. When he was done, he gulped down a lot of tea. For some reason, he really wanted to eat everything possible. Harry expected that it was his nerves. The match started at ten and then they had the rest of the day off as well as it was the weekend. Neville was sat on the sofa reading a magazine in Quidditch players, trying to catch tips to help him. Neville seemed so uptight, that Harry decided to do something to release the tension. He silently Accio’d his broom to his side, mounted it and flew over Neville, grabbing the article as he passed.

“Harry” Neville scolded his friend as Harry landed, laughing as he did so.

“Sorry Neville, you were so engrossed in that” Harry said as he tossed the magazine back. He glanced at the clock on the wall and saw that it was already ten to ten. Picking up his hovering Firebolt, and telling Neville to hurry up, he went out of the door and headed towards the Quidditch pitch. Hannah, Susan and Luna followed them until they reached the changing rooms. They wished Harry and Neville good luck, and went off to sit in the stands. Harry and Neville went inside the changing room where the others waited. Rafael had been talking to the other Gryffindors and making himself acquainted. Harry gave a brief team talk, and then thinking that something better was needed added more.

“Right, I know that this is the first time you have all played as a team, but I am telling you now, that that cup is ours once again. Parvatti I want you and Rafael to each be on one side of us to ward off the bludgers. The only thing we will see is the Slytherin’s flying away. And please everybody; remember how to do the Starburst. Let’s keep that under wraps shall we? Right I haven’t got anything else to say, except good luck and have a good time” Harry finished. The team picked up brooms and Parvatti and Rafael picked up their beaters bats. The trooped over to the door leading to the Quidditch pitch, mounted their brooms and sped out when it opened. The team took up positions as Harry forced himself to shake hands with Malfoy. He had been keeping very quiet since term started, and Harry had to assume that the fact his father was in Azkaban was partly the cause. Still, Harry had asked Dobby to keep a very careful watch on Malfoy.

Madam Hooch walked into the middle of the pitch, and told both teams that she wanted a clean game from both sides. Harry wondered who was doing the commentary for the match, and was pleased to hear the familiar voice of Remus Lupin.

“Welcome one and all, to the first game of the season. I’m Remus Lupin, and I am standing in for Professor Snape, who is currently helping the ministry with their enquiries” and the stadium burst into cheers. Finally the reason why Snape had not been seen for a few

days had been revealed. When the cheers died down, Harry saw Hooch release the bludgers and the Snitch. She mounted her broom and flew into the air. After one last warning, she threw the Quaffle into the air and the game began.

As the Snitch had disappeared from sight, Harry flew up and out of the way of the game to keep out of the way. He watched as the Quaffle was passed between Neville and Dean. It took nearly ten minutes for the first points to be scored – in Gryffindor's favour. Neville had held the ball right up until the very last moment. He had to dodge a bludger hit towards him by a Slytherin player, but Neville just rolled his broom completely round in a spin and then threw the ball into the hoop.

"And that's 10 points to Gryffindor, scored by first time player Neville Longbottom" Lupin said his voice carrying up to Harry still where he had flown up to. Slytherin took the Quaffle, and restarted the game. After an hour, the score was 40 – 30, with Gryffindor winning. There was a small "ooh" from the crowd and Harry saw a Slytherin player get hit by a bludger. He couldn't see who it was, but he heard Madame Hooch blow her whistle for a time out and noticed Neville flying towards him.

"Harry, Bletchley took a beater to the head, he's alright but he isn't going to be able to play the rest of the game. I think that Harper is coming on to play" Neville said referring to a substitute player. Harper was normally a reserve seeker, but could play as keeper as well.

"Well, at least we can have a better game now. Nev, tell the team to get ready for the Starburst" Harry said in reply.

Neville nodded and flew off to inform the team of Harry's plan. The whistle blew to re-start the game. Gryffindor took the Quaffle and immediately scored three times. There was a flash of gold right past Harry's nose and he set off in pursuit of the Snitch. He followed it right round the stadium and even screamed right in the middle of the main game, making several players scatter. Malfoy had clearly seen it as the blond haired boy was right behind him. Then something very strange happened and Harry noticed that his broom was slowing down. He lost sight of the snitch and Harry turned round to see what

was causing the trouble. Malfoy was holding onto the back of Harry's Firebolt. He laughed and let go, flying back towards the Slytherin side of the pitch. Harry put his broom through a couple of manoeuvres in case Draco had cast a Jinx on it. After a while, the game was level at 100 – 100 points each. Harry decided to do one of his secret tricks. He called a time out, and flew to announce his plan to the team.

“Right then, we are going to use plan “A”. Get ready to assemble into your places” Harry said to the agreements of the players. He called Madame Hooch to tell her that he was ready to re-start the game. Once more the whistle blew and the team rose into the air. A few seconds later the team had formed into a ring and charged towards the Slytherin goal. The Slytherin's just stared at the tactic that had never been used before, as the Gryffindor team passed them. Harry was in the lead and when he pulled up; the team broke up the ring and made a confusing jumble of players. Then Dean came flying down from the sky and levelled out, flying through the middle of the jumble. He tossed the ball into the goal and scored taking the game to 110 – 100. The game really got heated after that and somehow, despite the best efforts of the Gryffindor team, Slytherin broke into the lead and took the score to 110 – 160. Even though Dean, Neville and Seamus tried their best, they couldn't get a single shot past Harper. Harry suspected that he had done extra training over the summer which was a bad thing if he would be replacing Bletchley for Slytherin's next game against Hufflepuff. Harry made a mental note to talk to the Hufflepuff team with an offer to help train their keeper. A series of boo's and cheers caused him to look down and see that Slytherin had scored again, putting them 60 points in the lead. Harry really needed to find the snitch soon, or Slytherin would be on the road to winning. Suddenly there in front of him, the snitch whizzed past, and Harry once more set off in pursuit. This time he flew above it then aimed his Firebolt slightly down so that he would intercept the golden ball. He was just about to reach out and grab it when – WHAM. Harry fell off his broom and went plummeting down towards the ground and as he spun he saw Malfoy flying away from his broom and smiling in triumph. Harry managed to get his hand into his pocket and withdraw his wand, which was difficult considering he was falling from a great height, and cried “ACCIO” and his broom zoomed towards him. He managed to get on it and pull up and away from the ground before impacting it, though Harry's shoes collected grass

stains. Though he hadn't heard it, Madame Hooch had blown her whistle and stopped the game and was surrounded by the entire Gryffindor team as well as several Slytherins. Harry flew towards her to add his own protest.

"Mr Potter, are you alright?" asked Hooch.

"Yes, thank you" Harry replied.

"What exactly happened" Hooch asked.

"I saw the snitch and flew to catch it. I was almost on top of it, when Malfoy flew his broom into mine and rammed me off it" Harry said giving an honest account of the incident. He was panting and almost out of breath.

"Professor, that's a lie! I never went anywhere near Potter or his stupid broom" Malfoy said trying to weasel his way out, and the entire Gryffindor team erupted in protest. It took several seconds to restore calm. Madame Hooch flew over to where the teachers sat and had a hurried talk, after which she flew back to the players.

"Mr Malfoy, I have been talking to the teachers and they agree with both Mr Potter's and the Gryffindor team's version of events. I am taking 250 points from Slytherin house for trying to kill Mr Potter and also I am sending you off the field in disgrace, again for nearly killing Mr Potter, meaning you miss the next game for your team" Madame Hooch said pointing towards the slithering changing room. Malfoy looked at Harry with a sneer on his face. "Oh, and your head of house has been informed and will deal with you as well" Hooch added and Malfoy turned his broom and flew slowly to the ground. Dean, Neville and Seamus cast Sonorus charms on themselves and led the crowd in a sing along version of the funeral march as they "escorted" Malfoy down. With most of the school there, Malfoy must have felt humiliated at the sound, Harry thought. The game restarted with a rejuvenated Gryffindor team and Lupin repeating the fact that Malfoy had been sent off. What some people didn't realise was that Slytherin had already used their reserve player, and didn't have another seeker as Harper was playing in goal, making Harry's job easier. He was so happy, that he treated the crowd to a quick display of aerobatics,

making it look as if he had seen the snitch. He didn't want the Slytherins to protest after all. With a newly inspired team, the Gryffindors demolished Slytherin. In only ten minutes, they pulled into a draw and then went past and at the end of the ten minutes the score stood at 450 – 160. The game lasted well into the afternoon, and Harry was thinking that the snitch was being very difficult today, not that he minded that much as Malfoy was out of the game. Parvatti was coping very well on her own keeping the bludgers away, and Harry saw Rafael rise towards him.

"Harry, when will you catch the snitch? I mean are you feeling okay after being hit by Malfoy? What was that son of a puta doing?" he asked.

"I agree with that. Malfoy isn't going to very popular after the match is he? In fact I have just had an idea. I'm going to keep this game going until we get to 850 points" Harry said.

"Why is that?" Rafael asked turning his broom round, ready to fly back to the game.

"Well when I catch the snitch, it will take us to 1000 points and also break the all time record for most points scored during a Quidditch match at Hogwarts. I think that would just about kill Malfoy" Harry said grinning. Rafael flew back to the game laughing all the way, leaving Harry to the fact that he had to appear to catch the snitch, but not actually do so. It took until early evening to reach the magic 850 points that Harry wanted and he called for a time out to Madame Hooch who readily agreed. It allowed the team to use the bathroom very quickly. When both teams where done, Harry explained his plan to the rest. They all agreed to continue playing until Harry had caught the snitch. As he flew into the air, he heard Dumbledore telling McGonagall, that the elves might have to bring dinner to the students sitting in the stands if the game wasn't over with soon. The game restarted and Harry had caught the snitch in his view. He really went for it this time, urging every ounce of speed out of his broom. Harry even cast a weight reducing charm on himself to gain that extra speed and catch the snitch. There was a last chance effort to score points for Slytherin who still after several hours hadn't got higher then 160 points. Harry defeated the charge by bringing his broom up

swinging it round and then aiming it towards the three Slytherin chasers who now flew in a tight formation. The sight of a diving Firebolt coming at full speed towards them made them do the only thing possible, and they scattered dropping the Quaffle into view of Parvatti. She swung her beaters bat at it and it zipped towards Neville, who flew halfway with it passing it to Dean who went the rest of the way. But Dean passed it to Seamus, who then commenced to evade two bludgers and five Slytherin beaters and chasers. Harry though, wasn't watching, he found the snitch no more than 1 inch from his nose, he simply reached out and grabbed the ball, and held onto it. At the same time he did that, Seamus tossed the ball into the Slytherin goal taking the score to 860 points. Add the 150 points for catching the snitch, it made the final score 1010 for Gryffindor and 160 for Slytherin. Lupin was continually repeating the final score until he stopped due to a sore throat. There were cheers from almost everybody, the only exceptions were the Slytherin's and those people that didn't like Harry still. Harry ignored those people, and as the bludgers were safely back inside the box, the Gryffindor team formed up on Harry and did several victory laps of the pitch. As he drew up to the place where Hannah and Susan sat, he signalled the team to stop, and Harry pulled close to the stands to allow the two girls to clamber onto the Firebolt. They did the same when they reached Luna who got onto Neville's broom. The girls held on tightly as the Gryffindor team continued on their victory laps, only stopping when Susan said she was getting dizzy. They landed and got off the brooms to see that the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws had formed a guard of honour on the pitch, and they saw Dumbledore striding towards them with a silver trophy in his hands.

"Congratulations Ladies and Gentlemen. You have broken not only the Hogwarts, but also the world record for most points scored in a school Quidditch game. I want to say that I am impressed with all your game. Well done" Dumbledore said and he passed the trophy to Harry who raised it into the air in triumph. Dumbledore walked off, but not before he had looked at Harry and his eyes gave the impression that he wanted Harry to forgive him. After the cheers and applause had died down, they went into the changing rooms and got out of their robes, and had a shower each, while Hannah, Susan and Luan waited outside. Then dressed in clean and warm (on account it had got cold) they made their way up to the castle, with the three girls

following. Harry and Neville's fellow Gryffindor's wanted them to go to Gryffindor tower with them to celebrate, but Harry didn't want to see Ginny, Hermione or Ron.

"So where else can we hold the party?" asked Lavender, who after Malfoy had been sent off the pitch had had nothing to do except fly around the goalposts, and watching the game from a distance. In the end, she decided to leave the posts, and become a distraction to the Slytherin players. Harry thought of a place big enough to hold a large group of students.

"Let's use the Room of Requirements. All we have to do is get the food because the room can't make it appear inside for some reason. I know, I've tried" Harry explained.

"Right, that's settled. I'll get the party guests rounded up, and Seamus can organise the food, and Rafael can get the food inside the room, while the girls go put whatever on" Dean said.

"Ifreann fuilteach" Seamus let out an Irish curse "Why is it me?" he asked.

"Because, the others have other stuff to do" Dean said heading towards the Gryffindor common room to round up those who wanted to party.

"Búghar" Seamus said and headed off towards the kitchens.

"Harry, what was Seamus saying?" asked Susan confused.

"I think that was unmistakably the sound of some very colorful Irish obscenities" Harry chuckled. He took Hannah and Susan on each arm and with Neville and Luna following, they went back to their tower. The girls went upstairs and put on make up after first putting a Sleeping Charm on the two boys, at their own request. They had pleaded that they needed to get some rest after the game, and before the party. The girls came down after ten minutes and brought the boys back to life again. Harry felt very refreshed even with such a short nap and by the looks of it, so did Neville.

“Are you ready then?” Hannah asked and they all nodded. They opened the door, and Harry remarked that they really needed to get a password set up for it.

The group walked through the various corridors of Hogwarts, not meeting a teacher due to the fact that Harry had brought the Marauder’s Map with him, though he said he didn’t really need it since Snape had been arrested. As it had happened just after the whole library incident, he wondered if Snape had tried to look good. If that was the case, then he was sadly mistaken. They arrived at the right corridor and saw that the door was already open. They passed inside to see the party in full swing, and they had hardly been in the place for a full minute, when Harry and Neville were accosted by Gryffindors and lifted to be carried on their shoulders. When they finally got put back down, they all found plates and got food. The team kept getting asked to replay the best moments of the match, and Harry thought for a large Pensive. The room put one on the table just as he asked. Harry called for quiet and then the team put their memories into the bowl and Susan cast a charm on it so they only got the best bits of the game. When it was done, Harry touched his wand into the silvery mass and muttered a few words. At once the normally small images projected themselves onto the wall opposite, and Harry and the entire room watched the games best bits while eating and drinking. Everybody cheered when the Gryffindor team did their starburst manoeuvre. It was certainly good to watch it from the stands, but to experience it as if you flew along side the players was better than any muggle cinema, Harry thought. The whole room erupted in laughter as Malfoy was sent off the field. They all joined in with the recorded singing of the funeral march. It was nearly half past nine before the party had wound up. Harry stuck his head outside the room to check for teachers, and noticed Filch near them but on the floor below.

“Dobby” he called and the elf appeared a moment later.

“Dobby is wanted by Harry Potter?” the elf bowed out of habit.

“Dobby, take the students to their common rooms. Filch is near and I don’t want them to get into trouble” Harry asked.

“Dobby will do what Harry Potter asks” and the elf started taking groups of students back to their common rooms. The Quidditch team was the last to go, and Harry thought of the room being tidy and in an instant, it indeed was tidy. They left the room and when Susan had cleared the doorway, the door itself disappeared.

“Want to go for a walk round the grounds?” asked Neville to Luna.

“I’m really tired Neville” Luna said and she did look as if she was going to collapse to the ground.

“Lets get back to the tower then” Hannah said and they all trooped off back to the tower, where they went straight to their lovely beds and fell deep asleep.

Harry lay awake for a little time and thought this was one of his best times at Hogwarts. He was so very happy at proving those that doubted him wrong. With that happy thought, he fell to sleep. If he knew what would be awaiting him in the post the next morning, he wouldn’t have been so happy.

A/N:

So that’s the latest chapter in the fic. I hope everyone likes it, but a little bit of help is always welcomed.

What does everybody think of the new look Gryffindor team or the match for that matter. I had real fun writing that I can tell you. Just so you know, all the foreign words are accurate and have been translated by a native speaker of the language concerned.

So, clues for Chapter 7? Well the big clues have only been revealed to my long term friend Rafael who as a courtesy appears in this fic. And some of you have been asking why put Lavender and Parvatti in the team? Think about it, them in (or out) of Quidditch robes? Hee hee... now you thinking the right thing!

But one clue? Okay then here it is; Harry has not had his parents will read yet.

Well that's it, you know the procedure, hit review please.

Regards,

Pixel

The Potter Will Reading

It was already light when Harry woke up the next morning. He glanced over to Neville's bed and saw that the other boy was already awake. Harry quickly had a shower and after performing a drying charm on himself when he had finished, he went down for breakfast. As he came down the stairs, he could already smell the aroma of scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and tea. What he would have done without Dobby, Harry didn't know.

"Morning Harry" Luna greeted Harry as he grabbed a plate and got breakfast.

"Morning Luna" he replied. He sat down at the table and started to eat. As he did so, he noticed that apart from himself and Luna, the only other person in the room was Neville. Neville was sat on the sofa reading the Daily Prophet. Hannah and Susan were nowhere to be seen. "Where are Hannah and Susan?" he asked.

"They've had breakfast. They're back in our room" Luna said taking a piece of toast.

"Oh, they not dressed yet?" he wondered aloud.

"No, not that. They just needed to do some girl things" Luna said not bothered by the questions.

"Girl things?" Harry was confused.

"Really private girl things" Luna said slowly to make her point hit home and raising her eyebrows when she said the word private, and she saw that Harry got the message.

"Oh, THAT sort of girl thing" Harry said understanding. He finished drinking his tea and then went on the offensive against the scrambled eggs.

"Correct Mr Potter. 10 points to Gryffindor" Luna mocked.

Harry chuckled and went on with his breakfast. There was a tapping at one of the windows and Neville got up and opened it to allow Hedwig and several other owls to enter. After taking the letters off them, most of them disappeared with Hedwig and a small brown owl remaining.

“Post is here” Neville announced just as Hannah and Susan came downstairs.

The post was sorted into several piles with each one for each of the friends. There was the normal post sent by Harry’s fans, one letter was a reply from the people that made the Chocolate frogs. Neville got a letter from his Gran, saying that she was proud of him for helping to win a Gryffindor Quidditch match, and also very proud that had scored the opening goal in his first game – Neville blushed a bright red. Luna’s pile was small, comprising a letter from her father, an owl order catalogue and the latest copy of the Quibbler. Hannah got a letter her mother and father which said they hoped she was feeling well and that they had purchased the item she had requested, and they would keep it until Christmas. Susan’s was a letter from her Aunt. It was a bit more formal then the others, but as her aunt was the head of the Department for Magical Law Enforcement, Harry reasoned that she was used to writing reports more often and that it just came naturally to her. Harry’s pile was the biggest by far. Apart from the fan letters which he threw straight into the fire, he also got an update on his investment with the Weasley twins. The last letter was official looking and when Harry turned it over, he saw the Gringotts crest on the back. He opened it and started to read.

Dear Mr Potter

Your parents will is to be read out today at 11.30 am. Please note that the following people are to attend also: Albus Dumbledore and Remus Lupin. Given the past history between yourself and Professor Dumbledore, security can be provided for you at your request should you want it.

I look forward to seeing you once more,

Griphook

Potter Estate Manager

It took a moment to remember the look on Dumbledore's face at the end of the match the day before and he suddenly realised that Dumbledore must have known that it was time for his Harry's parents will to be read, and Dumbledore wanted to be friends with Harry again in order to get whatever would be in the will for him. Rage built up inside Harry as he tried to control the emotions he felt whenever he thought about the headmaster. The others looked at him with concern.

"Harry, are you alright?" Susan asked sitting down next to him. Harry passed her the letter. "Oh" she said simply and showed the others.

"I've got to go, I don't want to, but I have to" Harry said sadly. He wondered how this will would be done. Perhaps it would be in the form of a Pensive memory, or maybe like Sirius's. Most the happiness from yesterday had vanished to replaced with the cold hard feeling of dread. Hannah came up on the other side of him and put an arm around him, hugging Harry tightly.

"Do you want us to come with you?" she asked quietly.

"Really? You really would give up your free time to come and help me?" he asked and when Hannah nodded, he put his head in her shoulder and cried. He kept going like this for several moments until he pulled away looking very ashamed.

"Sorry" Harry mumbled.

"Hey its alright Harry. I feel a good cry gets rid of the bad stuff inside us" Luna said.

"Yeah me too" Neville said.

"Me three" Susan said.

"Me four" Hannah said and the group burst into laughter and giggles.

"Thanks" Harry said as the happy feeling came back to him. "I want to go early because I don't know if you can attend the will hearing. I'm not too sure about Wizarding laws when it comes to banking" Harry said.

"Well, I am ready" Hannah said and the others nodded and Harry's friends picked up jackets.

"Let me get my wand then, and we can go to Gringotts" Harry said running back up to his shared room returning moments later with a red jacket with gold trim and his wand.

"Harry, are we supposed to get there? I don't think Dobby can take so many people" Neville said.

"That's no problem, actually I want to go to Diagon Alley so we can floo there" Harry said as he went over to the fireplace and picked up a box that he had put there. He opened it and took out some floo powder which he shared amongst his friends. They each crossed over to the fire which was already lit, and one by one they threw it in and floo'd to Diagon Alley. Harry was the last one left and before he left he wondered what about type of alarms would be going off in Dumbledore's office. Then again, it was a weekend so Dumbledore would assume that they had gone to Hogsmeade. Dumbledore, was going to have kittens when he saw Harry at the reading. He threw his floo powder into the fire and cried out "Diagon Alley". There was a swish of green and silver smoke, and he disappeared from Hogwarts and reappeared in the familiar street he had come to love.

"We wondered when you would turn up" Hannah, Susan and Neville had mock stern looks on their faces but couldn't keep them for long.

"Well I don't know what's open round here on a Sunday, so lets just have a lazy walk towards Gringotts shall we?" Harry suggested and the friends walked down the rows of shops and doing what muggles called window shopping. They reached the shining building of Gringotts and as normal there were two goblins standing at the door, keeping a solemn watch. As they went towards them they opened the door and gave the goblin salute. Harry raised an eyebrow and the

others where in a surprised type of shock. Nobody ever got the Goblin salute – not even the Minster.

“Ah Mr Potter. You’re making a habit of arriving early I suspect. The Goblins send you their thanks for sending the drink” said a voice. The group turned and saw a goblin approach them.

“At least being early is better then being late, Griphook” Harry pointed out.

“Indeed. I assume you have come several hours early because you need to discuss something to do with your parents will” Griphook said.

“Yes, I do. I want to know if my friends are able to attend the reading with me or if they have to wait outside” Harry said.

“None of these people are named in the will. However if they are with you for the purpose of your security during these troubled times, then I believe it should be alright. However, you are still three hours early. I suggest that you go outside and enjoy the weather” Griphook said.

“Actually there was something I wanted to ask you about” Harry said.

“Very well Mr Potter, if you would like to come to my office” and Griphook led the way to his office passing other goblins whom he greeted. They eventually arrived at Griphook’s office and they all sat down. “What was it you wished to ask me?” Griphook asked after sitting behind his desk.

“I wanted to know if there is a way to pay for things in the muggle world without having to change money” Harry asked.

“There is a way Mr Potter. We offer a card that has been bewitched to act like a muggle credit card. In every sense of the word it is one, and muggles will never be able to tell the difference. I can get you one if you want one” Griphook said.

“Actually, I suspect I will need two of them. Is that ok?” asked Harry.

“Perfectly. It will take about ten minutes to get them sorted for you. There are not many goblins on duty at this time, so I will do it myself, please wait here” and Griphook left the office.

“Why do you want two cards?” asked Neville.

“Well, I suspect that I will get a large amount from my parents will. So I am going to spend some of that to get a few things for our common room, and I really need some new clothes” Harry joked.

“Well, what are you going to buy?” Hannah asked.

“I don’t know. I was thinking of buying some Jeans, Shirts, and other stuff like that” Harry said.

“She meant what you going to buy for the common room” Susan said rolling her eyes.

“Oh I was thinking of perhaps a T.V and a DVD player. With some DVD’s of course” Harry said.

“DVD? Whats that?” asked Hannah and Susan.

“Wait and see” Harry said with an air of mystery.

They chatted until they heard Griphook return with the cards. He sat down behind his desk again and passed Harry the cards.

“These cards will enable you buy items in any magical shop as well as muggle ones. And I have enabled it to be used by your friends as well” Griphook smiled slightly at the friend’s surprise.

“Thank you Griphook. We will use these wisely and with knowledge” Harry said offering a goblin thanks.

“You are most welcome Mr Potter” Now, there is still just under three hours before the will reading. What else can I help you with?” the goblin asked and Harry thought for a moment then shook his head.

“Thank you Griphook, I will be here before 11.30” and the group rose and left Gringotts and Into Diagon Alley itself and exited through the leaky cauldron and into muggle London.

Harry led the way down the street and eventually they came across a branch of a shop called Comet. They went inside and purchased a TV and DVD, and asked for it to be delivered to 12 Grimmond Place. Harry arranged the delivery time so it would be well after the will reading. When they where done, they went a few shops down and found a store called Zavvi. They went inside and Harry gave Hannah and Susan one of the cards and told them to buy a few DVDs that had nice looking titles. Harry led Luna and Neville round the shop getting DVD's of their own. At the end of the shopping trip, they looked at the titles they had brought: Star Wars, Star Trek, Lord of the Rings, The Lion King, Power Rangers, Police Academy, Scream, Secrets in the Tower and Space Cowboys. Harry was putting the two magical credit cards away whilst not showing his wand, when he noticed a big box set of a anime series called Ghost in the Shell. It had both series and also had the three movies. Harry was a really big fan of the show because he was able to watch it when he live at the Dursley's when they where asleep. Harry and the group went down a side street and with a flick of his wand, Harry sent them to number Twelve Grimmond place. They would take them back to Hogwarts at the same time as the T.V and DVD player. Harry looked at the time on his watch.

“It's still over two hours to go until the reading. Let's head back to the Leaky Cauldron and get something to drink” Harry said and he led the way back towards the pub. They entered the pub which was quieter then Harry was used to, and he ordered a round of Butterbeers from Tom the landlord who brought them over himself.

“I wonder what your parents have left you” Neville said leaning into his seat.

“I honestly don't know” Harry said. “I mean Dumbledore never told me how much my parents where worth” he took a mouthful of butterbeer and put the bottle down on the table.

“Do you think he might try and stop you from getting your inheritance?” asked Luna concerned for her friend.

“He might do, but I’m an adult by Wizarding law, so I don’t think that he can do much. But knowing that man as much as I do, he probably will do” Harry looked thoughtful for a moment. “But what can I do?” he asked.

“Well, I don’t know what you can do, but he took over as the guardian of your parents will correct?” asked Susan and Harry nodded “Well after you have got what your parents have left you, you become head of the House of Potter” Susan said explaining more.

“Really? That would happen to me?” Harry asked in shock.

“Yes. And as the head of the house, you can ask for a full audit of the account and decide on what you want to do about any problems that arise from it” Susan said finishing her little speech.

“Well if it comes to that, then I’ll do that. But who do I contact for something like this?” Harry asked. He thought of those people in the ministry who he considered able to deal with something like this, but nobody came to mind.

“Leave that to me” Susan said and finishing her butterbeer, she crossed over to the bar and spoke to Tom. It was a short conversation ending when Tom nodded and gave her some floo powder. She went over to the fire and after throwing the powder into the fire, she disappeared. Harry was wondering where she had gone to, but he knew that she was a very strong person and that nothing would happen to her.

“Well I’m going to get another round of butterbeers in. Anybody want anything different?” he asked but the others shook their heads. He was going to get up when Hannah told him to sit down because she would get the drinks this time round.

“Harry, let us get you something for a change” she said. Harry looked at Luna and Neville and decided to back down.

While Hannah got the drinks in, Neville was asking Luna about the Quibbler, and how he could get a copy. Luna said that she would let him read her copy when she got it, after she had read it of course. Harry smiled inside himself as he felt totally relaxed. It felt good to have friends like these and he wondered if all friendships were like this. He had always been on the defensive with Hermione and Ron because he was always thinking of Voldemort and Hermione kept making him train more. What spare time he did have was spent trying to break up the fights between Ron and her. As much as he sometimes missed them, he felt much happier with his new friends. For the first time, he felt like a proper teenager, with not too many cares in the world.

“Drink up everybody” Hannah said as she came back to their table carrying ten bottles of Butterbeer. How she was able to do that with only two hands, Harry could not guess though he suspected Wingardium Leviosa might have something to do with it.

They thanked Hannah and took a bottle each and started drinking. After a long while, Harry glanced at his watch and at the same time, Susan came out of the fireplace.

“Ah just in time for another drink am I?” asked she asked and grabbed one of the spare bottles and sat down next to Harry.

“Where did you go?” asked Harry.

“Oh I just worked on an emergency plan” Susan replied cryptically.

“I guess your not telling me what?” Harry supposed.

“Nope” she said smiling. “Just be reassured that it will be a shock for Dumbledore if he tries anything” and she left Harry wondering where she had gone, and what she had done. Soon though it was time to go to Gringotts for the reading and Harry led the way to the bank where once again the goblins saluted as they entered. Griphook was waiting in the entrance hall and he led them to his office, though he remarked that they knew the way already. He opened the doors and the friends

discovered that Dumbledore and Lupin were already there waiting for them.

"If you will take your seats, we will get started" Griphook said picking up a file from his desk.

"Just a moment" Dumbledore said "There are people here who are not in the will".

"Indeed they are not. However Mr Potter has deemed it necessary to have security for this meeting. It was his choice to select these people" Griphook stared at Dumbledore through his glasses with a cold hard look on his face, and Dumbledore sat back in acceptance. "This is the reading of the will of James and Lilly Potter. This will is in the form of a letter which has been charmed with the writers voices" Griphook touched the letter and it started to speak in his parents voices.

"We James and Lilly Potter being of reasonably sound mind and judgement do hereby dispose of all our assets in the following manner" his fathers voice spoke clearly.

"To Remus Lupin: we give the sum of 1 million Gallons on the provision that he gets a new pair of clothes and a decent haircut" his mothers voice spoke now and Lupin laughed and nodded as if they were really there. No doubt, Harry thought, he was thinking of times he had spent with his Harry's parents.

"To Albus Dumbledore we leave the sum of 1 Knut because we know that he has placed our son with people we didn't want him to be placed with" James's disembodied voice had a touch of anger in it. "Just because we are dead, doesn't mean we don't know what has been going on" James went on.

"To our Darling son Harry. We leave everything that is in our vaults and all our property including the cottage at Godric's Hollow. Griphook can provide you with details of what you owe. You are now head of the Potter House" Lilly said. There was a pause and Griphook moved to pick up the letter thinking that the reading was almost complete.

"To our friend Griphook, accounts manager at Gringotts" James said and Griphook stopped moving. He had never heard of a goblin being named in a person's will before. "We leave the sum of 500,000 Gallons, for looking after our son and for being a true friend. Not many wizards can call a goblin a friend, but we are honoured to do so with you" Lilly said and, like Sirius's will, the letter burst into a brief moment of flames, and then turned into ashes. Lupin simply thanked Griphook, who was still in shock after being named in the will and also shook hands with Harry and said goodbye to Dumbledore.

"Mr Griphook, I believe there has been some mistake. I should have got more than a single knut" Dumbledore was in panic, if his voice was anything to go by, Harry thought.

"Professor Dumbledore, there is no mistake. You have heard what you have been given and the amount has been transferred to your account" the goblin had managed to get the power of speech again.

"Griphook, I want a complete audit of the account left by my mother and father. How long will that take?" Harry asked.

"No time at all" was the reply and out came a small pile of papers. "I already anticipated a question like this" Griphook said and waited for Harry to look through the parchment pieces. The figure at the end was the one Harry was most interested in though.

"FOUR MILLION GALLONS? YOU STOLE FOUR MILLION GALLONS FROM MY MOTHER AND FATHER'S ACCOUNT?" Harry directed his full fury onto Dumbledore who visibly cringed and sank as much as his chair allowed.

"Harry, dear boy. I was of course intending to repay the money. I thought that your mother and father would have known that I would take a small amount to fund the order" Dumbledore said. "I didn't mean for any of this to be found out in this manner".

"Griphook" it was Susan who spoke "Would you say this is a case of serious fraud?" she asked.

“Bigger then I have ever seen in my 75 years if service at Gringotts, Ms Bones” Griphook confirmed.

“Thank you, for that” Susan said and sharply whistled. Dumbledore and the others looked confused until the door burst open and people came in, wand drawn. Through the door came Madame Bones – Susan’s Aunt and Aurors Shacklebolt and Tonks. Suddenly it all clicked where Susan had gone. She had guessed what might happen, and had arranged for her aunt to pay a visit.

“Good Morning Mr Potter. I trust you are well?” Madame Bones enquired.

“Yes thank you” he replied in a polite tone. Madame Bones had always scared the living daylights out of him, and in his opinion would have given Voldemort himself a run for his money in the scare tactics table.

“Harry don’t you have something to ask my aunt?” Susan asked Harry nudging him in the ribs gently. “Something to do with the Professor?” she whispered.

“Oh yeah, I do. Madame Bones, I have discovered that Professor Dumbledore has taken money from my parents account without prior permission. As head of the Potter House, I would like you to investigate the dealings. I am happy for you to go into the accounts at any time. Griphook can give you the details of the account and help you with anything you need” Harry said.

“Very well Mr Potter” Madame Bones said. She nodded to Shacklebolt and Tonks who each took a side on Dumbledore. “Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. You are charged with serious fraud and taking money without consent. You are also charged with not obeying the instructions of a will. There is also one charge of kidnapping. You will surrender your wand” Madame Bones finished speaking and as she turned towards Griphook, Harry could have sworn her eye twitched in his direction. “Griphook, can you provide me with a copy of all the transactions that Professor Dumbledore has done?” she asked.

"It would be my pleasure" Griphook said bowing low in respect. Madame Bones was another human that he liked, and there were few people on that list.

Dumbledore was being led away by Shackbolt and Tonks with his head held low. He looked a very sorry sight. The once proud headmaster of Hogwarts being led away under arrest.

"You can send all the other information to my office at the ministry" Madame Bones turned to Harry and his friends. "Professor Dumbledore will be taken to the ministry while we question him. When you return to Hogwarts please inform Professor McGonagall that she is acting head. Tell her all that has happened" and after saying goodbye to them all, she left the office.

After bidding Griphook farewell, they left Gringotts and went to Grimmond Place. They collected their things while Harry cast a Reducio charm on the two boxes containing the TV and DVD and Harry put them in his pocket. They used the fireplace to floo back to Hogwarts and as he left, they wondered what the strange smell was. Harry did think of having Kreacher get rid of it, but he honestly couldn't think of a time he had seen the disobedient houseelf. Once they were back at Hogwarts, Harry had to find McGonagall, which was easy considering the fact he had the map. One look said she was in her office and that was where he headed off, after first taking out the boxes and restoring them to their correct size. When he got to the door, he opened it and went inside.

"Mr Potter, you have something for me?" McGonagall was sat reading the Prophet and not grading papers as Harry had assumed.

"Professor, I have just got back from Gringotts where my parents will was read. I discovered that Professor Dumbledore had taken money from my parents account and not acted with my parent's wishes with regards to who I should have been placed with in the event of their death. I have informed the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and they have arrested Professor Dumbledore. Madame Bones asked me to tell you that you have been made the Acting Head of Hogwarts" Harry finished his mentally prepared speech and smiled

slightly when he saw McGonagall's face drop as what Harry said hit home.

"Very well, Mr Potter. I will inform the teachers and tell the students in the morning. You may leave now" she managed to say.

Harry left and returned to the tower that he shared with his friends and saw that Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville were attempting to put the TV and DVD together. As they had never lived with muggles, they had no idea how to put it all together and so there was tangle of people and wires. Harry laughed for a moment and then freed everybody and then showed them how to do it. As there were no sockets, Harry just tucked the round the back of the TV and DVD. His friends took note of everything he had said and watched Harry intently so they knew what to do. Harry finished setting it up he picked up one of the bags from random and looked at the title. The first DVD to ever be played at Hogwarts would be Ghost in the Shell. It was the movie he had picked up and he got out his wand and pointed it at the TV and DVD.

"Vox Res" Harry said and the TV and DVD suddenly jumped into life, and he loaded the DVD into the little tray which popped out and when the Disk was placed on it, the tray popped back inside. Another flick of his wand and the windows each had a dark cover placed over them to make it go dark. Neville used his wand to put out all but the two torches on the wall above the fire place, while Hannah, Susan and Luna pushed the sofa and chairs together. There was only one thing missing. "Dobby" Harry called and the house elf appeared with a pop.

"Dobby is needed by Harry Potter?"

"Yes I do" Harry reached into his pocket and got a few gallons out. "I want you to go to the Three Boomsticks and buy a crate of butterbeer. Then can you get us some Popcorn?" He said handing over the money.

"Dobby will do as Harry Potter asks" Dobby said bowing low and disappearing.

“Will he ever stop that?” Harry asked rhetorically. He sat down and waited for the items to appear. It took a very short time as Harry suspected the elf wanted to please him. Harry put the popcorn on the table and the crate of butterbeer on the floor in the middle of the group so everyone could reach it. He pressed the play button on the remote and the movie started.

“Is this film a good one?” Luna asked Harry.

“Well I guess so. If it wasn’t, I wouldn’t have brought it would I?” he replied.

“That’s true” Susan said.

The opening credits finished and Harry and friends sat back and enjoyed the film. Hannah, Susan and Luna liked the film so much that they insisted that Harry play the series based on the film. Harry did as they asked and they watched the show. Perhaps Harry should have told them what happened to some of the characters, because at the end of the DVD, Susan and Luna sat in tears. In just a short time, they had become fans of the little robots or Tachikomas.

“Harry? Tell me they come back” Luna sobbed while she had buried her head into Neville’s shoulder.

“Oh they come back all right” Harry said trying to stop the two girls crying.

“Whats going on?” Hannah asked. She had visited the little witches’ room and had missed the finale.

“The Tachikomas just committed suicide to save Batou” Harry explained.

“They what?” Hannah’s face paled and she joined the other two girls in crying, she too had become fond of the Tachikomas.

“Why do girls cry over the smallest things?” Neville asked Harry.

"I don't know, Nev. Fighting Voldemort I can do, fighting Death Eaters I can do, but understanding girls is beyond me" Harry chuckled. He managed to disentangle himself from Hannah who had used his shoulder to cry on, and switched the DVD off after first removing the disk. He looked at the time on his watch with interest.

"Hey, it's nearly nine. Shall we go to bed now? I want to be at the great hall for breakfast tomorrow" he said.

"Why's that?" asked Luna. She had finally managed to stop crying.

"I want to see what everybody's reaction will be when they find out that Dumbledore has been arrested" Harry replied.

They agreed to go to bed early so they could be guaranteed the chance of sitting down at the great hall. Dobby appeared at Harry's bidding and the boy asked him to clear up the rubbish, which Dobby being Dobby meant that for the elf, it was an honour to do it. Hannah and Susan got up and walked up the stairs, but it seemed that Luna had had too much butterbeer as she fell down the moment she stood up. Neville picked her up and carried her up to the bedroom, first knocking to see if the girls were changing. He took note that alarms didn't sound as they would do in Gryffindor if he tried to get to a girls room. Once Luna was safely in the care of the other two, he went back to his and Harry's room and changed into a pair of red pyjamas and got into bed.

"Harry? Just wanted to say thanks for everything that's happened" Neville said in the darkness.

"That's alright, Nev. I have all that money and can't spend it all by myself can I? Besides, you are my friends and helped me to get out of a bad spot. I'd do the same for any of you at anytime" Harry's voice said in the darkness.

"There's one thing that I don't understand though. Why have Ginny, Hermione and Ron turned on you? I meant they've known you since first year and fought with you more times than I have. It just seems really bizarre that this happens" Neville said.

"I don't know, Nev. I half wonder if they are under some curse or something. But despite their threats. Ginny and Hermione cant hurt me seriously" Harry seemed to be a little upset – Neville couldn't tell in the darkness.

"Whys that?" Neville asked settling into the deep sheets of his bed.

"Huh? Oh why they can't hurt me badly? Well they owe me a life debt" Harry's voice delivered the shock.

"Life Debt? What do you mean? And how do they owe you one?" Neville was back wide awake at the news from his friend.

"Well with Hermione, she owes me it several times. But the one I think is the main one is when Ron" and his voice paused as he said the name of his ex-friends "and I saved her in the first year".

"Oh you mean the troll at Halloween?" Neville asked.

"Yeah, I distracted Ron and I distracted it, and in the end, I ran up to it and shoved my wand up its nose. While it tried to kill me, Hermione ran out of the way. If I hadn't been there, she would have died. As for Ginny, I sacrificed my life for Ginny's in the second year because of that diary of Voldemort's. I got in the way of the Basilisk and it got me with the poison from one of its fangs. Falkes, that's Dumbledore's Phoenix, stopped it killing me by using its tears" Harry said his voice trailing off as he remember the pain of the fangs when it tore into his arm and shoulder. "I guess Hermione owes you one as well you know, when you protected her at the DOM" Harry said.

"Wow, I never knew" Neville said settling back down into his bed. He started to feel the first tendrils of sleep. "Goodnight Harry".

"Goodnight Neville" came the reply.

A/N:

Well hope you like this chapter. So, Dumbledore has been nicked for fraud, McGonagall is now the acting head (always the bridesmaid

never the bride), Harry is now so rich he can afford to buy Britain as a private island, and there are now electrical items at Hogwarts.

Well I know that this little paragraph said i was taking time off, but I have been inundated by ONE PM for me to update as soon as possible. Well Ok then I will update, I have started Chapter 8 already but control of it has been handed over to my long term and good friend Ibris. I have done about 4 pages worth and now he is doing the more fiddly bits. Those of you that read Ibris's Harry Potter fanfic "Secrets In The Tower" will know that I beta-read for him, as well as writing most of his Chapter 54. This is a private joke to see if he can do for me, what I do for him. I can't really tell you who is going to get arrested as well. The only two who know are Ibris and Vellouette (He/She gave me the idea for the second arrest as well as the possible third). Chapter 9 however will involve the death of a relation of a main character, but neither person knows who, so don't badger them for info on that!

Oh, please tell me what you thought of the London/Gringotts scene, I know I liked it and I wrote it!!

Well you know the procedure, hit go and submit a review.

Your loving fanfic writer,

Robert

Showers, Getting a Boy/Girlfriend and A Sudden Shock

Harry was up early the next morning by pure habit. He reached for his glasses and looked at the time on his watch. Sighing at the fact it was only five thirty in the morning, he got out of bed so not to wake Neville up to early, and picking up a towel, he left the bedroom and headed towards the bathroom. As he entered the common room to cross to the bathroom, he saw the sun starting to poke out from the horizon. Harry thought about what was going on with Dumbledore and the investigation, and part of him was sad that people who he thought where his friends, had turned out to be not as nice as he assumed. Harry cleared the thought from his mind and opened the door to the bathroom and went inside. For a moment he was confused by the mass of steam and heat from the hot water. Somebody was already in the shower, and as Neville was still in bed, it could only be one of the girls. Harry tried to back out of the room as quietly as he could but the towel, still on his arm, caught a bottle of shampoo and sent it tumbling down to the floor with a clatter. Hannah Abbott's head appeared over the top of the shower curtain, and Harry looked away only to see a bare leg poking out from the shower curtain and for one moment the two stared at each other.

"Hannah, oh god erm..... Sorry! I didn't realise you were in here" Harry said to Hannah. He reached behind him and found the door handle, and opening the door, he back out the door and closed it again as quickly as he could. He had seen Hannah angry before, and he didn't care to be on the receiving end of her anger. With nothing else to do apart from wait for Hannah to be finish, he sat on the nearest chair. Harry looked out one of the windows and watched as night turned into day. He wasn't aware how much time had passed but he heard the door to the bathroom open and Hannah came out dressed in her Hufflepuff robes.

"I'm done now" she said sitting next to Harry.

"Thanks" he said. "Erm... about that.... I'm really really sorry about walking into the bathroom. I wasn't paying attention" Harry said apologising to Hannah.

"It's fine, Harry. I mean I had the curtain closed so you didn't see anything you shouldn't have" Hannah giggled at Harry who was blushing.

"Well, I should probably go and take that shower. Listen, can I talk to you after I get out?" he asked.

"Sure thing, Harry" Hannah said. Harry thanked her and got up and went and had his shower.

Harry let the water pour out of the shower and over his skin, letting the soothing water massage his muscles and take away the strain of the last few months from him. Harry put shampoo in his hands and lathered his hair. By the time he had finished everything, Harry felt refreshed like he had never been before. He stepped out the shower, dried himself with his towel, and dressed in his robes. He went out the bathroom and into the common room and saw that Hannah was still there, sitting at the table going over some homework.

"Hi, can we still talk, Hannah?" Harry asked.

"Of course we can" she said, putting her work back into her bag. When she was done, she turned to him. "So what do you want to talk about?" she asked.

"Well I wanted to ask if you think I am doing the right thing. I mean, I there's been so much that has happened last term and just recently. I mean Dumbledore has been around and done so much, that I think he can either get people onto his side, or bribe them so he does not face the Wizengamot. He might try to convince people that I'm making it all up" Harry said hoping that Hannah would understand what he was going through.

"Harry, all the time I've known you, you have always been an honest person. You've always told the truth when you were able, and for what it's worth, I believe you all the way" Hannah said thinking.

"I know you do, but I wonder what why Dumbledore has done what he has done. I always believed in him, but now I feel so betrayed by him. Betrayed and alone" Harry added.

“Well, you’ve got Susan, Neville and Luna as your friends” Hannah paused for a moment seemingly thinking “and you’ve got me” she finished looking firmly into his eyes.

“What did you say?” Harry asked.

“I said you’ve got me” Hannah repeated.

Do her eyes always look that nice? Has Hannah changed her lipstick? And what is that lovely smell? Is that Hannah’s regular shampoo? Questions went through Harry’s mind as Hannah squeezed his hands gently to reassure him. He had never felt like this since Gin.... For a while.

“I didn’t know you two were together” said Luna standing at the bottom of the stairs to her shared room. Hannah and Harry jumped apart looking guilty.

“Oh... Hi Luna. Oh we’re not together. No, nothing like that, I just needed someone to talk to and Hannah was the only one up. I just needed some reassurance. That’s all I promise” Harry said.

“Yeah, honestly Luna, that’s all that happened. I mean I do like Harry, but only as a friend” Hannah said picking up where Harry had left.

“Oh right. I get it” Luna said.

“You... you do?” Harry asked nervously.

“Yeah, you’re confused by everything that has happened, I understand. I know I would be” Luna said knowingly. She crossed the room and entered the bathroom, and Harry took his wand out of his robe pocket and gave it a flick, in the direction of the door. A moment later there was a wooden sign that said “IN USE”.

“That should take care of any accidents” Harry chuckled.

“Hope so Mr Potter” Hannah giggled, then she saw Harry’s confused look. “Whats wrong Harry?” she asked.

"I just thought of something, since when did we have a bathroom next to the common room?"

"That's a point, I did wonder about it. This place must be related to the Room of Requirement" Hannah guessed and Harry nodded.

Harry looked at his watch and saw that time was now around twenty past six. He left Hannah sitting in the common room and he grabbed his bag. Neville was just getting up, and he looked at Harry with puzzlement.

"Harry, what are you doing up early?" he asked.

"Well, I wanted a shower, but I had to wait because Hannah was already in there" Harry said. "Give it five or ten minutes, Luna beat you for the next turn in there" He added.

"Ok, I'll wait. Anybody else up yet?" Neville asked as he got a towel.

"Not that I know of" Harry replied. He left Neville in the room and went back downstairs. He sat down at the table again next to Hannah.

"You're eager to do work, aren't you?" asked Hannah giggling.

"Well to be honest with you, I was wondering if you wanted to go for breakfast early" Harry said.

"That'll be nice. We better leave a note though" Hannah said "I mean we wouldn't want Luna to think the wrong thing do we?" she giggled.

"Too true" Harry smiled and reached into his bag for a scrap piece of parchment and wrote a quick note. Putting it on the door to the bedrooms, Hannah and Harry grabbed their bags, and left for the great hall. As it was so early, they were the first ones there so Hannah and Harry sat at the Hufflepuff table. All four of the house tables had nothing on them, but six years at Hogwarts had taught them a few things.

“Tea, two sugars with milk” Harry spoke to the table and one instantly appeared. Hannah repeated Harry who looked at her quizzically.

“What? I like tea, you just never asked” Hannah smiled. She took a long gulp from the cup and then sat the cup back on the table. She looked at Harry who was drinking his tea, and wondered what he was thinking of. Hannah knew that he sometimes thought about Voldemort and what he had to do when they met at the final battle. She couldn’t believe how big a burden Harry had to carry on his shoulders. Not only did he have to do his schooling, but he also had to fight and destroy the darkest wizard that had ever been known. Hannah had followed all the stories and rumours with interest and personally knew Harry was right when he said Voldemort had returned at the end of their fourth year. She had already told him that she was sorry that his godfather had been killed at the end of last year, but there was not much she could do except to tell him..... well perhaps Hannah could save that for later. She had almost been sure that she was going to tell him back in the tower.

“Hello? Hogwarts to Hannah Abbott. Can you hear me?” Harry asked waving his arms wildly in front of her.

“Oh sorry Harry, I was thinking of our potions homework” she said covering her thoughts with a lie. Harry, thankfully, seemed to buy it.

“Yeah, well I’ve already finished that Potions stuff. If you want, I can help you” Harry offered.

“Thanks Harry” Hannah said, even though she had finished it herself already.

The two looked at each other until the door to the great hall opened and admitted Susan. She crossed over to the table and sat on the opposite side to Hannah and Harry. She looked at the table and ordered tea with one sugar and milk.

“I read your note. Luna’s waiting for Neville, and then they are coming down here. I guess that they will be sitting at their house tables” Susan said.

“Yeah, I guess so. I mean it’s alright with you two. Neville and Luna can sit at your house tables and not have anything happen at you. If I sit at my house table, then I’m likely to get a curse or something” Harry said.

“Maybe we can do something about that. I mean everyone apart from your Quidditch team, and that crazy guy hates you” Hannah said.

“Crazy guy?” asked Harry.

“Rafael” Susan clarified and Harry nodded. Only the other week, he had played a spectacular prank on the Slytherins of his year. He had got in touch with the Weasley twins, who were the only members of that family to talk to Harry, and asked for a special order of charmed parchment, that had a special note printed on them. When it had been delivered, Rafael had managed to get them inside the Slytherin common room. Harry had seen one of the pieces of parchment later and had a chuckle. The note had ordered all Slytherin pupils to report to the hospital wing for a full body exam. The sight of all the fifth years Slytherins standing outside the hospital wing had made the day for Harry and his friends. The three chatted until people started to filter in at about the same time as Luna and Neville. They made their way towards the Hufflepuff table, but Harry shook his head and the pair got his silent message and diverted to their respective tables.

“What are you doing here?” asked Justin when he sat down.

“Who are you referring to? Hannah and myself, or Harry?” Susan asked.

“Him” Justin said. He still believed that Harry had set that snake on him purposely during second year.

“He is here because we have been talking to him. And I’d watch what you were saying” Susan said passing an envelope to Hannah who looked at the contents with surprise.

“Really? And why is that?” asked Justin sneering.

“Well, it’s mainly because we just got made prefects” Hannah said as she fixed her prefect badge to her robes. Justin practically melted into the floor, and he got up and left the hall.

“Congratulations you two” Harry said to Hannah and Susan.

“Thanks Harry” Hannah said.

“Now I don’t know about you guys, but you don’t mind if Harry sits with us Hufflepuffs do you? I mean its better then him sitting with the Slytherins” Susan said and those nearest them agreed.

“Yeah, we don’t mind. Even if he is a Gryffindor” Ernie laughed moving into Justin’s place.

Harry took the humour in good stead and looked around the hall for Neville and Luna. He saw them at the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw respectively. They had shock expressions on their faces, and Harry was able to see that they too had also got Prefect badges. Despite himself, he smiled at the luck of his friends, but wondered how his friends had been made prefects. Harry knew that the choice was made before the term started. By now the hall was full of people, some of whom gave funny looks at Harry when they saw at the Hufflepuff table and not the Gryffindor one. The fact that he was here for the first time since Dumbledore had told them all about Harry’s request, was giving them cause to wonder why he was here.

“Excuse me, Ladies and Gentlemen! May I have your attention please?” Professor McGonagall was standing at the teachers table and addressing the entire hall. “No doubt you will hear this from your parents and from the newspapers, but I am telling you before then. Professor Dumbledore has been removed from his post as Hogwarts headmaster, and arrested. He is currently helping the Department of Magical Law Enforcement with an investigation. I must also inform you that Professor Hagrid has also been arrested as an accessory in the same investigation. I will be taking the headmasters place in his absence while Professor Grubby-Plank has agreed to return to cover the Care of Magical Creatures classes. That is all, enjoy your breakfast” and McGonagall sat down to talk to the other tutors.

"I wonder why Hagrid has been arrested?" Susan asked and Harry knew in that instant why.

"Because he is part of the whole thing. When I met Hagrid, he told me that he had taken me from the ruins of my parent's house. "Took you from the house meself. Young Sirius Black wanted you take you, but you see I had my orders from Dumbledore. Great man, Dumbledore" That's what he said to me" Harry had a hard time thinking about the giant. He counted Hagrid amongst his friends, or at least he had. Harry put it out of his mind and after breakfast, he headed off to lessons. He spent his time either training with the Gryffindor team, or with his friends. Lessons also took up a lot of time, though Harry found that it was a lot easier to understand. Having Lupin back as Defence against the Dark Arts teacher was a great idea and it seemed to go well with the students. Even the Slytherins accepted that, well some of them anyway. Soon it was time for another Quidditch match, but Harry was not playing in this one. Hufflepuff vs. Slytherin had got quite a good load of speculation after Malfoy had been sent off after that incident with Harry's broom. Lupin was the of Slytherin house for the time being and he had punished Malfoy by making him clean all the barrels that kept the messiest potion ingredients for Professor Sharpe.

"Harry, you going to come to the match?" asked Hannah that morning.

"Huh?" came Harry's reply.

"You coming to watch the Quidditch match?" she asked again.

"Oh erm... actually, I've never been to a match that didn't include Gryffindor" Harry said looking up from his toast and jam.

"Well, its going to be good" Susan said joining them. "After all, their seeker isn't going to be well rested, or the rest of the team for that matter. And Bletchley is going to think about some escape routes for rogue bludgers after having one hit his head" she pointed out.

"Fine, I'll go. Be good to see a match from the stands instead of the air..... or the ground" Harry joked.

"Well, that's settled then. Better wrap up warm, it looks as if it's going to get cold or even rain" Hannah said.

"What about Neville and Luna?" Harry asked wondering where the two had gone.

"Oh Luna said she found a Nargle colony in the Room of Requirement, and asked Neville to help clear it" Susan said with the expression that meant to one and all that Luna and Neville were not Nargle hunting.

"Well we better get going if we want good seats" Hannah said "You sitting with us?" she asked.

"I think so" Harry said. "I'm still not welcome with the Gryffindors most of the time".

"Right let's get going" Susan said and led the way to the Quidditch pitch. Harry was unused to where the Hufflepuffs sat, and walked past the entrance before the girls called him back. They managed to get some good seat near the top of the stands and the three settled down to watch the game when it began. Harry didn't know many of the Hufflepuff team's names, so he just gave the girls an informed opinion on the seeker, who was playing a good game, keeping out of the main game and watching for the snitch. The game was evenly matched and Harry enjoyed it with his friends. By now the score was 100 – 90 in Hufflepuffs favour.

"And the Quaffle is taken by one of the Hufflepuff chasers, can't tell which, and..... scores! That's 110 to Hufflepuff with Slytherin still at 90 points" Lupin was doing the commentary again on account of their not being a permanent candidate for the post, though Harry could recommend one guy. Suddenly both seekers raced down towards the ground having caught sight of the snitch. Both players were side by side as they chased the snitch, and Harry would not have put money on either person. Just before they hit the ground, the Slytherin seeker pulled up, and this allowed the Hufflepuff one to go a little bit further and grab the snitch. It made Harry think of the time he had done the same thing and had ended up almost eating the snitch. All of the Hufflepuffs jumped up and cheered and hugged each other. Harry felt

a softness on his cheek as Hannah kissed him. He turned to look at her as she blushed.

“Sorry” she said.

“Don’t be” Harry said and leaned in to give Hannah a bigger and longer kiss. The Hufflepuffs around them went silent for a moment then cheered as they saw the pair.

They could have kept on going for ever, but they needed to have a break for air.

“Does this mean we are a couple?” Hannah asked.

“Guess so” Harry shrugged and then picked Hannah up in his arms and kissed her again while Susan and her fellow Hufflepuffs looked on.

Hannah and Harry soon stopped for breath and the three friends left for their tower, and Hannah and Harry were holding hands the entire way. As they walked along the corridor they met Luna and Neville also holding hands.

“See you got yourself a girlfriend” Neville said.

“Yeah, one of the three best looking girls in Hogwarts. How lucky am I?” Harry questioned.

“Very lucky, I’d say Mr Potter” Hannah said snuggling into his body.

The group walked towards their tower and opened the door to go inside. Neville got a couple of Butterbeers while the girls sat down on the sofa and started to talk about Hannah and Harry. Harry was going to call Dobby to ask for some snacks, when he saw an official looking envelope. He would not have given it a second look for a while, except that this was a deep black colour. He picked it up and noticed it had no name on the front. Harry looked at Neville who had also seen the letter and joined his fellow Gryffindor. The other boy simply shrugged and Harry opened it. One look at the letter, and Harry’s insides turned colder than you get when faced by Dementors.

A Broken Bones

“Susan, I think this is for you” Harry said, his face ashen. He passed the letter over to Susan who read slowly so she didn’t miss anything. Her face suddenly went as pale as the Grey Lady and Susan let out a scream so loud forced the others to cover their ears.

She dropped the letter onto the floor and ran up to her room slamming the door shut.

“Harry, what just happened” asked Hannah.

“I think you should read the letter” Harry said in total shock as he took two steps backward and sat down completely missing the chair and falling onto his rear end. Hannah picked up the letter and read it aloud.

Dear Miss Susan Bones

I regret to inform you of the death of your mother Christina Bones. I further regret to inform you of the death of your aunt Amelia Bones. They died in a Death Eater attack on your home. They took on incredible odds, facing 12 Death Eaters and only were killed after being hit by two Adavra Kadavra curses. All at the DMLE are shocked by the loss and we vow to never sleep until we catch the persons responsible. Our condolences to you

Signed

Kingsley Shacklebolt

Acting head of the DMLE

“Oh Merlin” Hannah said softly and cried gently. She looked at the others who were in a total state of shock. Luna had tears in her eyes, while Neville sat in shock. Harry still sat on the floor. He managed to pick himself up and without a word walked up the stairs to the girls’ room. He stood at the door and did the muggle trick of putting his ear to the door, only to hear Susan crying and crying and crying. Harry

was never good with girls who cried, Cho Chang would be the first to back him up on that. He took a breath and knocked on the door.

“Susan? It’s Harry. Can I come in please?” he asked gently, but there was only more sobbing and tears. Harry sighed and Alohamora’d the door open with his wand. He went in and closed the door. Susan was lying face down on her bed, even from the distance; Harry could see the tears running down her face which was stained slightly by smudged make up. He crossed over to her, sat on the bed and felt a large object attach itself to him. He held Susan to him tightly as he felt every sob, every cry and shudder pass through him from the girl. He just hugged her and gave her a silent reassurance that people were there for her. It was almost half an hour before Susan stopped crying and sobbing.

“Sorry Harry” she mumbled as she pulled away from him. She looked around for a tissue or something, but Harry Accio’d one for her. She dried her eyes and asked Harry to fix her make up which he did.

“Hey, you don’t have to be sorry. It’s not your fault; it’s the fault of that bastard and his cronies. Don’t worry, Susan. I know that you will get justice for the deaths of your loved ones. I swear it on my magic” Harry said and as he spoke the last sentence, Susan saw the bright light and a warm feeling in the room as the magical oath took place.

“Your sweet Harry Potter, did you know that? You know just what to say to somebody when they’re down, don’t you” Susan said managing a very weak smile.

“Actually, you’re only the second person to get the “Harry Potter Treatment”. And I only do that for my friends” Harry said holding her hands in his. “We better go back downstairs, the other will be thinking we’re up to no good” that got a stronger smile from Susan.

“Yeah, let’s go back to the others” Susan said. Harry held one of Susan’s hands as they made their way down the stone steps towards the waiting friends. Upon her entrance, Hannah and Luna had a race to be the first to hug Susan. Hannah reached Susan first, followed by Luna.

“Hey, Susan. Are you feeling better now?” Hannah asked.

“A bit, I guess. Harry helped me to calm down though” Susan let her hands drop from Harry’s with a smile.

“So what happens?” asked Neville. He had never attended a magical funeral before, as both his parents were still alive.

“Well..... I guess I have to get my mother and aunt and bury them” Susan said hesitating for a moment when she mentioned her relatives.

“Can I be excused for just one moment? Neville, you’re with me” Harry said and looked at the other boys face. He pointed at the Gryffindor crest and saw that Neville got the message. He followed Harry out of the door and out into the corridor. “Dobby” Harry called and a pop told him that Dobby was behind him.

“Harry Potter has called?” Dobby seemed to have finally altered his greeting.

“Dobby, I need you to take me and Neville to Professor McGonagall, right now” Harry said urgently.

Dobby nodded, took hold of an arm of each boy and with a familiar feeling; they appeared in the Heads office and Dobby disappeared with a pop. Across the desk, McGonagall looked at two of her own house.

“Mr Longbottom, Mr Potter. I assume there is a good reason for me to not give you both detentions for what you just did?” she asked with a trace of annoyance in her voice.

“There is actually” Neville said. “Professor, Susan just got a letter from the DMLE. She just got told that both her mother and aunt have been killed. Harry has spent the best part of an hour calming her down” he finished.

“Oh... well yes I guess that would count as a good reason why. Where is Miss Bones?” McGonagall said.

“She’s in our tower, Professor” Harry said.

“Right, I better go see her and offer both my own and the schools condolences” the acting headmistress rose from her chair and followed the two boys as they walked back to the tower. The soon reached the tower and passed through the door and McGonagall went straight over to Susan and spoke to her. Susan had started crying again but nodded through her tears.

“Thank you professor, it’s just a massive shock to me” Susan said wiping her eyes.

“I understand completely. Take the next three days off, I think you need it” McGonagall thought for a moment “Actually, that goes for all of you. Miss Bones needs the support of her friends at the moment”

“Thank you Professor” Susan said.

“That’s nothing, I just wish the next thing I have to say would be better” McGonagall said her voice dropping sadly.

“What is the problem, Professor?” asked Luna respectfully.

“Well, because Miss Bones here is the last of her family, but under 17, she will be contacted and taken by members of the Magical Family Services. They will come to take you into foster care until you can be placed with a magical family. I’m afraid it means that you will have to leave Hogwarts” McGonagall said sadly “I’m sorry” she added, and she truly was.

It had the unfortunate effect of sending Susan into a fit of tears again and she ran upto her shared room. Hannah and Luna tried to get in, but she had looked it with a charm that not even Alohamora would unlock. Harry simply called Dobby and told him to take the girls and Neville, who said he might be able to help, across the door to comfort the poor girl.

“Professor, what exactly happens? I mean can you explain the whole process to me?” Harry asked.

“Well, the process is as follows: The child in question is taken to the Magical Orphans home, and then a family is found who will take on the child. The process normally takes around a month” McGonagall said. Her eyes narrowed for a moment on the Raven haired boy in front of her. “Why? What do you have planned?” she asked.

“I just had a thought. By Wizarding law I’m an adult correct?” Harry asked.

“Yes, you are correct” the acting head didn’t have any hint of what Harry was thinking of.

“I have never been told before, what exactly does that allow me to do?” Harry asked.

“Well, you can drink, vote, serve on the Wizengamot and marry” the aged teacher relaxed, clearly Dumbledore had never told him a lot of things, she thought. They heard the sound of the others coming back down the stairs. Harry asked McGonagall a question, to which she nodded, and Harry left at once after picking up his wand.

“Professor, where has Harry gone?” Hannah asked holding onto one of Susan’s hands.

“Harry had to visit the Ministry for a most important issue” she said. It wasn’t a lie she told herself, but they wouldn’t understand until Harry returned. McGonagall had seen many things in her time at Hogwarts, but the recent changes had left her slightly dazed. She had a feeling that something had happened when Dumbledore had not returned for some time, but for Harry to tell that not only had Albus been removed as head of Hogwarts, but arrested to boot! The fact that Hagrid had also been arrested had made her mind spin.

“Oh, well I just wanted to ask him something” Susan said. Hannah and Luna had done a good job and had calmed the girl down and they even refixed her make up again.

“Hey, at least we have a few days left together” Neville said and McGonagall smile inside herself and a little bit of that smile escaped onto her face.

“What is that object?” she asked to make it look as if she was puzzled.

“It’s called a TV. The object underneath is called a DVD player” Susan said and explained how each one worked.

“Do you have one of these muggle films to watch now?” McGonagall asked.

“Sure, if you want to sit down Professor, I’ll put this one on” Neville said moving to the small pile of DVD’s. He looked at the top of the stack and smiled at the title Star Wars. Harry returned at the point that Skywalker was starting to use his powers.

“I had no idea that muggles could use wand less magic” McGonagall said getting up.

“Erm... not exactly Professor” Harry said and he explained the whole thing.

“Well, Mr Potter, can I assume that your business was successful?” she asked.

“Yeah, it was thanks, Professor. The stuff will take two days or so to come through” he told her with a knowing look.

“Very well then. I will have to leave now. Miss Bones, you have my sympathy again” and the woman left.

“What did you do?” asked Luna.

“Oh I had something that needed to be signed right away” and Harry wouldn’t say anything more on the subject.

As they had the next three days off and excused from lessons, the friends decided to have as much fun as possible. They watched all of

the remaining DVD's, and then after a quick stop to grab some brooms from Madam Hooch, the friends went off to have a great time flying around the Quidditch pitch and the school grounds. The next was spent teaching Susan how to play Wizard Chess. It turned out that she was a good player, but not as good as Harry. However, he made several deliberate mistakes which only a first time player made, in other words he allowed Susan to win. That evening, Harry made a quick trip to Diagon Alley and purchased several containers of Ice Cream from Florean Fortescue which was eaten very quickly. A short visit to the hospital wing ensured for a cure to the ice cream headache from Madame Pomfrey.

When they left, Susan was looking a bit sad, and when questioned she told them that the funeral of her mother and aunt would be the next morning. The Aurors had arranged everything for the next day, and had sent a note to Susan that Shackbolt and Tonks would personally arrive to take Susan for the service. When they reached the tower, Susan decided that she would have an early night and went up to bed.

"Right now that Susan has gone, I want to say something" Harry said. "She's going to need a lot of support tomorrow, so I was thinking that we should go with her tomorrow".

"I agree" Hannah said "It will make her feel that there are people who still love her" she added.

"I know what it's sort of like to lose family" Neville said and Harry understood what he meant.

"I think Susan will like the fact that we want to go with her" Luna said "Because in a way, we are all she has left in the world"

"One thing though. I've never been to a magical funeral before so any idea on what to wear?" asked Harry partly curious.

"Well, when my mother died, everyone wore black" Luna said her eyes glazing while she remembered the memory.

“What do we have that is black?” asked Neville “I mean we can’t wear our school robes, can we?”

“What about our dress robes?” suggested Hannah.

“A bit too joyful for the occasion” Harry said, then he had a thought “What about wearing our full formal robes? You know the ones that we wear for the feasts and other occasions” Harry said.

“Yeah, that should work” Hannah said and crept up the stairs to get both hers and Luna’s formal robes, while Harry got his and Neville’s. All four of them looked a bit crumpled and battered.

“Dobby” Harry called and Dobby appeared with almost no sound at all. Clearly Dobby was working on his entrance and exit.

“Dobby is wanted?” asked the excitable house elf.

“Dobby, I want you to take these robes and have them cleaned and everything. They must be done by the morning, okay?” Harry asked.

“Dobby will do what the great Harry Potter asked” and after taking the Robes from the Hannah and Harry, he disappeared with almost no pop.

“Now, we had better get up early and get ready before Susan is up” Hannah said and the others agreed. She and Luna headed upstairs leaving the two boys alone.

“You think that Susan will be alright tomorrow?” asked Neville.

“Well, she’ll be crying no doubt, but I guess that happens anyway” Harry said. He suddenly thought of Sirius and the fact that there had been no funeral for him on account of there being no body to bury.

“No doubt. But I expect that she will get over that when the time is right, and she’s ready. But she has got the support of her friends” Neville said picking up the last two butterbeers giving Harry one.

"But can we take the place of family?" Harry asked taking a swig of his bottle.

"Can she face her fear of Voldemort, I mean after all that has happened?"

"The thing about fear is you can either run from it, or learn from it" Harry said.

"I guess your right" Neville replied as he drained his bottle.

"Nev? Can I ask you something?" Harry asked.

"Sure, go ahead" Neville said sticking his feet up on the chair arms.

"Would you prefer it if your parents had died?" Harry asked trying to make the question as nice as he could. Neville remained silent for a long time before answering.

"I think it would have been better. If they had died, then I could have got over it, but what Bellatrix did to them was worse then death, she gave them a living death" Neville said slowly.

"I don't know if I can understand. I mean both my parents where killed by Voldemort, but I was too young then and there here no bodies found. Lupin told me though that there are marker stones where the cottage used to be – still are I guess. I'll bet anything you want that the wards are still up" Harry said finishing his butterbeer.

"We can always go you know. If you want to, that is" Neville said sitting back up again.

"Maybe another time, I think Susan will be busy" Harry said.

"You know what has surprised me? Voldemort has been keeping quiet. I mean no attacks, no nothing" Neville said changing the subject.

"Oh I expect something to happen soon. Knowing that git as well as I do, he will do something around Christmas time. Look, I want to go to

bed. I'm tired and we need to be up early to surprise Susan" Harry said and Neville nodded and followed him up to their room.

A/N: Well what's going to happen? Well, I'm not going to tell you. The next chapter was already written, but decided to make the funeral a separate chapter on its own. There's a magical funeral – based heavily on book 6 – and there is going to be the reading of the wills of both Susan's mother and Aunt. Thinking of having a battle before Christmas just to get the juices flowing.

Okay, see if you can spot the two movie references. One is from Star Trek. The other is a quote from a 1994 film made by Disney and is very famous. See if you can spot it.

Hope you will like chapter 10 – wrote it myself!

Regards

Robert

Your friendly fanfic writer

Sadness, Shock and The Trial Of Dumbledore

Harry and Neville were the first ones awake that morning out of habit. They both had showers using both of the bathrooms and dressed in the formal black robes that Dobby had cleaned and put at the end of their beds during the night.

"Will that house elf do everything? He'll be dressing me next!" laughed Harry. When he was done, he called for Dobby and told the house elf to bring him and Neville some toast and a mug of tea each. They ate it in the common room where they greeted Hannah and Luna when they got up and showered and dressed. They too had toast and tea and the friends sat and talked while they waited for Susan to come down. When they heard her walking down the stone steps, they all sat on the sofa facing away from her, so she couldn't see what they wore.

"Morning. Have Mr Kingsley and Miss Tonks arrived yet?" Hannah asked not seeing what her friends were doing.

"Not yet, I think that they will get you at the entrance hall. But I think it won't be too long, you want to go now?" asked Hannah and Susan nodded. As her mind was busy with other things, she didn't notice the robes her four friends wore. Kingsley and Tonks were indeed waiting for Susan at the entrance hall.

"Miss Bones, once more I offer my condolences on your recent loss" Kingsley's normally deep voice was full of sorrow.

"Mine too Susan" Tonks said bowing her head for a moment. Her hair was not its normal pink but a dark brown, for the occasion Harry suspected.

"Well then, are you five ready?" asked Kingsley.

"Five?" Susan was clearly confused.

"Yeah, we're coming with you. Think you could face this on your own?" Harry said as the friends moved their hands away from their robes and revealed that each wore formal black robes. Dobby had

sown a Hufflepuff crest onto Harry, Luna and Neville's robes underneath the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw ones.

"You mean....." Susan let the question go unasked.

"Susan, we are your friends now and we want to come with you" Luna said giving Susan a squeeze.

"You don't have the time to go with me and then to get back to Hogwarts" Susan said while Kingsley and Tonks talked to Professor McGonagall who had arrived.

"Susan, if there's something I've learned from Harry, it's that if something's important then you make the time" Neville said.

"Thanks Neville" Susan said giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"Hey" Luna protested half heartedly.

"Sorry" Susan grinned and she brightened up.

"Well you five, it's time for you to go. If I could just borrow Misters Potter and Longbottom and Misses Abbott and Lovegood for a moment" McGonagall said and when they were out of earshot she passed them each a small box and simply said "Just in case".

The four nodded and the acting head left after speaking a few words to Susan. They went back to Susan and grouped protectively around her. Just then, Harry thought of a little snag.

"Kingsley, how are we getting to wherever we are going?" he asked.

"Got a portkey" Kingsley said and he led the way out of the castle and out of the gates, so they could use the portkey. "If everyone could grab hold of it, we can be off" he said pulling out a long piece of rope. Harry felt the familiar pull of his stomach as Hogwarts and the surrounding land disappeared and was replaced by one of the Ministry of Magic.

“So, the funeral is here?” asked Harry automatically going for his wand.

“Yes, I believe that the Minister himself asked for it” Kingsley said.

“There’s about two hours to go before it starts, so we can catch some breakfast if you want” Tonks said slowly “And then afterwards we can go to St. Mungos to get our stomachs pumped. Yep, the food really is that bad. We’ve been thinking of using it against Voldemort” Tonks said brightly.

“Well, I could do with a good cup of tea and a bacon sandwich” Hannah said.

“Me too, but with brown sauce” Neville said.

“Ah, a man after my own heart” Kingsley chuckled.

“Well, lets see if we can get something, shall we?” suggested Tonks and the group trooped off towards the small canteen that was located on the third floor.

The food wasn’t as bad as Tonks said and actually was quite good. Harry was through his fifth bacon sandwich when he suddenly thought of something. He hadn’t got any notice of what had happened to Dumbledore, and he mentioned it to Kingsley who went off to his office – the one Susan’s Aunt had occupied – to find out some information. He came back with a dark look on his face several minutes later.

“Harry, his trial is scheduled for this afternoon. You should have got a letter from here yesterday” he said sounding furious.

“But I didn’t get any letter” Harry said and he started to think if Dumbledore had an insider in the ministry.

“I do apologise” Kingsley said and he did sound genuinely sorry.

“Exactly what time is it?” Harry asked.

"1.45pm. Ah, are you thinking what I think your thinking?" asked the new head of the DMLE.

"I think he is" Luna said in a dreamy voice as she watched the ceiling which showed a bright sunny day, though it was really a rainy and windy morning.

"You're thinking of attending the trial, are you not?" Tonks said the head of Professor McGonagall in place of her normal one.

"I am. Now I've been wondering if I can conduct the prosecution myself. I am an adult according to Wizarding law, and hold a seat on the bench" Harry said.

"I think you can, I'm not the one to ask" Tonks said passing the buck over to Kingsley.

"I am certain you can. This will be like a muggle trial, not like the one you faced last year" he said beaming.

"So does that mean I can call witnesses?" Harry asked already making a mental list of those people.

"You can call as many witnesses as you want" the tall black wizard said getting up "I'll leave you to contact the people you want. For now, we must go to the funeral" and after flicking his wand at the plates to make them clean once again, he led the way out.

The funeral was nothing like Harry had expected. Susan had sat on the front row along with her friends. There were five seats in each row and the three girls sat in the middle three, Susan in the middle, while Harry and Neville took the outside chairs ready to leap up in case Voldemort tried something, though it all went quietly. Lots of different people stood up and spoke about their friendships with Susan's mother and her aunt. More people stood up and talked about her aunt then her mother, and that was partly due to the fact that Susan's mother was very badly injured during the first war. Eventually, only two people remained to speak. One was Susan and the other was the Minister himself. He went up first and took the podium.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, first let me say how sorry I am to be here today in these circumstances. I knew both of these women from my days in the Auror office, especially Madame Bones. I can’t start to believe how Miss Bones must be feeling” in fact Susan by now was crying and the boxes that McGonagall had given them were revealed to be boxes of tissues. Scrimgeour kept on speaking and not noticing that Susan was crying. “Sometimes people die, and we must honour them. I want to take the opportunity to say to everybody here that we must all be watching more closely, and be on the look out for Death Eaters.” The minister paused for a few moments.

“He’s turning this into a damned war speech” Harry muttered under his breath and Hannah nodded slightly.

“Now I give the podium over to Susan Bones” and Scrimgeour motioned for Susan to step up.

Susan suddenly burst into tears and Hannah and Luna comforted Susan and helped her up the steps and to the magical microphone. Susan took a deep breath then started to speak.

“I want to thank you for coming this morning. I’m still adjusting to the fact that I’m the last bones” Susan paused because she felt she would break down totally. After a while, she regained her composure, and restarted. “I miss my mom and aunt so much, but I’ve got the support of my friends. They have helped me to come to terms with my loss, and I want to say a message to the Dark Lord” Susan’s voice suddenly cleared up and hardened. “Wherever you are, be afraid. Cause your reign won’t last much longer and I swear on the memories of my mother and aunt, that you will be dead by the end of the next school year” she stopped once again and Harry couldn’t remember when he had ever heard Susan talk like that. Susan, it seemed, couldn’t speak anymore and she returned to her seat.

Kingsley slowly got out of his seat and walked up to the marble white tombs that Harry knew contained the bodies of Susan’s last remaining relatives. The tall wizard waved his wand and the tombs disappeared, and Harry remembered being told that they would go to the Bones family plot back at the house, which was going to go to Susan. The various witches and wizards that had attended the

funeral drifted away, talking and some times one or two would laugh as somebody shared a humorous moment – the things that normally got done at funerals.

Soon the only people left where Susan and friends and Kingsley and Tonks, and they all noticed that Tonks's hair had started to lighten a bit.

"How you feeling Susan?" she asked.

"Alright. I feel better not that that's happened. It's a burden from my shoulders" Susan said holding onto the hands of Hannah and Luna.

"Well, I'm glad you're feeling better. Now there's time for some lunch I think, then Harry has got to go to Dumbledore's trial" Kingsley said.

"Can I stop somewhere before then? I need to get my witnesses together" Harry said.

"I'll take him to Ar..... my office. You take this gaggle to the canteen for lunch" and at that moment a sudden flash of inspiration came to him "and Tonks? Charge it to the minister" Kingsley smiled. He led Harry down one corridor and into a large office with a fireplace. "Use my office fireplace to contact anybody you want, I'll wait outside for a moment. I can't know who you are calling, or else the whole trial will collapse" and he shut the door.

Harry waited for a moment to give his brain time to think of who to call first. He picked up a small handful of floo powder threw it in the fire.

"Weasley's Wizard Wheezes" he said and went into the flames.

#

Dumbledore was already in the courtroom by the time that the trial started. Harry was there on a separate table to his left surrounded by his friends, and two Aurors, who both wore simple red robes and who also had their hoods up so he didn't know who they where. Normally, he would be presiding on this sort of thing, but he was the one on the other side of the fence. Behind him, people sat waiting for the trial to

begin, and Dumbledore assumed that it was the press. He couldn't tell because they sat in shadow. Dumbledore had been "banged up" as the muggles put it for some time now, and his guards would not even let him have his beloved sherbet lemons. He had chosen to defend himself and it seemed that Harry was conducting his side himself as well. His attention was caught by a small wizard in a purple robe – Diggle he thought absently – who banged a small gavel to bring the court to order.

"I am Dedalus Diggle and I will be standing in for the Chief Mugwamp who is currently unavailable" Diggle said in a normal sounding voice. He couldn't resist the chance to take a dig at Dumbledore. "Mr Dumbledore, You have chosen to defend yourself. Do you understand the charges against you?" he asked.

"I do" Dumbledore said simply.

"Very well. Will everybody please say their names for the record?" Diggle asked, and the bench introduced themselves. "now those wishing to speak".

"Defence – Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore"

"Prosecution – Harry James Potter" Harry said.

"Witness for the prosecution – Fred Weasley"

"Witness for the prosecution – George Weasley"

"Witness for the prosecution – Neville Longbottom"

"Witness for the prosecution – Luna Lovegood"

"Witness for the prosecution – Hannah Abbott"

"Witness for the prosecution – Susan Bones"

"Witness for the prosecution – Griphook"

“Witness for the prosecution – Rubius Hagrid” Harry had dropped all charges against Hagrid as he had loved the giant, and knew that Dumbledore had put him under his spell.

“Witness for the prosecution – Minerva McGonagall”

“Witness for the prosecution – Dean Thomas”

“Witness for the prosecution – Nymphadora Tonks”

“Witness for the prosecution – Arabella Figg”

“Witness for the prosecution – Seamus Finnegan”

“Witness for the prosecution – Parvatti Patill”

“Witness for the prosecution – Lavender Brown”

“Witness for the prosecution – Madame Pomfrey”

“Witness for the prosecution – Remus Lupin”

“That is an impressive list of people, Mr Potter. Do you intend to call them all?” asked Diggle.

“I certainly intend to” Harry said, a smile gracing his face.

“Very well. Call your first witness please” Diggle said sitting back in his chair.

“Thank you. I call Fred Weasley to the stand” and Fred left the rows of seats and crossed over to the podium for the witnesses to speak from.

The trial took most of the afternoon and everybody gave evidence. Dumbledore was allowed to ask questions to each person. However brilliant Dumbledore was, it was the general consensus of those present that Dumbledore’s chances of getting away looked very unlikely. Harry thought that so far the best accounts came from Fred and George, Dean, Seamus, Neville as they were all from his own

year. Dean, Seamus and Neville testified that they had often been woken in the middle of the night because Harry was screaming in his sleep when ever he had been to Dumbledore. Madame Pomfrey testified that she had seen more injuries on Harry Potter then any other student. Soon though it was time for the most damning testimony, and it started by Harry calling Professor McGonagall to the stand.

“Professor McGonagall, can you tell me please how long have known me?” he asked.

“Objection” called out Dumbledore “prosecution is asking in valid questions”.

“Overruled” Diggle said “Professor McGonagall, you will answer the question”

“I have known you since you where born, sixteen and a bit years” she replied “six of those have been at Hogwarts”

“And in that time have you ever known me to tell an outright lie for no reason?” Harry pressed.

“Never an outright lie” she confirmed.

“Objection” Dumbledore called again “prosecution is leading the witness on”

“I don’t think so. Mr Potter is merely asking a simple question. Overruled” Diggle was beginning to get annoyed.

“Can you tell everybody what happened the night I was placed with my muggle uncle and aunt? Particularly what you said after I was brought to the house?”

“Certainly. I told Mr Dumbledore of my opinion that you should have been placed with a magical family” McGonagall remembering that night many years ago.

“What was Mr Dumbledore’s reply?” Harry asked.

"He said that he thought it would be for the best" she replied.

"A common phrase for him" Harry said. "Afterwards, did you object at Mr Dumbledore's decision?"

"Yes, I objected upon our return to Hogwarts. I also objected five times over the following three weeks" the teacher replied what Harry was asking and knew right there and then how Dumbledore had manipulated her. Minerva McGonagall made the decision to help Harry as much as she could.

"And why did you stop your objections?" Harry asked.

"Because he told me that he was the guardian of your parents will, and that it stated you were to be placed with your muggle relations. He also threatened to sack me if I continued to raise concerns" she said.

"One final question. Were you aware that Mr Dumbledore had altered my parents will in anyway?" asked Harry

"No, I never knew until I was made aware by the DMLE" McGonagall said.

"No further questions" Harry said and sat down.

Diggie gave Dumbledore the opportunity to question her.

"Minerva..." Dumbledore started.

"Objection" called Harry "Defence is being familiar with the witness"

"Upheld. Mr Dumbledore, you will not be familiar with the witness"

"I apologise to the court" Dumbledore said and started to question McGonagall.

Dumbledore took exactly thirty minutes for his questions, and then Diggle announced that the trial was adjourned for an hour in order to

for the panel to decide Dumbledore's fate. The two hooded Aurors led Dumbledore through a side door, back to what Harry assumed to be his cell to wait. Dean, Seamus, Parvati, Lavender, Hagrid and McGonagall returned to Hogwarts. Arabella Figg returned to her house, while Griphook left for Gringotts. The Weasley twins had to return to the shop, but mentioned how happy they were that Harry didn't put them with the rest of the family, and if they could repay that trust in anyway Harry could only ask.

"So, what can we do to wait?" Hannah asked sitting down in the canteen once again.

"I could do with some sleep" Neville said "I'm exhausted enough to sleep right now" he added grabbing a cup of coffee that Tonks passed to him.

"Well hope the result is what I am hoping for" Harry said. "Kingsley, what will Dumbledore be getting?" he asked.

"I have no idea, for the fraud he would most likely be getting a 10,000 Galleon fine. But he has a kidnapping charge on him as well, so it's likely to be a lot more" Kingsley replied.

"Azkaban?" Harry hazarded a guess.

"It could be, it could be" Tonks said darkly. She thought for a moment then turned to Harry. "Harry, I'm sorry over what's happened to you. If I had known about what Dumbledore was doing, I'd have Well I don't know what I'd do, but I'd have done it" she added.

"I know you would have, Tonks" Harry said and then let Tonks talk to Kingsley.

"Harry? Can I have a word with you?" asked Susan who had been quiet and hadn't spoken since the funeral service, except to give her evidence. Harry nodded and the two moved away to another table so they a measure of privacy. The canteen was empty except for the friends and the two Aurors.

"Whats up, Susan? If it's a girl thing, surely Hannah and Luna would be better" Harry said.

"No it's just that I don't know if I will be able to talk to you before I leave in the morning" Susan said looking sad.

"Oh erm.. well what is it?" he probed gently.

"I just wanted to say that I'm glad you came with me today. I don't know if I could have coped as well as I did. Just promise me one thing, will you?" she asked looking right at Harry.

"Sure thing, Susan. Anything, you know that" he gave her a grin which the girl returned.

"When you face Voldemort, I want to fight at your side. He killed my family and I want to have a part in his downfall" she said.

"Susan, I made you all a promise that we will fight together. If you do leave Hogwarts, then I will come and get you. I swear it on my magic" and a bright and warm glow came from Harry as he swore the most sacred of all oaths. He knew that it would have to be carried out or else he would die. But as he planned to keep his promise he didn't mind swearing the oath.

"Harry, what was that?" Tonks came running while the others just sat and stared.

"I swore an oath on my magic to Susan that she will fight at my side with the others, even if I have to grab her from the magical care home. Even though it won't happen" he added and Tonks had that look on her face that clearly showed she believed that Harry shouldn't have to have this weight on his shoulders.

"Fine, Harry" she said and the three rejoined the others who wisely didn't say anything. Kingsley came walking through the door and they discovered that an hour had passed.

"The court has reached its verdict. It's time to go back" he said and led the way back towards the courtroom they had been in. Harry saw

the number on the door and noticed that it was the same one he had been in last year.

The seats where the witnesses had been sat had vanished and only the seats for Harry and his friends remained. The bench sat behind the long bench as they had done during the trial. After Harry and group sat down, Dedalus Diggle rose to speak.

“Bring in the Prisoner” he called and the side door opened and in came Dumbledore came through flanked either side by the red robed Aurors.

The deposed headmaster looked down at the floor then looked at Harry as if he was pleading for Harry to drop everything and allow him to go free. Harry turned away from him in disgust and looked at the court instead. As he did, he could feel Hannah’s hand slipping inside his to give it a squeeze.

“Thanks” he whispered.

Dumbledore had been stopped in front of the bench and he straightened his robes to get some dignity back. Diggle rose once more and everybody knew that he would be passing the verdict and sentence. By the look on Dumbledore’s face, it was clear that it would be a bad one.

“Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, our investigation of you has revealed two further charges. That of falsifying information to the Department of Magical Law Enforcement concerning Sirius Orion Black and one of false imprisonment – namely the afore mentioned Sirius Orion Black. On these charges we fine you the total sum of 1 million Galleons. Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, you will now hear the verdicts for the main charges against you. Forewitch of the panel, please stand and read them out” and Diggle sat down and a small woman at the end of the row stood up and spoke in a loud voice.

“Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, on the charge of making a false claim of a will we find you guilty. On the charge of wilful kidnapping we find you guilty. On the charge of wilful negligence of

the children under your care we find you guilty. On the charge of serious fraud we find you guilty. On the charge of bribery we find you guilty. On the charge of taking money without consent we find you guilty. Mr Dumbledore on the most serious charge of kidnapping we find you.....” the voice trailed off slightly and Harry suddenly knew the result at the same time as every body else did “we find you guilty” the witch paused. “The jury recommends that all of Mr Dumbledore’s Gringotts account be transferred to Mr Potter in compensation” and the witch sat down before she fell down.

“I thank the jury for its help. Mr Dumbledore, you have been found guilty of all charges brought against you. You are hear by stripped of your Order Of Merlin First class, and you are also stripped of your position as Supreme Mugwamp. I will now pass sentence. Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore it is the judgement of this court that you be taken from this place and sent to the prison island of Azkaban for the rest of your life. May Merlin have mercy on your soul” Diggle banged his gavel and the two Aurors each grabbed an arm and dragged Dumbledore away. They could still hear the screams of Dumbledore calling out to Harry as he and his friends left the courtroom.

“I suppose you want to be going back to Hogwarts” Tonks said as she bid Kingsley goodbye. He had to deal with the latest inmate of Azkaban, and process his papers.

“Yeah, I never want to go though that again. But any chance of going to Diagon Alley?” Harry asked.

“At this time of evening?” Tonks asked incredulous.

“Yeah, I have some red headed friends who want to give me something” Harry told her giving the young Auror a wink. He didn’t have to explain to the others who he was referring to.

“Is it on the Floo Network, Harry?” Tonks asked leading the way to the Auror office.

“Yep. Tonks, Can you come with us? We’ll need some help” he said.

“Sure, I’m off for the next two days” Tonks sounded puzzled until Harry leaned over and explained his secret plan and Tonks suddenly grinned as she agreed to help Harry.

A/N: Well, that’s that then! The funeral has happened and as a bonus, Dumbledore has been convicted and sent to Azkaban for life. Well, as you can guess, the next chapter will have Harry’s sneaky little plan revealed. Also, where is Harry going and what is he going to do with whatever he gets from these Red Headedfriends?

Please tell me what your favourite moments are in this chapter (my friend Ibris loves the list of Witnesses that Harry calls) and let me know in your reviews. Chapter 11 will be released shortly. So there’s a double chapter for you to have!

Regards;

Robert

Your friendly fanfic writer

How To Fix A Broken Bones

Day dawned over the Castle and it found Susan already up and sitting on a sofa gazing out of the windows. She wondered on what might happen to her in a few hours. Susan loved all of her friends so much and she didn't really want to leave them or Hogwarts, but she had no choice really. She was really grateful to have friends, or else she didn't know how she would have coped.

"Knut for your thoughts" Harry's voice made Susan jump a little bit out of her seat.

"Oh Harry! Didn't notice you there" Susan blushed.

"That's alright, Susan. I guess you're nervous and upset about what's happened" Harry said sitting down on the sofa next to her.

"Harry, it's not just the fact that my relatives are dead" Susan said turning to look at him "I sometimes forget that you didn't get raised by a magical family. But I have no family left now, I wish I could get my hands on whoever killed my mom and aunt" she said closing her eyes.

"Susan, you do have family" Harry said taking her hands in his.

"Huh? What do you mean?" asked a confused Susan.

"You still have a family. There's me, Hannah, Luna and Neville. We're your family and we'll take care of you whatever happens" Harry said kindly.

Susan smiled and he smiled back. The others came down and the moment was gone. They all had the various school bags and Hannah tossed Susan hers.

"Here, you might need it" she said with a grin.

"I suppose I could read it while they decide what to do with me" Susan said.

"That's not what we meant" Neville said holding onto Luna.

"I could do with some breakfast, let's get some shall we? I guess the owls will meet us there" and with that Luna led the way towards the great hall.

Susan wondered how long it would be before she walked these corridors again, and so she took careful note of everything and committed it to memory. She thought it was sweet of her friends to think that something was going to happen, but she knew different. Hannah kept looking back at Susan and saw her sadness.

"Sue, I understand how your feeling, but trust me – your best friend by the way – when I say that everything will be alright. We all swore to keep you from leaving here, and so we will" Hannah said putting an arm around Susan's shoulders in an attempt to cheer her up.

"Look, I... thanks for the cheering up, but its not going to help" Susan said as they reached the doors to the great hall.

The group went inside and as there wasn't many people sat on it, they all sat on the Hufflepuff table. Luna commented that the view was different then from the Ravenclaw one and people laughed. Hannah and Neville both had cereal, while the others had bacon, sausages, mushrooms and tomatoes. Susan though, understandably, wasn't eating much.

"Come on Susan, you have to keep you strength up" Harry said adding more bacon to his plate.

"Thanks Harry" Susan managed a weak smile and looked at the ceiling as the morning post arrived. The owls flew down and found their owners and delivered letters and parcels. She spotted Hedwig dropping towards Harry with an official looking letter in her beak. Harry took it at the same time as a side door to the hall opened, and in came two people – one a witch and one a wizard, both ministry officials - who walked up to Professor McGonagall and spoke to her. Because of the distance, Susan couldn't hear anything of what was being said, but she saw McGonagall nodding and point at the Hufflepuff table. The three moved towards them, and Susan suddenly knew that this was the moment she would be leaving Hogwarts.

“Ah, Miss Bones, these people are from the Magical Childrens home, they have come to take you and pair you with a suitable family” McGonagall said with a look that said she was really sorry. There was a small polite cough that reminded all in hearing range of Umbridge, and several students turned in case she had returned. But in fact, it was Harry.

“Excuse me, Professor. There seems to be a slight problem with that” Harry said trying hard to keep a straight face.

“What is it now, Mr Potter?” asked McGonagall slightly annoyed.

“Well, I think you should read this letter first” Harry said handing it over for the two witches and one wizard to read.

Dear Mr Potter

This letter is to inform you that your application to become the guardian of Miss Susan Bones has been accepted. All that is needed to become the guardian is for Miss Bone to put her name on the bottom of this parchment, as well as placing her thumb to activate the new wards. For all intents and purposes, you will now be regarded as her parent

Kingsley Shacklebolt

Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

McGonagall looked at the letter once more then handed it to the two officials to inspect. She gave Harry a quick look that clearly said Clever Idea.

“Mr Potter, You can not become her parent as you are only 16” said the witch.

“Indeed, a child can not become the parent of another child” said the wizard.

"I totally understand. However, if you ministry officials bother to look at your records once in a while, you will notice that I am now legally an adult and can adopt a person" Harry said turning to Susan "that is, if that person agrees" he added. Harry would have said more, but Susan launched herself onto the Harry's chest and started to hug him furiously.

"Harry, oh Merlin! Thank you so much. Does this mean that I can stay at Hogwarts?" came the muffled voice of Susan.

"Indeed it does, Miss Bones" McGonagall said and the other students crowded around Harry to offer congratulations on his plan being successful.

"Miss Bones still has not said yes or no" pointed out the wizard.

"Oh yeah. Susan, will you accept my offer?" Harry asked, pushing the other piece of parchment towards her.

"Yes, Harry, I do accept" and she added her name with a quill that somebody passed her. when she was done, she put her thumb in the box that was printed on the parchment. She felt a little sting as a drop of blood was taken to complete the whole thing.

"Well, I guess everything is in order" the witch said with a tone that said she had expected Susan to come with her and her colleague. She turned and walked out the hall with the wizard following.

"Well Mr Potter, I see you sense of dramatic timing has been perfect once again" McGonagall said.

"Thank you Professor" Harry said. He looked thoughtful for a moment, then remembered about his plan for that night, and made a mental note to ask McGonagall's permission later that night. His comrades in pranks, the Weasley twins had recruited their old friend Lee Jordon to help them and Tonks set up a brilliant event for that night. Harry had even asked Peeves to help them by alerting people when the whole thing started. Peeves had gained a new respect for students and pupils alike after the Umbridge episode and he agreed to help,

especially when Harry said it was the Weasley twins who were planning that surprise.

"Now, I don't do big speeches, but you should know this.... you are going to be late for lessons" McGonagall said her eyes twinkling.

"Yeah, I guess we should" Harry said "Coming Susan?" he asked.

"Sure.... Daddy" she said with a grin and raced out the hall before Harry could say another word. Harry slapped a hand to his head.

"Tell me parenthood isn't going to be like this all the time?" he pleaded to those around him as he followed his friends towards the class. It was Herbology first and they went towards the greenhouses.

Sprout had already heard of the fact that Susan was staying at Hogwarts, and had decided to give the class work so simple, that even a blind man could do it. The class only had to do ten minutes of work and then Sprout told them to pack up their stuff and to clear out and do whatever they wanted for the rest of the time. The class took exactly four seconds to digest the news then as one mass, dived for the door. Susan said she wanted to go unpack her case and Luna offered to help her. The two walked off towards the tower while Hannah, Harry and Neville headed off towards the Headmistress's office, the one that used to be Dumbledore's. The stone gargoyles had long since given up asking Harry for a password, and simply allowed him and his friends to knock on the door. McGonagall called for them to come in, and when they did so, they sat in deep comfy armchairs. The whole office now had a warm loving feeling that felt a lot better than the previous décor.

"Good Morning Miss Abbott, Mr Longbottom and Mr Potter. Now unless I have forgotten the timetables, should you not be in class?" She asked.

"Actually, Professor Sprout said we could have the rest of the lesson off" Neville said.

"There was something we wanted to ask you" Hannah said brightly.

“Really? And what might that be?” asked McGonagall suspiciously.

“We wondered if we could have a celebration. We can sort it ourselves, we just wanted to ask your permission” Harry said.

“I wondered why I saw four of our ex pupils wondering the grounds earlier” the older woman smiled. It wasn’t just the four ex pupils she had seen either. All four had been accompanied by many plain boxes. McGonagall was in the mind to refuse and recite some rules, but then again rules were meant to be broken. “Very well, you may have your party. I will let Mr Filch know to stay away from the grounds. It seems he has an aversion to having fun” she chuckled. “Do I have to let the kitchens know?” she enquired.

“Yes please. We can get crates of butterbeer in, but help with the food would be appreciated” Harry said sounding grateful. “I’ll be paying for it” he added.

“Oh well, I can’t let you pay for what Hogwarts can provide. Tell me, what would you have done if I had refused?” McGonagall asked interested.

“In that case, I would have passed you this” Harry replied and handed over a sheet of parchment that Griphook had passed him the day before, while they both attended Dumbledore’s trial. McGonagall read the parchment and paled when she realised what it was. She glanced once more just to be certain.

Dear Mr Potter

I made a list of the property you own, these are listed below. The last property should be of interest to you. Please note that this is a list concerning only those inherited from your parents will.

Lion Cottage

Rowling Hall

16 Diagon Alley (Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes)

25 Diagon Alley (Daily Prophet)

Hogwarts Castle

Should you require more information, please contact me at once

Griphook

Potter Family Estate Manager

McGonagall could not believe her eyes, but they had to be trusted. Harry Potter, the boy in front of her, was the owner of Hogwarts. She assumed that Harry would have used his right as the owner to do what he wanted to.

"I see you read it then" Harry said dead pan look on his face. He had waited for a while to spring this surprise on somebody.

"Indeed, Mr Potter" McGonagall started but Harry cut her off.

"Please, call me Harry. Mr Potter makes me sound old" he said

"I'll try to not take that personally Mr Potter" McGonagall said faking an offended look. "By the way Harry, congratulations on becoming a parent" she said.

"Thanks Professor, though I was thinking of emancipating Susan at Christmas. We wondered if we five could stay at Hogwarts over the holidays. Everybody else would be staying with their families because of Voldemort's return. We'll be going to Hannah's house on Christmas Eve and day and return on Boxing Day. I think it's because her parents want to see me. I'm Hannah's boyfriend" Harry added when he saw McGonagall's eyebrows rise.

"I think that can be arranged" McGonagall said. "I will tell the teachers to let their lessons end ten minutes early, so the students can have dinner sooner. Will anything have to be moved?" she asked. Harry and Neville said no, but Hannah got the look of an idea on her face.

“Professor, could you move the Quidditch stands so that they sat in a row? That way the everybody can see all of the fireworks” she said.

“Fireworks? With Misters Weasley and Mister Jordon here, can I assume that the fireworks are not normal ones?” she hazarded a guess.

“Not a chance. Is that a problem, Headmistress?” came the harmony of twin voices. Harry spun round to see that the Weasley twins had entered the office without anybody noticing.

“Your fireworks?” McGonagall confirmed.

“Yep” they both grinned and conjured chairs for themselves with a flick of their wands.

“Well to use the popular phrase – cool” and everybody giggled and smiled because it was not everyday that you heard Minerva McGonagall using a phrase like that.

They spent the next hour making a plan for the celebration that night, and all agreed that it was going to be a great time. Neville came upon the idea of having a event going on before the fireworks and they thought of what they could have. Harry took a moment to look out the windows towards the Quidditch pitch.

“Quidditch match” he said “let’s have a Quidditch match”.

“What do you mean, Harry? Bring a match forward?” asked Hannah.

“No, let’s get together a Quidditch team that has the best players from the three good houses. Slytherin can’t enter a player because they don’t have a good player in the first place” Harry pointed out to laughs.

“Better yet, why not play the classic Gryffindor team and pit them against the new team that Harry captains. I’m sure we can tear away our dear beloved Oliver to be seeker” Fred said.

“I can get in touch with Katie and Angelica. I’ll pop along to our old common room to have a word with them as well as Alicia” then

George's face darkened for a moment "and we can always see our brother and sister" he said.

"Mr Weasley, don't do anything foolish" McGonagall warned half heartedly.

"Foolish is my middle name. Actually I don't have one so it can't be my middle name" George said.

"We have overlooked one problem" Fred said to his twin.

"Whats that, oh brother of mine?" George asked.

"Harry is a member of that classic team. As he is playing for his side, then who is going to play seeker?" Fred asked.

"We could always get Charlie" George suggested.

"Yeah, we could do that" Fred said grinning the famous Weasley twin smile. "Let's hope these youngsters can keep up with us" he jibed at Harry and Neville.

"Well that all depends if you old guys can keep up with us youngsters" Harry retorted back.

"Boys" muttered Hannah darkly.

"Don't you just love them?" asked Harry putting on an innocent look.

"Guess I do if I'm going out with you" Hannah said.

"Awwww that is so sweet" Fred and George said in unison.

"Ohhhh you two..." McGonagall said. "If you hadn't left already, I'd give you both detentions!"

"Just as well we left" Fred said.

"Moving swiftly on" Harry said "You think that our beloved former leader Oliver will come back for a match?"

“Normally I would say no, but we can convince him” George said.

“Do you have a commentator?” Lee said from the door.

“Mr Jordon! I had no idea that this was turning into an old Gryffindor student’s reunion” McGonagall stood and shook Lee’s hand. “It’s good to see you” she added.

“Same here Professor. Congratulations on the promotion, I only wish it was under better circumstances” Lee said as another chair appeared, courtesy of Fred.

“Thank you. Well, we don’t have a permanent person, so if you want to, the job is yours” McGonagall said.

“Well that’s sorted” Hannah said. “If you don’t mind, I want to go see how Susan is” and she left passing Tonks who was coming up the steps.

“Wotcha everyone” she said brightly as all five boys stood and offered her their seats. “Got my own” she said and pulled one out of her pocket tapping it twice with her wand to make it normal size. “Hope you don’t mind me dropping in like this”

“Not at all, my dear” McGonagall said smiling. “I take it you have good news?” she asked.

“Yeah, I finished putting the fireworks in the right places. All that needs to be done is to actually start the whole thing” Tonks said.

“Exactly how are you planning to carry out the event?” asked McGonagall curious as to what new levels of mischief the twins and Lee had got to.

“Professor, we will have to go now. We have potions with Professor Sharpe” Harry said.

“Oh well yes, I suppose you had better go then” McGonagall said and Harry and Neville left the room.

The two boys headed towards their tower and found Susan being comforted by Hannah and Luna. One look at Susan told Harry that she was crying again, and Harry knew that girls had a lot of mixed up feelings and emotions. He assumed it had something to do with the fact that Susan had lost her family, and then gained a new one.

"Hannah? Can I have a quick word with you?" he asked jerking his head towards the staircase leading to his dorm.

"Sure, what's up?" she asked when they sat on the stairs.

"Well there's two things. First, how do you think Susan is coping?" he asked.

"Well she seems to be alright, it's just that grief takes time to heal" Hannah said.

"I guess it does" Harry said thinking of Cho Chang.

"Whats the other thing?" Hannah enquired.

"Huh?" Harry was jerked out his thoughts.

"The other thing you wanted to say to me" Hannah prodded.

"Oh, well I just wanted to say thanks for being my girlfriend" Harry said doing something Harry normally did. Harry Potter, the boy who lived, blushed.

"You don't have to thank me. I wanted to tell you for a long time that I loved you, but being a Hufflepuff meant I don't have as much courage as you. At the Quidditch match, I was scared that you'd run off or something after I kissed you" Hannah admitted.

"Well never let it be said that a Gryffindor ran from a pretty girl" Harry smiled. "Now if we're not careful, we are going to be late" and after getting their bags and homework, the group headed off towards the dungeons. Neville was beginning to be very good at potions making Harry wonder if Snape had been messing with his mind. He made a

note to talk to Kingsley about that as Snape was still being investigated for some reason or another that he wouldn't tell Harry. Not that he minded, at least Kingsley had told him that Snape was being forced to have regular shampoos put into his hair, whilst under the Body Bind. Harry had made use of the rumour mill to get that news spread to all areas of Hogwarts.

"Right, class can I have your attention please? I have been marking your homework while you have been making your Sleeping Draughts. You will be glad to know that none of you have failed" that brought a few cheers and Professor Sharpe let them calm down before continuing "The three with the top scores are: Hannah Abbott, Harry Potter and Luna Lovegood. Twenty points to each of your houses I think. Now as it is five minutes to lunch, and I want to get some of that cottage pie they are serving today before Flitwick gets his hands on it, I think we will finish the lesson now" and the door open with a flick of his wand. They filled out and went for lunch and indeed made it before Professor Flitwick arrived. Harry had made a small detour to their tower to get five very small boxes, and made it just in time to see the cottage pie almost finished. He whipped out his wand and Accio'd a slice to his plate, cause stares from his Hufflepuff tablemates. From behind his back Harry could hear Ron mutter several rude words, but he simply ignored Ron and kept his attention on his friends. The news had gone round that Harry was planning a big surprise and party that night and Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw students kept asking him for information, though Harry kept silent except to say that they might want to bring blankets for when the party entered the night. The doors opened with a crash and in walked the Weasley twins and as soon as people saw who had entered, the hall erupted into applause, and both brothers bowed low to each of the tables. Ron and Ginny made space for them to sit down but both walked straight past and sat down with the Hufflepuffs.

"Well McGonagall has okayed the whole plan, and Charlie and Oliver are on their way" Fred said.

"And we have the perfect prank for the finale. Harry you still have the marauders map?" asked George.

"Yeah sure. What you need it for?" Harry asked between mouthfuls.

"Wanted to know if Mrs Norris appeared on it" was the return.

"Mrs Norris? What in the name of Mer..... Oh don't tell me you guys are going to fulfil the dream of every student here?" Harry laughed so hard it caused several students to look at him in alarm.

"Yeah, we sure are. Want to help us?" asked Fred.

"Am I the boy who lived? Damn right I'm bloody helping" Harry said roared with laughter.

"Right, well we have to go put in a few laps of the pitch. Been a while since we last played" Fred said and the twins walked out the hall ignoring the looks of Ginny and Ron.

"Whats in the boxes, Harry?" asked Hannah curious as to the contents.

"Well I picked these up in Diagon Alley last time we went. These are five necklaces that show we are part of a family" Harry said. Each of his friends opened the box that Harry gave them, and saw that each had their names engraved in a silver necklace. Hannah's had some jewels set round her name. She put it round her neck and kissed her boyfriend.

"Thank you, Harry. I love it so much" Hannah said

"I thought you would. These are like muggle friendship bracelets or necklaces, except that these show you are part of a close group of friends" Harry said glad he had paid attention for one lesson during History of Magic lesson.

"Can I have everybody's attention please? Lessons have been suspended for the rest of the day. There is a party tonight being held and all pupils are invited. A fireworks show will be held and pupils can view it from the Quidditch stands" McGonagall spared a quick look at Harry and friends. She sat down at the head table and started talking to the teachers.

Harry and his friends ate lunch then returned to the tower so that final arrangements for that night could be made. Luna ran up to try on different clothes while Neville decided to catch some sleep he would otherwise miss. That left Harry and Hannah sitting on the sofa with Susan.

“Susan, there’s something I haven’t quite told you yet” Harry said slowly.

“Whats wrong, have they changed their minds about you being my guardian?” Susan started to panic.

“Susan, calm down. Its nothing like that” Hannah assured her oldest friend.

“Oh, right” and she calmed down.

“It is about me being your guardian. I asked Kingsley to send me the papers to emancipate you” Harry said grinning.

“You asked for what? You did what?” Susan was speechless.

“I asked for emancipation papers for you. By law, you’re an adult – the same as me” Harry was grinning like the muggles Cheshire Cat.

“But why would you do something like that?” asked Susan expect Harry to answer but it was Hannah who did so.

“Harry has been talking to me about how he feels things for you – the same things he feels for me. We’ve been talking for some time about it and I agreed to his solution” Hannah said looking at Harry who reached into his pocket and brought out two identical boxes from the same shop he had got the necklaces from.

Harry stood up and dropped to one knee so fast Susan almost got up to her feet if it wasn’t for Hannah putting out an arm to Susan’s shoulder to stop her.

“Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones. Will you do me the honour of being my wives?” he asked as he opened the lids to both boxes to reveal sparkling rings.

A/N: Betcha didn't see that coming did you?!

So, Hannah, Harry and Susan are all together. Before people claim it was them who persuaded me to make them a threesome, But it was my intension to do it all along!

Well, reviews please, and give me some really nice long ones, instead of just the short simple one line reviews please? I mean I write the fic, so its not really much to ask for is it?

Regards

Robert

Friendly fanfic writer.

A Weasley's Wrath and Celebrations

Susan's mouth opened and shut like a fish. She stared at the rings as Harry slipped one onto Hannah's ring finger.

"Oh Merlin" she breathed "Do you mean it?"

"I've never been more serious in my life" Harry said "You still haven't said yes yet though" he pointed out.

"Oh of course I'll accept. I can't believe this is happening. What do we do now? I mean is what we are doing allowed?" Susan asked as Harry slipped the ring onto her finger.

"Well Hannah will have to tell her parents about us. And it is perfectly allowed; I asked Kingsley and Tonks about it. It hasn't been done for a long time, but it's perfectly acceptable. A few people will cause a fuss and I have a good idea on who that will be" Harry said as he sat on the sofa with one of the girls on each side of him.

"Well, if anybody has a problem with that, we can you on them" Hannah said kissing her fiancé and after a moment, Susan did the same.

"Yeah could do. What do we tell Luna and Neville? I hope they will be fine with it" Harry said.

"We are fine with it, Harry. True friends always are" Neville pointed out from the doorway. He and Luna stood watching the three a mixture of surprise and joy on their faces.

"Yeah, just try to not to do anything when we're around" Luna was standing alongside Neville. They had both come down after hearing the squeals of delight from Hannah and Susan, but mostly from Susan who was looking at the ring on her finger.

"If anybody deserves something like this, it's you mate" Neville said to Harry.

"Do you think Professor McGonagall ought to know?" Hannah asked.

“Probably, but I think we should keep this to ourselves for the time being” Susan said.

“Gods, look at the time, we’re going to be late for our own party if we’re not fast enough” Neville said looking at his watch.

“Oh yeah, you four go on ahead. I have to help the twins with something” Harry said referring to the Weasley twins. They all went down to the entrance hall after Hannah and Susan had put concealment charms on the rings, to hide them from the view of others. After bidding the girls farewell, Harry and Neville – who had decided to tag along as he had a debt to settle with Mrs Norris all the way from first year – walked along the corridors and passageways until they arrived outside the trophy room, the twins already there waiting.

“Ah, it’s good you’re here. Harry, have you got the map?” Fred asked.

“Yeah” Harry said grinning and activated the map.

Looking at the map showed that the castle was nearly empty except for staff. Flitwick was near the hall, while Professor Sharpe was on the third floor. McGonagall was in her office, though they watched as she left and headed towards the entrance hall. A moment later and the group spotted Mrs Norris on the corridor on the left side of the third floor, known to one and all as Fluffy’s floor. The younger students never really understood the reason for the name, but all of the small group knew why.

“Right, there’s no teacher around, so lets run up and get her” George said.

“Wait a second, what are we doing exactly?” Neville asked.

“Well the plan is to sneak up on Mrs Norris and put a stunner on the mangy moggie. Then we’re going to tie her to a length of magic rope we’ve been working on and parade her past the stands” Fred explained.

“Sounds good, and Filch is in his office a floor below” Harry had been checking the map for the caretaker.

“Let’s go then, the match starts in ten minutes, and we need to do this and then get to the pitch” George said and the four headed up to the third floor with wands drawn.

Four wizards against one cat was no contest, and the boys soon tied her up to a banner and hid her in the Room of Requirements until later on. They made their way to the Quidditch pitch transfiguring their clothes into the robes in order to save time changing. They went into the different changing rooms and Harry and Neville found the rest of their Gryffindor team waiting for you.

“I wondered when you would show up” Dean said.

“Sorry, got caught up with something for later on” Harry apologised.

“What was it then?” asked Lavender with a frown as they mounted brooms.

“Can’t tell you. Let’s say that Filch isn’t going to be happy” Neville chuckled and before anybody else said a word, the doors opened and the team flew out and took position ready to start the game.

“Welcome to one and all for this special match – Gryffindor vs. Gryffindor. I am Lee Jordan, and I will be your commentator for this evening” a cheer went round the stands as those students who had been at Hogwarts long enough, remembered Lee from days of old. Applause rang out and Lee stood up and took a bow. Eventually though, it died out and Lee was able to start speaking again. “Thank you, thank you. Now then onto the match. This is not for any cup or to win a contest, but just as a challenge. Now if you look in your programme” and a programme appeared in each student’s hands, courtesy of the twins “we’ll take a look at the teams. First off is the current Gryffindor team. Captain and Seeker – Harry Potter, Keeper – Lavender Brown, Beaters – Parvati Patil and Rafael Cauldron, chasers – Neville Longbottom, Dean Thomas and Seamus Finnegan. So far they’ve only played one game – against Slytherin – well, if you can call it a game, but they look to be as strong as ever if not stronger.

And now lets look at the classic Gryffindor team shall we? Captain and Keeper – Oliver Wood, beaters – Fred and George Weasley” and lots of students cheered the twins who both looped the loop in the air “Chasers – Katie Bell, Alicia Spinnet and Angelina Johnston, Seeker – Charlie Weasley” and a few more cheers went up as they realised that the classic Gryffindor team was three sevenths Weasley. “Now Madame Hooch steps onto the pitch to begin the game” Lee said as the cheers died down.

“I suppose you don’t have to be told what to do, do you?” she asked smiling at the thought of a pleasant game for once. Harry nodded and shook hands with Oliver Wood who also nodded in agreement.

“Good to see you, Harry” Wood said.

“Same here” Harry said looking at his former captain.

“Well done on beating Slytherin. How did you manage to play that good?” he asked surprised.

“You’ll find out soon enough” Harry said with a Malfoy like smirk and Wood shook his head.

They both mounted their brooms and took to the air as the game began. Some of the classic team were a bit rusty considering that one or two of them had not played for several years. The only person who was playing as they normally did was Oliver Wood; then again it was only because he played Quidditch as a professional player. The twins where just showing off as they always had done. At one point they had got the bludger and passed it to each other like it was a muggle pinball. Charlie Weasley was hovering above the halfway line and Harry whizzed up to speak to him as the currant Gryffindor team opened the score card, courtesy of Neville.

“Hi, Charlie” Harry said as he pulled alongside.

“I don’t want to talk to you, Potter” Charlie said coldly, which shook Harry.

“Whats the matter?” he asked.

"You are the matter" was the reply. "You nearly killed my brother and sister, and you have the cheek to talk to me? I never want to speak to you again" Charlie said with barely contained venom.

"Is that for everybody?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, it goes for everybody. From Mother and Father, right down to Ginerva" Charlie said as he saw his side score to bring the score level.

"Well, Fred and George still talk to me. I guess you got that wrong" Harry said upset that most of the Weasley family had turned their backs on him.

"Fred and George don't know what they are doing. Until they see the error of trusting you, they are no longer part of the family" Charlie said moving his broom away but Harry kept pace.

"Charlie....." he began to explain his version of events.

"Don't speak to me ever again" Charlie yelled, his face as red as his hair. He zoomed away leaving Harry feeling down.

After an hour or so, the score was 120 – 110 in the currant teams favour. Harry decided to do some scare tactics and when Neville had the Quaffle, flanked by dean and Seamus, he noticed that the opposition team had lined up to block the way ahead. Harry smiled into himself and aimed his broom at the enemy chasers. He gave a kick to his broom and flew down at maximum speed scattering the team in different directions, including Wood. This had the side effect of leaving the goal open and Neville simply passed it through, then tossed it over to Katie Bell. Well if it worked on Ravenclaw during third year, then it could work anytime. It was getting dark and Harry suddenly saw the Snitch right behind Charlie's head. It didn't move and was sat there just waiting to be picked out the air. It was a simple thing to catch it and Madame Hooch blew the whistle to bring the game to a close, the final score being 270 – 150. Harry saw Charlie slowly get off his broom on the ground and decided to try and speak to him.

“Look Charlie, I’m sorry that you feel the way you do, but Ron and Ginny made the choice to follow me. It’s not my fault they feel the way they do” Harry said.

“I SAID NEVER SPEAK TO ME” Charlie yelled and the stands went silent as they heard the shouting. Both teams had moved closer to pull them away if they started to fight. The twins looked apprehensive as Harry guessed they pulled of loyalties between family and Harry. As for the eldest Weasley child, he had turned towards the changing rooms.

“Look, I’ve tried to be nice to you, but if you want to act like a spoiled brat then be my guest. I was only trying to be civil” Harry would have said more, but Charlie had spun round and punched Harry right on the nose, and Harry felt the bones breaking and blood pour out as the force of the blow threw him several feet backwards. Charlie calmly hit Harry again on the side of the head muttering about he was doing this for his family. It decided things for Fred and George, and the twins pulled out their wands and pointed them at their elder brother. A few seconds later the other players did the same and Charlie was faced with twelve wands pointing at him.

“Mr Charlie Weasley, I am placing you under arrest for assault of Harry James Potter” Tonks had seen the punches and had arrived at the pitch side. She flicked her wand and Charlie’s wand flew into her hand. At the same time, Charlie had been bound in ropes by Neville and helped by the twins who clearly had no love for Charlie after what they saw. With one last look at their brother, the twins gave a flick of their wands and he disappeared towards Hogwarts and the dungeons, where he would wait until the end of the Party.

“Well, at least you made it to November” Madame Pomfrey said as she healed Harry’s nose.

“Yeah, must be a new record for me” Harry smiled despite the pain and Pomfrey returned the smile.

“Harry? Are you alright, we saw the whole thing” Hannah and Susan had bounced down the stairs three at a time and now flanked the boy

protectively. Madame Pomfrey thought it odd, and then remembered that Harry had got protective about his remaining friends and so dismissed it from her mind.

"I'm fine you two" Harry said getting to his feet slowly. The bones had been repaired with some potion or other, and the pain had gone more or less.

"Mr Potter? I trust you are feeling fine?" McGonagall asked.

"Thank you professor, I'm feeling fine" Harry held onto the arms of Hannah and Susan. "I'd like to start the celebrations now please" and the headmistress agreed with a nod. This was the signal for the twins to zoom off and start to set off the fireworks and Harry and his friends had only just got to the seats when the first salvo opened up over the castle. It was a full fifteen minutes before the elves started to serve the food and drink, Dobby only served Harry, Neville, Hannah, Susan and Luna of course. Half an hour later the second lot of fireworks joined the first in the sky. In fact one seemed to be a few brightly lit broom sticks floating past the stands. It took exactly one second for pupils to register the sight before their eyes. Mrs Norris was tied up to the brooms and the twins had found an old banner with the legend POTTER FOR PRESIDENT. The banner was flashing different colours and it made Harry think that he had seen it before. It was lit up by a circle of light that reminded him of a muggle searchlight.

"Dobby, I want you to fetch Fred, George and Tonks and bring them back here" Harry said and the elf disappeared only to reappear several moments later with the three requested people. "Dobby, I want you to stay please" Harry requested and several students made a space for the four to sit.

"Harry, what are you planning?" McGonagall asked sounding puzzled.

"There's something that I need to tell everyone" Harry said. He picked up his wand and magically made his voice louder. "CAN I HAVE EVERYONES ATTENTION PLEASE? Thank you so much. Now as you all know, I have been living with my friends in our own tower for some time now. You all know about what I did for Susan Bones. Well what you don't know is that I have had her emancipated and she is

now an adult. You should know that a few hours ago that I asked both her and Hannah Abbott to marry me and that they both accepted” Harry cancelled the spell and listened to the reaction from the stands.

Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw students burst into spontaneous applause and a mass of students from both houses surged down and put Harry on their shoulders as well as Hannah and Susan, and went on a lap of the Quidditch pitch. Slytherin and Gryffindor students had turned their backs on him and had left for the castle. The only Gryffindors left where Harry’s team who had now mounted their brooms and where now setting off fireworks from the air, joined by Luna who had been passed Harry’s Firebolt by Harry himself. Fred, George, Lee and Tonks where now launching fireworks from the castle roof after grabbing brooms and rushing over to recommence the display. It took about half an hour for the mass of students to return to the starting point of their lap and after putting down the three newly engaged people, everybody got seats back in the stands. There was a lot more space on account of Slytherin and Gryffindor leaving, so the students could stick their feet on the seats and lie back to watch the spectacular performance. The house elves brought food from the kitchens as before but now brought the butterbeer, and in Harry and his friends’ case, some Firewhiskey. Harry was sat in the middle of Hannah and Susan, who had removed the covering charms on their rings, and took a sip of the drink.

“Mr Potter, is that what I think it is?” McGonagall spoke from behind the three and to the side of Luna and Neville. Neville had paled to the same shade of grey as Nearly Headless Nick.

“Oh erm... it is” Harry said feeling as if he was going to get punished.

“You know what I’m going to ask don’t you?” and Harry was sure she was going to ask for the bottle.

“Yes I guess I do” and Harry reached for the bottle only to see McGonagall holding a goblet of her own.

“Can I have some?” she asked as her strict face broke into a smile. As a shocked Harry poured her some of the drink, she continued to speak. “You know it may come as a shock to you, but I do have a

social life” she eyed Luna sitting nearby. “I see Miss Lovegood has a very small goblet of this as well”.

“Oh...erm.... I was holding on to it for Neville” Luna said blushing a bright red that would have given her radish earrings a run for their money. She passed the goblet to Neville who drunk from it, taking the hint from Luna.

“Please, Miss Lovegood. I have seen far worse then a slightly underage student drinking something they shouldn’t be. Bizarrely enough, I have just gone temporarily blind and therefore could not see a thing. Miss Abbot and Miss Bones, congratulations on your engagement. Have you decided anything about the wedding?” she asked as she sat down with her back to Luna so she could not see the girl drinking.

“Well, I wondered if we could have it here. With all of our friends and teachers here” Harry said and McGonagall smiled and nodded.

“I think we can manage that. Might I suggest just before Christmas time? It might be better if we do it the same day the students go back? That way all of your friends can attend the service” McGonagall said thinking of all the details for something like this.

“Actually Professor, can I have a little whisper in your ear?” Harry asked and leaned over and spoke in a low tone so that none of the others could hear. He sat up as McGonagall nodded.

“I think that that would be nice. Of course it will mean the guests being here on a non school day, but I doubt it will cause much trouble” she paused as several fireworks went off in a pattern that displayed Hannah, Harry and Susan in a giant loveheart. She chuckled before continuing. “Who will be attending?” she asked.

“We thought perhaps Tonks, Professor Lupin, yourself, Hagrid, Dean, Seamus, Lavender, Parvatti and her sister Padma, Rafael, Fred and George, my old Quidditch team, Griphook, Tom from the Leaky Cauldron and a few others” Harry said off the top of his head.

“What about us?” Neville complained half heartedly.

“Well you will be best man of course” Harry grinned.

“Well in that case I will have to be chief bridesmaid” Luna said dreamily.

“Offer accepted” giggled Hannah and Susan.

“Thanks for letting us come to the wedding, Harry” Fred said as he, George, Tonks, Lee and Harry’s old team mates took seats behind the group.

“I think you’re very lucky to find two girls like those two, Harry” Tonks said hugging Hannah and Susan.

“I know that Tonks. That’s why I’m marrying them” Harry said smiling at his friends.

“Can I suggest that we all watch the rest of the fireworks?” McGonagall said waving her wand at two crates of butterbeer and one of Firewhiskey. The three crates came over to the group and they settled back to watch the show. One thing was in the back of Harry’s mind. He turned to Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville and they shifted closer to him.

“There’s something that has been bothering me” Harry started.

“About what?” asked Susan.

“About the reason why Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw support me so much. I mean, I’m not even in their houses” Harry pointed out as a firework exploded in a dazzling display of red and gold.

“Well, I can’t speak for the Ravenclaws amongst us” Hannah said with a snide grin at Luna “But we Hufflepuffs have always believed you have been telling the truth about You Know... Voldemort. There was quite a few Hufflepuffs in the DA meetings if you remember. You’ve saved our lives a number of times now and I know that if and when Voldemort attacks Hogwarts, Hufflepuff house will stand with you” Hannah finished.

"I remember when you were in the Tri-Wizard Tournament two years ago. You know the whole thing with the cup transformed into a portkey? We all heard about the battle with Voldemort and Cedric's request. You could have made it to the cup and returned to Hogwarts, safe and sound. But you didn't do that; you got Cedric's body first, risking your life to bring back his body. People don't forget something like that" Luna said quietly. "I think I can speak for all of those Ravenclaws that remember the whole thing, and say that Ravenclaw house stands with Harry Potter whatever will come against you" Luna added "I know I do".

Harry was suddenly filled with a great amount of both joy and pride as two of his friends explained the positions of their houses. Fred and George asked that if Harry gave the word, they would also fight at his side. It was a sentiment echoed by Tonks as well.

"Thank you, all of you. If we can show this amount of unity and strength against Voldemort, then he and his cronies don't stand a chance" Harry was almost on the point of crying tears of happiness and he hugged both Hannah and Luna close to him.

"HEY!" Susan protested. "I'm his fiancée, I should be there" she said and Luna giggled and made room for the Hufflepuff.

"What about you?" Harry asked Neville.

"Well, I like you as a mate, but I'm not hugging you" Neville said laughing as much as the others did.

"Well, if Harry can't hug you, I'll have to hug you instead" Luna said as she turned from Hannah, Harry and Susan, and threw both arms around Neville and kissed him fully on the lips.

"Does this mean I will have to organise two weddings?" asked McGonagall jokingly.

"Nah, I think one wedding is all Hogwarts can handle, Professor" Harry said smiling at her. After a few seconds later, Hannah and Susan disengaged themselves from Harry and the entire group sat

and ate and drank while they watched the remaining fireworks finish one of the best times at Hogwarts that Harry could remember for a long time.

A/N: Well that's that then. Chapter 12 has been completed as you can tell (if it wasn't, then you wouldn't be reading it would you?).

I have returned from my short break and have done this lovely chapter for you. It would have been on yesterday (7th October) but it was my birthday, so it was delayed 24 hours.

So, the position of the Weasley family has been made clear in so that (except the twins), they never want to talk to Harry again and Charlie has been arrested.

A few people have been asking why Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw appear more than Gryffindor and that is explained in this chapter. I gave Luna a deep moment as you can tell, because it's natural why Hufflepuff would now like Harry more than normal. Ravenclaw have always been more neutral in respect of the other houses, so for them to feature more needed explaining. I hope you don't mind me giving the explaining to Luna. Not just because she is a Ravenclaw, but because she has such deep moments before and also understands death as much as Harry can do.

There is a reference to Harry's first Quidditch match somewhere in this chapter. See if you can spot it – first person to spot it gets a cameo appearance in the next chapter.

Well I won't reveal much about the next two chapters except the names:

Chapter 13: Operation Get Harry Drunk

And

Chapter 14: All I want for Christmas is You.

Well that's it then, you know the standard procedure. Reviews please and get that book one reference in quick!

Regards

Robert

Mentally sane for the last week.

OR AM I? HAHAHAHAHAAAAA.

Operation Get Harry Drunk

After the big announcement had been made, life returned to a normal Hogwarts state of affairs. The friends still went to classes and Harry and Neville still trained for Quidditch. Evenings were spent with the girls watching a movie and eating popcorn. Life and fate were being kind to Harry, Hannah and Susan in general and they had started to have breakfast in the great hall again, though Harry and Neville now had most meals at the Hufflepuff table along with Luna who they didn't want feeling left out. Evenings and other spare moments of time found Harry and his two wives – to – be looking through catalogues at things from wedding dresses to flowers. A week after Harry had proposed to Hannah and Susan, found the friends eating breakfast in the hall. As Head Bridesmaid, Luna was deep in a high level conference with Hannah and Susan about details for the wedding. It was her responsibility to ensure the correct flowers arrived and arrived on time. She also had to make sure that there would not be any obstacles for Tonks to trip up over. What she didn't know was that Tonks had been using the room of requirement on her days off from the DMLE to practice walking up the aisle so she didn't make a fool of herself. Luna was also preparing the Hen night for both Hannah and Susan.

"I guess that you're not telling me about what you are planning for my Stag night?" Harry asked Neville. Neville had the job of organising Harry's last night of freedom as he termed it. Apart from Neville and of course Harry himself; Lupin, Fred and George, Lee Jordon, Oliver Wood and Kingsley Shacklebolt would all be in attendance. Harry had found out who was coming and accepted all those that Neville had thought of, but he had sent an invite to Griphook for both the stag do and the wedding itself. Neville had pointed out that nobody had ever invited a Goblin before and Harry simply said that he was never one for keeping inline with wizard tradition after all.

"Sorry, Harry. It's a secret I'm afraid to say" Neville grinned at him. All he would tell Harry was that he had hired a room at the Three Broomsticks for the night and that it would be a night to be remembered for a long time, and Harry had not pressed for more details. With about half an hour before they had to go for Defence against the Dark Arts the group finished breakfast and headed

towards the tower to get their school bags. The friends retrieved the bags and had just arrived back in the entrance hall when they encountered Ginny, Hermione and Ron walking out the great hall.

“Ah, look who we have here! It’s Harry and his freak friends” Ron sneered.

“Ron, move aside. I have no quarrel with you today” Harry said calmly.

“Don’t think so. I want to stop here and talk to my friends” Ron replied.

“I’m surprised that he has any friends” Hermione said in a high and mighty voice “let alone those two he’s marrying”.

“I bet he’s got them both pregnant” Ginny said looking at Hannah and Susan. “I thought they had put on weight” she added. Hannah and Susan’s jaws dropped and Harry whipped out his wand as did Neville and Luna. Because they kept their wands inside their robes, the three were slightly too slow and Ron shot a Stunner at both Hannah and Susan making them fly into the wall with a thump, while Ginny did the Body Bind Curse on Neville and Luna who’s wands fell to the floor with a clatter as the pair drop as stiff as boards hitting their heads with quite a bit of force. Hermione meanwhile had engaged in battle with Harry who had ducked behind one of the banisters of the staircase.

“Dobby” he called and the houseelf appeared and Harry shoved him to the ground as a stunner headed their way. “Dobby, take my friends to the hospital wing” the houseelf nodded and Dobby managed to dodge stunners from the three opponents and safely disappeared as Harry had told him to.

“Come on Harry, give us a bit of sport” Hermione said in an ‘I’m superior’ voice, and she fired a stunner that missed Harry and hit one of the suits of armour which instantly fell apart.

“EXPELIARMUS” Harry cried and watched as Hermione’s wand flew high into the air only to be caught by Ron who passed it back. “OK” Harry thought “No more Mr Nice Harry Potter” and he shot off a weak Stunner as he didn’t want to hurt anyone much, just enough to make

them stop fighting. The Stunner caught Hermione right in the chest and knocked her out. Ginny and Ron both shot what appeared to be Leg Locker Curses at Harry at the same time who barely had enough time to dodge them as he dived one way then rolled the other. Some spells hit him, but Harry was too busy to notice them hit his body or what damage it had caused. The force of the spells being cast had caused the doors to the great hall to fly open and all inside could see the whole incident. They watched as Ginny, Hermione (who Ron had brought back around) and Ron fought Harry who only shot weak Stunners in his defence. Others watched from the corridors in amazement as the three attacked Harry like a pack of animals, snarling and shouting spell after spell after spell. Harry was wondering on what to do get away from the three and to try and stun them when he heard a cry of support and a shout of rage as a squadron of Hufflepuffs came running out of the great hall with their wands drawn. Another squadron of Hufflepuffs came running from behind Harry as the other three Gryffindors started to be pushed towards a wall. They could have made their escape up the stairs until a squadron of Ravenclaws came up from the remaining side to push them up against the wall as McGonagall came running out of the hall with Professors Flitwick, Lupin and Sharpe following a close second, third and fourth behind her. Harry was helped up by two Ravenclaws who gasped in shock as they stared at him.

“What?” he asked concerned.

“Your face and your arms” said one of the Ravenclaws.

“What about them?” asked Harry feeling a warm mass spread from his nose. He could already guess one of the answers already.

“Well your nose is bleeding badly, I think it’s broken. But you’ve got cuts on your face as well as your arms” said the other Ravenclaw conjuring a mirror for Harry to look in. Harry groaned aloud at the sight that met his eyes as he saw that his nose was indeed broken.

“Well at least it’s nothing that Madame Pomfrey can’t mend” he said brightly as he felt the broken bones in his nose grind together. The two helped him through the mass of students and to the sides of the teachers. Harry thanked them and the crowd slowly began to break

apart though some stayed to see what was going to happen to Ginny, Hermione and Ron.

“Mr Potter, are you feeling alright?” asked Professor Sharpe as he gazed at Harry’s appearance.

“Not too bad. All I want to do is to find out what in the name of Merlin just happened” Harry said whipping his nose of escaping blood.

“I’d like to know that myself” Professor McGonagall said sternly turning to the three who were still pressed against the wall.

“We don’t care for the company Harry is keeping” Ron said looking at Harry as if he was suffering from brain damage.

“Is that the only reason?” Lupin said calmly. He could see the rage gathering in McGonagall’s face.

“Yes, Professor” Hermione said in a normal voice.

“Isn’t that enough?” Ginny added sounding amazed that Lupin wanted something more.

“I must say that I am amazed at all of you. Especially you, Miss Granger, I would never have believed this to be capable of you” Flitwick said shaking his head in disbelief.

“Professor McGonagall? What will happen to them?” Harry asked as he gratefully took a box of tissues from Sharpe.

“I have no choice but to suspend them from the school and send them home until I can decide what to do with them” she replied, the fire in her eyes burning fiercely.

“I know it is for you to decide” Harry started “But I don’t want to see them expelled” he said.

“But they caused a lot of damage to you” Sharpe pointed out.

"I know that Sir. Perhaps a more fitting punishment would be to confine them to Gryffindor Tower for at least a month. They should not be allowed to leave except for if they have to go to the hospital wing, and that includes lessons. Any and all work should be sent to them to be completed" Harry said.

"Very well, if that is what you want" McGonagall said. She turned to the three still against the wall, a look of pure rage on her face. It was the one that Harry called "battle mode", though not to her face of course.

"Miss Granger, Miss and Mr Weasley. You are to return to Gryffindor Tower escorted by Professors Flitwick and Sharpe. You are to remain there until such time as I deem you to be allowed to leave. All your work for lessons will be brought to you by another student. You are all banned from visiting Hogsmeade for the foreseeable future, and that goes for Quidditch matches as well. I am allowing you to keep your wands, but you will not be able to produce anything stronger than a very weak stunner" and as soon as she was finished she told them to return to Gryffindor Tower under escort. Lupin had to go to his classroom to prepare for the Defence against the Dark Arts lesson that Harry and his friends had planned on attending. McGonagall told Harry to go to hospital wing to deal with the cuts, bruises and broken nose he suffered from.

"Thanks Professor" Harry said and headed off towards the hospital wing for the second time that term. He left the remaining teachers and students and raced along the corridors to the hospital wing to find out how his friends were doing, especially Hannah and Susan. He opened the doors and saw that Hannah and Luna on the edge of beds talking to each other. Harry went over to them and sat next to Hannah and put his arms around her.

"Harry, are you alright?" she asked as Hannah gazed at the blood on Harry's robes.

"Nothing too badly broken. I was more worried about you lot though. How are Neville and Susan?" he asked looking at the sleeping forms of his two other friends.

“Madame Pomfrey said they hit their heads and she said to not disturb them” Luna said looking at Neville with concern. It was something that Harry noticed.

“Ah, Mr Potter, what can I do for you today?” Pomfrey said as she came out with a trolley full of potions. After all the trouble she had with this particular student, the witch kept a special supply of things for him. As a result of being for Harry, it needed regular replacing.

“Just a bone re-setter today please” he said cheerfully as if this was a regular occurrence for him. Pomfrey gave him a stare for a few moments then gave him one of the bottles to drink from. Harry gulped it down and felt the particular feeling again as the contents spread round his body and he shuddered. “I’m never going to get used to that” he said making a face.

“Its not supposed to taste nice” Pomfrey pointed out as she returned to her office.

“Can we take them back to our tower?” Harry asked pointing to the sleeping figures.

“I guess you can” Pomfrey said “Though you’d take them anyway, wouldn’t you?”.

“Thanks” Harry said and after several minutes, the group arrived back at the tower where Harry put them Susan and Neville in bed to rest.

Weeks passed and Susan and Neville recovered from their injuries and soon got back into the swing of the wedding planning. Harry had met with Hannah’s mum and dad and they where both pleased that Harry had not taken advantage of their daughter and then asked her to marry him. All in all, he really got on with them and he suspected that Hannah’s parents where pleased that their daughter was marrying him. It soon got towards the wedding and by now Hogwarts had broken up for the holidays and those students who would not be attending the wedding gave their best wishes and quite a few of them had given the three wedding presents. Harry was dreading the next few days and it wasn’t the wedding either. Neville had been sending Owls to all of Harry’s male friends and they had arrived at Hogwarts

over the last two days. At the same time, he had also seen all the female friends of Hannah's and Susan's arrive.

"Ready to go out?" Neville asked as he came bouncing down the stairs in their common room.

"You've planned a Stag Night haven't you?" Harry asked Neville who simply laughed.

"Don't worry there's nothing to worry about" Neville said "Nothing will happen to you. Well nothing bad anyway" he added and as he spoke the door opened from the corridor and in came Fred and George who looked at Harry's face.

"You just told him didn't you?" asked Fred

"Yeah" Neville said simply.

"Right, well the rooms been stocked up, so we better be going" George said.

After leaving a note saying where the three had taken him to so the girls didn't worry, Harry followed the twins and Neville through the corridors. He was surprised when they didn't go to the Room of Requirement, so when they said "the rooms been stocked up", they didn't mean that room. Harry was so caught up in guessing where they were going to take him, that he didn't realise that the three in front of him had stopped moving, and Harry bumped into George. He only was aware that they had left the grounds and had entered Hogsmeade and were now standing outside the Three Broomsticks. Fred led the way inside and went to the bar to have a quick word with Madame Rosmerta, who pointed to a set of very old looking stairs. Fred waved Harry over and together they four climbed the stairs and up to the private rooms. They walked along the short corridor which was all wood in its construction until they reached the end room, which Harry knew was the widest and tallest one.

"Now Harry, you'll have to enter last" Fred explained.

“It’s a surprise for you what’s in this room” George added and Harry thought that they had hired strippers for him, which they promised they had not done.

“Let’s say, you will like it” was Neville’s contribution and at that Fred led the way inside.

“SURPRISE” came the loud shouting from the room.

“I see the rest of our war party has assembled” Fred observed brightly.

In addition to the twins, Neville and himself, there were many others in the room. Harry could see Lee, Oliver, Dean, Seamus, Rafael, Hagrid, Lupin, Griphook and Flitwick. They stood next to what appeared to be the same large Pensive Harry had used after the match against Slytherin. The party got into full throw with plenty of Firewhiskey for everyone and there was a general feeling of happiness and a good party atmosphere in the room.

“Ya know Harrrrrrrry” Griphook was slurring his words despite the fact that he claimed Goblins never got drunk “Ya know.... I always believed in you all this time. Thooossee girlssss are luuuccckkkyyy to have you as a husband” he added.

“Errrr, thanks” Harry said as he watched Griphook sway on the spot, turn completely away and walk towards Professor Flitwick.

“Never thought I’d see a goblin drunk” Lupin said giving off a very girly giggle. He too was very drunk.

“OI? WHERE’S HARRY?” asked a shout and Harry was pushed towards the front of the room where George was standing next to the large Pensive and he began to make a speech.

“We are all gathered here to witness the last night of freedom of our dearly beloved friend; Harry James Potter. In the morning, this guy is making the ultimate sacrifice and getting married. Now we didn’t plan entertainment as we are going to watch all of Harry’s memories from his times at Hogwarts. Remember to boo and hiss at the right

moments please” he added. Harry did the same spell again and the wall came alive with images of his memory.

“NOX!” someone said and all the lights went out and the windows closed, making it all very dark. There was a scramble for seats as they watched Harry’s Quidditch matches through the years,

“Told you we needed to play on the left”

“Shut up, Georgina” came the teasing reply.

Afterwards, there was more eating and drinking and Harry saw Lupin, Flitwick and Griphook trying to drink each other under the table. Harry didn’t remember the rest of the night as he was made to get excessively drunk. The last thing he remembered clearly was one of the twins asking for a Hippogriff to be brought outside, and after that he passed out. When he came round, Harry was in the Great Hall near the heads chair. He was wondering how he had got there and why he was feeling cold, when he heard a voice that gave him a headache on top of the hangover he had.

“MR POTTER!” came McGonagall's thundering voice "WHAT do you THINK you are doing handcuffed NAKED to a Hippogriff?" the headmistress demanded. Harry was now certain of one thing; he now knew why he was feeling cold. He made a semi drunken note to have a word with the twins – just as soon as he was sober.

All I want for Christmas is you!

“Professor.... I can explain” Harry said quickly thinking why he was naked in the great hall of Hogwarts school of witchcraft and wizardry, handcuffed to a Hippogriff.

“There’s no need to explain” McGonagall said as she grabbed the nearest tablecloth and transfigured it into a pair of jeans and a t shirt, and a flick of her wand released Harry from the handcuffs. She turned away as Harry got dressed. “No doubt this is why both Misters Fred and George Weasley had been found stumbling through the doors last night laughing their heads off”.

“Yes Professor” Harry said and he sat down at the nearest table, his head spinning like he had been hit by a bludger several different times.

“You’ll need this” McGonagall said handing Harry a bottle of a milky looking substance. The label declared the contents to be a hangover cure and Harry gulped it down in one go.

“I needed that badly” Harry said as his head stopped spinning and pounding.

“Can I suggest two things?” asked McGonagall.

“Sure” was the reply.

“Get your revenge on the twins in a public place and manner” McGonagall said with a trace of a smile on her face.

“I’ll try” Harry said as he thought of a way to get his own back. “Whats the other thing?” he asked.

“If you don’t hurry, you are going to miss your own wedding. You should head towards the Room of Requirement. Mr Longbottom and the rest are there waiting for you” and the headmistress left leading the Hippogriff away.

Harry ordered a cup of black coffee from the table and he drunk it in one go, and then ordered a second cup. After he was properly fortified, Harry got up and made his way to wards the seventh room, the hangover cure having cancelled the effects of too much Firewhiskey. He passed a few of the ghosts who greeted him most politely and Harry returned the pleasantries. He got to the Room of Requirement and he walked up and down.

"I need to find Neville. I need to find Neville. I need to find Neville" but to his surprise the room did not show the door like it always did. Harry tried everything to get in and in the end resorted to "Let me bloody in. Let me bloody in. Let me bloody in" and as he spun round, the door appeared and Harry decided to have words with the Weasley twins the moment he had entered.

"Ah Harry! Did you get noticed by anyone when you woke up?" asked Fred.

"I heard it was rather cold today in the great hall" George said as if discussing the weather.

"Sod off" Harry said and moved around the twins and went over to Neville who was in talks with Lupin and Griphook.

"Harry, I see you managed to get here" Neville said handing over Harry's wand.

"Yeah. Had a problem with McGonagall, but she understanding about it" Harry said looking sideward at the twins.

"Well, it's nearly ten thirty in the morning" Lupin pointed out "You better get a shower and into whatever you're wearing".

"Right" Harry said "There's something I wanted to speak to you about. Can you perform a memory changing charm on the twins?" he asked of Lupin.

"Why would that be?" asked Lupin trying very hard not to burst out laughing.

"I want my own back on them" Harry said and whispered in Lupin's ear a long set of instructions. "And don't forget the glamour charms as well"

"I won't" Lupin said and left the room smiling from one side of his face to the other.

"Are we all accounted for?" asked Harry as he looked around the room.

"Yeah, I think so" Neville said "Kingsley got here an hour ago with a pair of Aurors. He's put them on the school entrance to stop Rita Skeeta from showing up. He's letting other reporters in though like you said" he added.

"Good" Harry said "Well, I'm going for a shower and get into my dress robes" and Harry got into a shower that had popped up in one corner. He let the water soothe his body and allowed himself to get fresh and clean. When he was done, he dried himself with a red towel which had the Gryffindor crest on it and dressed in his robes Tuxedo and put his black school cloak over the top cloak over the top. He exited the shower and sat at the large table in the middle of the room. Kingsley was discussing with Neville the finer points of racing brooms.

"Ah here comes the groom" Kingsley said as Harry approached the table. "How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Nervous" Harry said "Very nervous" he added as his knees began to tremble.

"It'll pass. It did for me" Kingsley said.

"You where married?" Harry and Neville sounded every inch as shocked as everyone else in the room was.

"Nope. But I was best man at a wedding once and I got more nervous then the groom. Then again he was under the influence of a Calming Draught" Kingsley mused rubbing his chin thoughtfully. Harry and Neville rolled their eyes and looked at the door as it opened and

admitted the twins followed by Lupin. The twins had been wearing matching tuxedos, but Lupin (acting under orders of the groom) had altered their memories so they thought they had chanced upon Lupin, not knowing that he had transfigured their clothes so they now wore matching pink bridesmaid's outfits. A glamour charm made them believe they still wore the tuxedos. It took several seconds for those in the room to see them in the pink dresses but everybody laughed, including Griphook who seemed to be having a competition with Hagrid and Seamus to see who could laugh the loudest.

"What you all laughing about?" asked a confused George.

"Nothing really. We just got a joke told to us by Hagrid" said Dean thinking of the first excuse that came to mind.

"Must have been a good joke" Fred said.

"It was" Dean assured him.

"Harry, it's time to go" Lupin said.

"Right" Harry looked around the room which contained his closest friends "Guess there's no time for me to back out of this is there?" he asked.

"NOPE" came a chorus of voices.

"Well in that case we better go then" and Harry led the way out of the Room of Requirement and down the corridors out into the grounds.

Harry, Hannah and Susan had worked on the details of the wedding itself very hard. Several rows of chairs had been set up in front of a small podium next to the lake. As it was Christmas Eve, the snow lay all over the grounds. The route from the castle to where the wedding would be held was clear of snow as was the area itself. Harry guessed that Dobby had been out and cleared it by magic. He also suspected that the elf had put drying and warming charms on the podium and the chairs. The whole effect was stunning and looked magical (if you pardon the pun). The rows of chairs were split in the middle so it made an aisle. The podium had been decorated with Pink,

white and red flowers in two stands at either end of the podium. The aisle itself was covered in Sakura, which was Japanese for Cherry Blossom. Several of the guests had already taken their places and awaited the start of the ceremony. Harry knew several faces including; Oliver Wood and the rest of his old Quidditch team, Luna's father – the editor of the Quibbler, Hannah's mother (her father getting ready to walk her down the aisle) and what appeared to be half of the DMLE. Most people laughed as they saw Fred and George in their matching dresses and as they were both under glamour charms, they still didn't understand the laughter that met them. McGonagall on the podium wearing dress robes with a highland tartan sash around her shoulders. The group took their seats (Hagrid's sinking into the ground and after a few conjured cushions for Griphook and Flitwick) and Harry and Neville took the pair of seats at the front. They had barely sat down when there was a general murmuring and Harry looked round and saw a small procession of people with Hannah (and her father), Susan and the rest of the other wedding party came into view. Hidden speakers began to play the wedding march as Hannah was walked up the aisle by her father and Susan by Kingsley. Luna and Parvati had the trail of Hannah's dress, while Tonks and Lavender had got hold of Susan's dress. They came up and stood on the podium in front of McGonagall. Both looked the perfect visions of beauty as they stood in their white dresses and make up. Each girl had had their hair done into a fancy style and Harry knew he was lucky they had both said yes to his proposal.

"Dearly Beloved. We are gathered here to witness the marriage of Harry James Potter to Hannah Abbot and Susan Bones" began McGonagall. Harry would later be told that he went pale. McGonagall started to speak again and Harry's mind decided that it wasn't needed at the moment and so went and shut down for a while leaving the butterflies in his stomach in charge. "Harry James Potter, do you take Hannah Abbot as your magically married wife? To love and to hold till the end of time, till death do you part?" asked McGonagall and Harry's mind came back from its short break and made Harry speak.

"I do" he said.

“And do you take Susan Bones as your magically married wife? To love and to hold till the end of time, till death do you part?” asked McGonagall again.

“I do” Harry said looking at his brides and feeling the luckiest man in the entire world. He felt so lucky to have them as his wives and also to have friends like Luna and Neville, Fred and George, Dean, Seamus and others. All in all things were going Harry’s way for once and as a bonus nobody had tried to kill him so far either!

“Hannah Abbot, do you take Harry James Potter as you magically married husband? To love and to hold till the end of time, till death do you part?” McGonagall asked Hannah who smiled at Harry.

“Yes, I do. With all my heart I do” she said, tears of happiness welling in her eyes.

“Susan Bones, do you take Harry James Potter as you magically married husband? To love and to hold till the end of time, till death do you part?” McGonagall asked the question for the last time.

“Yes, by my love, life and magic I do” Susan said tears forming in her eyes. They didn’t fall because she had cast a few charms to stop the make up from being ruined as had Hannah and all four of the bridesmaids.

“I present you Mr and Mrs and Mrs Potter” McGonagall said and the wedding guests stood up and applauded and they and the bridesmaids began to throw confetti above the three which fell in a shower of white and pink, while the twins – who had their dresses changed back to tuxedos – picked up some of the Sakura petals and throw those as well.

They walked arm in arm up to the castle and into the great hall which had been arranged for the wedding so that some of the tables were on each side of the head table to form a horse shoe shape. The head table had been slightly rearranged so that there were now three thrones and Harry sat in the middle one with Hannah and Susan sitting either side of him. They started a wedding banquet rivaled any of the regular feasts. The tables were filled with different foods

ranging from Roast Beef to something which appeared to be Habanero. It turned out that Rafael had made it himself early that morning because he felt the elves simply didn't do it justice when they made it. After the feast came speeches, and as best man it was Neville's job to toast the chief bridesmaid and then the happy threesome. He stood and thanked Luna, and then began the main speech.

"When Harry asked me to be best man at his wedding, I accepted at once. I first met Harry on the train to Hogwarts when I had lost my pet toad Trevor. After that we became friends and though I won't go into details, I've become one of his best friends. Harry is the best friend you can ever have as he is loyal, honest and a good Quidditch player to boot. I'm glad that he has found two out of the three best looking girls here" Neville picked up his glass of wine which had been to served to everyone when they began eating the feast, "The Brides and Groom" he declared toasting them which everyone echoed.

"The wedding gifts came first, and in fact there was so many that they had to be brought in by levitating them into the hall and in front of Harry and his wives who walked around the table to begin opening them. The first one was from the twins who gave them a lifetime free pass to their shop. The next was from McGonagall who had given them each a small golden model of the castle. Luna's present was a set of Tachikoma models. (Luna had asked McGonagall for permission to leave the school ((with Dobby)) and go to Japan and purchase them. The rest of the presents had been the normal things such as towels, a toaster (from Luna's dad), a painting of the three from Tonks who had signed it "N" and pretty much everything that would be expected at any wedding. Griphook had given Harry a letter as his gift and when Harry read it, he saw it contained the list of what had been transferred from Dumbledore's account into his. After they had unwrapped the final gift (a gold locket from Lupin), several house elves popped into view carrying the wedding cake. It had white icing over the cake and a miniature Harry, Hannah and Susan sat on three broomsticks. The party continued for another hour or so until everyone agreed that it was time to let the happy three leave. Harry and his brides thanked everyone for coming and then when the last person had left (Griphook), they went up to their tower. Harry knew that with Voldemort on the loose, there would be no honeymoon to

have. However, McGonagall had said that they could have free run of the castle and that she had told Filch so. The caretaker was still upset over finding Mrs Norris tied up, and vowed to severely maim the person or persons who had done it.

“Well here we are” Harry said as they entered the room. “I’m ready for bed” he added as a hint to Hannah and Susan “Coming?”.

“Well..... I really fancy trying to find some left over pudding” Luna said thinking of some excuse for not hearing what she correctly guessed would be going to happen.

“Could take hours” Neville said gravely.

“I don’t think so” Luna said “But perhaps we can see if I got rid of that Nargle colony. My Nargle senses are tingling” she added.

“Well have fun” Harry said smiling at the unlikely pair. He turned to look at Hannah and Susan, but they had disappeared and Harry knew exactly where they had gone. He entered the room the three girls shared and his brides were indeed there. Both had paid homage to the unwritten bride’s law of lacy underwear being worn underneath and lay on one of the beds. Harry thanked who ever was looking down on him, and prayed that he would not be disturbed.

“We wondered when you would turn up” Hannah said.

“You look cold. Lets see if we can warm you up” said Susan.

Harry undressed and got into the bed. He silently shut the door without his wand and felt hands on his body. “Nox” he said and the lights dimmed to nothing allowing only the moon light to shine through the windows, but still being dark.

“Oh Harry! I thought you was big” a voice said in the darkness.

There was a lot of what was to be expected from a first night as husband and wife (and wife) and it ended up with Hannah being poised on top of Harry.

“You know what I want for Christmas?” she asked Harry as she was poised over Harry’s hardened member.

“No idea” he said as Susan probed his mouth with her tongue again.

“All I want for Christmas... is you!” Hannah said as she took her hands off the bed, and she fell down the entire length of her husband breaking her barrier as she did so.

A Step Too Far.

WARNING – THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS THE RAPE OF A CHARACTER. THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY RAPE IN ANY WAY, PLEASE THINK ABOUT READING THIS CHAPTER.

It was daylight when Harry awoke. He felt two very warm bodies on his and he looked down to see Hannah and Susan lying down on his chest still asleep. He gently woke them up and they smiled dreamily at him as they rose and had a shower. Susan was a bit concerned about having it with Harry, but as he and Hannah pointed out, they had seen each others bits AND they where married so Susan relaxed. When they where done, they dressed in normal clothing and went downstairs. Luna and Neville where not to be seen, but a note told the three that the pair where in the great hall having breakfast. Harry led the way down to the hall and the small group met the ghosts who all congratulated them on getting married. Even the Bloody Baron seemed pleased when they met him, but that might have been because he had just caught Peeves writing obscene words on the walls of the first floor girl's bathroom. Eventually they reached their destination and they saw Luna and Neville sat at the nearly deserted Hufflepuff table.

"Morning Harry, Morning Hannah, Morning Susan" Luna said as they sat.

"Morning Harry" Neville said. "Did you sleep well?" he asked keeping a straight face.

"Well..." began Harry "The bed felt a bit different last night, felt like three people slept in it last night" he added hinting as to what happened.

"So, what we planning to do?" Luna asked.

"Well I was thinking of tracking down any of that left over champagne from last night, and then going back to our dorm and watching some films. And don't worry; we're not going to do anything in front of you" Harry said chuckling at what Luna was thinking.

"What did you do?" asked Susan to Neville who blushed.

"We went and found that pudding, and then checked where the Nargles were. Then after that, we slept in the room of requirement cause we figure you'd be tired and we didn't want to wake you" Neville said.

"Whatever" Harry said and he started to eat his breakfast. The one thing he was looking forward to tomorrow was the fact it was Christmas day, and he wondered what he would be getting. He already had the two best presents he had ever had already, so he thought about what else he would be getting. Today being Christmas Eve, he had a few things to take care of in the village and so he told McGonagall that he would be going into the village. She was a bit reluctant to allow him to go and Harry asked what was making her so edgy.

"One of the house elves brought me a note this morning" McGonagall explained as she handed over a piece of parchment. Harry took it and started to read the note.

Dear Professor McGonagall

This is a note requesting a meeting between ourselves, you and Harry Potter. We know that we have done some terrible things over the last few weeks and we hope this meeting can explain what has happened.

Hermione Granger, Ginerva Weasley, Ronald Weasley.

Harry read and re-read it in case he had missed anything, but he hadn't. A small part of his mind told him it was part of a trap, but the part of him he trusted the most said that he should go and hear them out. That part won of course and he told McGonagall that he would meet her outside the door to Gryffindor tower in ten minutes. He left the heads office and went to his own tower and found Neville and Luna in the living area.

"Where's Hannah and Susan?" he asked.

"They're both up in our room" Luna said leaning onto Neville "I'll go get them" she said and went upstairs. She came back in two minutes with the other two girls in tow behind her.

"Hi Harry, what's up?" asked Hannah giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"McGonagall got a note from Hermione, Ginny and Ron asking for a meeting between them, McGonagall and me in Gryffindor tower" and Harry explained the rest of the note.

"Wonder what they will want to talk about?" Susan pondered.

"I don't know, Susan" Harry admitted "But it must be something important".

"I'd be careful if I was you" Neville said and Harry nodded his understanding.

"Why don't you come with me as security?" he said at last.

"I know I'd feel better if I was with you" Hannah and Susan said at the same time causing fits of giggles.

"Well if that's settled, lets go then" Harry said putting the bottle of champagne which he had managed to rescue, on the table and then taking the lead, he left with the others and went to his old home at Hogwarts. The portrait was already open and they climbed through to see their three attackers and the headmistress sitting and waiting for them.

"Erm... hello Harry. I hope you had a nice wedding" Hermione said in a rather timid voice.

"I did have a nice wedding" Harry said carefully.

"The note only requested that you and I attend this meeting. What are the others doing here?" asked McGonagall eyeing Hannah, Susan, Neville and Luna as they stood around the chair that Harry sat in.

"They are my council and truest friends" Harry replied coldly.

"Very well" McGonagall said slowly. She turned her attention to the three Gryffindors in front of her. "Well, we are here like you asked us to be. Perhaps you should begin your explanation" she said pushing her glasses up her nose and settled back into her chair.

"Yes Professor" Hermione said looking very serious yet at the same time very apprehensive. "First of all, we would like to say how sorry we are over what we have done to Harry and the others. We've spent the time since we attacked him in the great hall in here like you told us to, and last week something happened to us that has changed the way we feel about Harry and his friends" she said looking at her feet in a very un-Hermioneish way.

"What did you find?" asked Harry and Hermione reached into the inside of her robes and pulled out a small rememball

"Just play it" Ginny spoke for the first time since they had entered the common room. Harry took the rememball and with a tap of his wand he and McGonagall viewed the memories. Everybody else in the room watched as the two sat motionless for several minutes, eventually drawing their minds out and McGonagall looked at the three.

"The restrictions on you three are removed from this moment. I never knew that he had done that. I knew he had done terrible things, but I never thought Albus capable of all people to alter other's minds" McGonagall said her voice breaking as she tried to sort through the memories she had seen.

"What happened?" asked Neville and Harry looked at him right in the eyes.

"Dumbledore altered their memories after we had got back from the Department of Mysteries. He visited them in the hospital wing and told Pomfrey to leave, and when she did so he hit them three with powerful mind altering spells. They have only just worn off, because Dumbledore's powers are waning due to him being in Azkaban" Harry said.

"It was horrible to do it because we could stop it. We could see ourselves attacking you and saying the stuff to you, it was like being a prisoner inside our own minds" Ron said shaking his red headed hair in sadness. "We knew exactly what was going on, but we could do nothing to sort it out" he added.

"What do you think, Harry?" asked McGonagall and Harry looked as if he was thinking about the question of life itself.

"I can forgive them as they couldn't help it, that's something else that I hate Dumbledore for, but I can't be friends with them for a long time. Something like this takes a long time to get over" Harry said and without speaking another word, he got up and stormed out of the room with Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville having to run to keep up. He didn't speak a single syllable until the group reached the lake, where he sat under the huge beech tree

"Harry?" Susan said catching her breath "What did you see?" she asked.

"I saw their entire memories of everything that happened" Harry said staring into the lake. "At first they did what they did voluntary, because Dumbledore said it would make me get closer to him, which would be to everyone's best interests, or so he said. But Hermione thought it was strange I was not going to back to Dumbledore's wing, but when she went to him, he put her under a powerful memory charm to force her to do his will" Harry finished.

"You only said Hermione" Hannah began.

"But what about Ginny and Ron?" asked Neville finishing the question.

"They, and the rest of their family, think that Dumbledore was always doing the right thing. They used to put on that happy appearance just for my sake" Harry said bitterly. Hannah and Susan each put an arm around him and held him tightly.

"But, you have no problem with Fred and George" Luna pointed out correctly.

“Those two where always the black sheep of the family. They believed what I told them over their family and so basically, they have been disowned. They no longer talk to any member of their family” Harry said looking at the blond haired girl. Then he turned and looked at the lake that it was well into the afternoon when Hannah suggested they walked back to their tower. Harry nodded and the group followed him as he walked back into the entrance hall and had they had reached the 4th floor when he heard a lot of shouting and small cries for help. He held up a hand to stop the others and listened to determine where the noise was coming from. After a few moments, he realized the sounds where coming from behind them and he raced through the mass of his friends and went along the corridor.

“No running in the corridor” Filch said looming out from behind a door, but Harry instinctively knew he had little time and so put a body bind charm on the caretaker. He would have to explain that later Harry knew, but something was very wrong indeed.

“No.... please..... stop it! Please I’ll do anything you want, but not that ARGHHHHH” The last bit was screamed out and Harry knew it was Hermione’s voice.

“After all we’ve done, you still support that freak?” and Harry’s insides froze. He knew that voice... Ron’s.

“Please.... don’t do this ARGHHHH!” Hermione screamed her cries coming from a classroom. Harry drew his wand and kicked open the door and looked at the sight before him

Ron had pushed Hermione onto the floor and had removed all of her clothes except her bra. A crumpled pile of jeans, jumper, shoes, t-shirt and knickers lay nearby. He had his jeans down by his ankles along with his boxers and was proceeding to rape Hermione. Hermione was completely terrified and in fits of tears, crying uncontrollably with tears over her face. He had taken her virginity as there was blood on the floor around them and Harry tried not to be sick on the spot at the sight before him.

“Can’t you see I’m busy Ginny?” Ron said not taking his attention off and ripped off her bra leaving her completely naked to all those in the room. Harry didn’t hesitate a moment longer and pointed his wand at one of those he had once counted as a friend and he wasn’t the only one that had drawn a wand either.

“EXPELLIARMUS” came the cry of five identical spells which hit Ron sending him flying across the room, slamming into the wall opposite.

“Hannah, Susan, Luna. Get Hermione taken care of. Neville, give us a hand with this bastard will you?” and the two boys tied up Ron with the magical binding charm each, just to be certain he had not a chance of getting free. When the two were done he called for Dobby. “Dobby listen to me very carefully. I want you to go to Professor McGonagall and bring her here. I don’t care if she is in a meeting with the Minister himself. This is a direct order and cannot be superseded!” Harry ordered the elf and Dobby nodded to show he understood and disappeared. Harry meanwhile had conjured a blanket out of nowhere and covered Hermione it, so she had some decency while she was getting dressed, assisted by Hannah, Susan and Luna who stood protectively around her. A small pop alerted him to Dobby’s return and the elf stood in the middle of the classroom alongside McGonagall.

“Mr Potter! I hope you have a good.....” her voice trailed off as she looked at the sight of Hermione crying, and Ron tied up against the wall.

“In a minute Professor” Harry cut off McGonagall’s next speech. “Dobby, go to the hospital wing and bring Pomfrey here at once. This is a direct order and cannot be superseded” Dobby nodded again and disappeared only to pop back in a little over six seconds with the Medi-Witch in tow.

“Merlin’s beard!” she exclaimed “What has happened here?” was her question.

“That’s what I’d like to know” McGonagall said arms crossed looking directly at Harry.

“When I left the Gryffindor common room earlier, I went down to the lake and sat for a long time with my wives and friends. We were heading back to our private tower when I heard a lot of shouting and cries for help. I ran as I followed the sounds, I body bound Filch by the way so someone will have unbind him. Anyway, I followed the sounds and they came from this classroom. I kicked open the door and found him” looking with daggers for eyes at the form of Ron “with his jeans and boxers down by his ankles, on top of a naked Hermione who he was raping” Harry finished and the two women’s faces drained of all colour. Pomfrey went over to Hermione to give what aid she could to the distressed girl while McGonagall bent down and gave Dobby some instructions. He disappeared to return with Tonks and Kingsley seconds later. Harry repeated his story and Kingsley turned a violent shade of red and crossed to pick Ron up by his neck and with a swish of his wand, Ron was now in a state of decency. Tonks was talking to the assembled mass of Hermione, Hannah, Susan, Luna, Pomfrey and McGonagall. Ron stirred from the unconsciousness he had got after he had slammed into the wall. His eyes darted for a moment as he tried to get away only to be stopped by the magical rope binding him.

“Ronald Bilius Weasley. You are charged with the rape of Hermione Jane Granger. You will be taken from this place and sent to Azkaban prison to await trial” Kingsley said trying to keep the rage inside him.

“And he’s something from me as well” Harry said and punched Ron right in the nose causing it to bleed. As he looked down, Harry noticed the abandoned wand of the red headed boy in front of him. Neville had seen it too as with one careful deliberate motion, he stamped on it making it break into two pieces. He followed it up by punching Ron in the nose as well, actually putting it back into place.

“Get him out of here” McGonagall spat and Dobby, Kingsley and Ron vanished into thin air. Harry and the rest of those in the room crowded round Hermione and did their best to take care of her.

“Is she in any state to be questioned?” Tonks asked knowing the answer already, and Madam Pomfrey shook her head.

"There's no telling when someone will be able to begin to get over something like this. I know of people who never have done" the other witch said sadness in her voice.

"How could Mr Weasley have done such a thing? He was under the spell Albus placed on them, and he couldn't do anything" McGonagall said shaking her head in complete disbelief of the events that had taken place.

"He wasn't under the spell. He and that family of his sided with Dumbledore to do everything that made me get trained by him or by Snape. The only two that didn't go with that theory was the twins. They believed what I said and they side with me on everything" Harry said to the group of three older witches. "Ron and Ginny where to keep attacking me to try and have me drop the charges against Dumbledore so he would be released and come back here. Dumbledore put Hermione under a mind altering spell and then Ron and Ginny kept her under it every time they attacked me. She never had a chance to do anything for herself and then this happens" Harry said with venom in his speech.

It took almost half an hour for Hermione to calm down enough to move from where she was sitting. Pomfrey put an arm around the still sobbing girl and led her towards the hospital wing followed by Tonks who promised to have somebody sent from the ministry who was trained to deal with such matters like this one. McGonagall left to go back to her office. She was going to deal with Ginny herself, but Harry asked her to wait a while. He explained exactly what he wanted to do, and with regard to two of the participants, McGonagall agreed to his request. Harry went up to their tower he shared, and chucked some Floo powder into the fireplace.

"Weasley's Wizard Wheezes" he cried and jumped into the fire only to reappear in the shop that he had helped to set up. As soon as he got his bearings, he searched for the twins but couldn't find them. He went up to the till where the assistant was stood serving a customer. He waited for her to serve the customer and then walked up to the till. "Are the twins in?" he asked.

"If you mean Mr Weasley and Mr Weasley, I'm afraid that they are in the developing room, testing new products" the assistant said, and Harry remembered her name as Violet.

"Tell them I need to see them right away" Harry said a little more forcefully.

"I can not do that. They left instructions to not be disturbed" Violet said tiredly.

"Well they just got countermanded" Harry said.

"Unless you are the minister, or have a letter from him, then I can not let you past" Violet said sounding bored with Harry as if he was nothing more then a flea.

"Fine, I'll go in there myself" and Harry stormed past her and went into what he assumed was the developing room. The door was locked but a simple Alohamora charm took care of that, and Harry went inside with Violet protesting loudly behind him.

"Ah, Harry! What do we owe this pleasant surprise?" asked George holding a box that proudly proclaimed "Weasleys Magical Maladies".

"You after some Christmas presents or just some of our fireworks?" asked Fred holding an identical box.

"No, nothing like that" Harry said and he explained the entire reason for his unexpected visit. As he guessed both of the twins paled to the same colour as whitest white. Both twins put their boxes down and picked up their wands. They also picked up the very same cloaks they had left Hogwarts in and put them on. Together, they walked out of the room and into the shop which was busy indeed.

"EVERYBODY OUT, RIGHT NOW" the twins bellowed so loudly that the customers jumped.

"We are now closed" Fred said "And as it's Christmas, we are letting you have what you are carrying right now for free, if you all leave in the next five minutes" he added.

“Four minutes fifty nine and counting” George said and the customers rushed out the shop, leaving the shop completely empty. He turned to the Violet and told her to go as well, and she left the shop with her wages and a large bag of products to make up for the fact she was missing several hours of the last shopping day of the year before Christmas.

“Let’s get back to Hogwarts, and take care of business” Fred said silently as he crossed to the door and spun the sign on the door to show people they had closed.

“I can’t believe Ron could do this” George said as he picked up the floo powder. He looked at Harry with a question on his face. “You are certain he did this?” he asked.

“I saw it with my own eyes” Harry confirmed and took some of the Floo powder. “HOGWARTS” he cried and jumped into the fire feeling that pull around his stomach as he was transported to Hogwarts once again.

A/N: Well once again I repeat my warning and state that if you have been affected by rape and this story chapter has brought back those memories, then I apologize as that was not my intension at all. If this has brought up bad memories then can I suggest seeing a professional and begin to deal with your problems.

I hope this fanfic will clear up the reason why Ginny, Hermione and Ron have been acting the way they have been acting. This chapter is not remarkable except for the fact that it marks a turning point in the course of the fanfic, and I cant give you any clues about what is going to happen, but..... Lets just say that Harry is going to clear up a lot of the bad stuff at Hogwarts and the next few chapters are going to deal with that.

Once again, I hope that the above rape seen has been done in as decent way as possible and has not upset anyone in anyway shape or form. If anyone has a problem with this r anything in my fanfic, then please say so in the review.

Regards,

Pixel

Weeding out the Weasleys and Mucking out Malfoy

"Fred and George Weasley, I wish I could be seeing you under different circumstances" McGonagall said as they appeared in the heads office back at Hogwarts. They stepped out of the fire place and sat in chairs next to Harry. Hannah, Susan, Luna, Neville and Tonks also stood or sat in chairs around the room.

"Professor, Harry has told us what has happened concerning our little brother" Fred said and spat the word 'brother' with more venom than a snake.

"We hear our sister is also involved in this somehow" George said looking at the floor for a few moments eventually looking up at Harry and the others.

"Where is Ronald now?" asked Fred.

"He is currently being held at Azkaban awaiting trial" Tonks said. "I can not say what his charges are at the moment, but you will find out at the case" she added. Tonks looked torn between duty and honour for a moment. Her duty was to only say what she had said, but then again she respected Harry and what remained of his friends so honour and loyalty won out. "As for Ginny, you wait till we get her as well. There will be so many charges on her head, that her head will be flat" Tonks said.

"What is the plan?" asked Hannah after there was a few moments of silence.

"We are going to locate Ginny Weasley and arrest her. It is as simple as that" McGonagall said.

"Well let's go then" Neville said and Harry led the way out of the room and out into the corridor. He was overtaken by the twins and Harry who took the lead and headed towards Ginny, and sure enough the Marauders map confirmed Ginny's location as the Gryffindor common room. They passed several groups of students who simply broke up at the sight of the party and the looks on their faces as they walked in complete silence to the tower. They reached the portrait of the fat

lady, who simply swung open without asking for the password. They went through the passage and into the common room to the shock of those inside who had never seen so many people enter at one go before.

"Where is Ginerva Weasley?" asked McGonagall to the students inside.

"She just went into her dorm room" Parvatti said timidly.

"Go and get her" Harry said simply and Parvatti nodded and went up the stairs to the 5th year girl's dorm room and came back with the youngest Weasley sibling.

"Ginerva Weasley, I am arresting you on charges of attempted bodily harm, destruction of property, improper use of magic and the most serious charge of all: conspiracy to the rape of a 16 year old girl" Tonks kept her voice as calm as possible. "You will surrender your wand and come with me" Tonks added, but Ginny had gone for her wand. But before she did more then twitched her hand, when Harry, Hannah, Susan, Luna, Neville, Fred and George pulled out their wands. Several of the Gryffindor Quidditch team also pulled their wands out and pointed them at the red haired girl. She took one look at the crowd and decided to give in, and Ginny handed over her wand to Tonks who slapped on a set of magical handcuffs on the girl. She led her away and the group also left, but Harry and his wives and friends returned to their tower to regain over what they had just experienced.

"I can't believe that Ron and Ginny have done that" Harry said as she stared out of the window. He felt totally devastated by what had taken place.

"Well they have done it, and they will be punished for what they have done" Luna said firmly.

"The trouble is that no pureblood has ever been convicted of rape" Hannah said looking at Luna's confused face.

"What do you mean.... Never been convicted?" she asked.

"Because purebloods always manage to get out of it, by modifying the memory of their victim. Only in Hermione's case that didn't happen" Susan explained.

"Well they will get punished, I can be certain on that" Harry said and there was silence as the others thought about Harry's last statement. It was Neville who broke the quiet.

"You're on the Wizandgamot, aren't you" he asked and Harry nodded at him.

"And I will make certain that they get punished to the fullest of my ability" Harry said and nobody said anything for several minutes. The only sound was the ticking of a clock and the crackling of the fire burning away. Eventually Luna announced that she was going to the kitchens to get something to eat.

"I hope they have pudding" she said and skipped out of the room.

"I'm going to go see if I can help with taking care of Hermione" Hannah said.

"Hold on a minute, I'm coming as well" Susan said and they both departed for the hospital wing.

"I'm sticking with you" Neville said before Harry could react.

"Thanks" Harry said. "I'm going to see McGonagall. You coming?" he asked.

"Sure" Neville replied, though he was going to go anyway. As he walked to the head's office, Neville kept Harry's mind off what had happened by discussing the next Quidditch game they faced which was against Hufflepuff. But apart from answering in the right places, Neville could tell that Harry's heart was not in it at all. They had just passed the great hall when they heard Malfoy's cruel voice from behind them.

"I hear that Ron had a go at the Mudblood. I'm surprised that he did it, but then again, we all have to make do with what we've got on hand, hadn't we?" he asked coldly and Harry and Neville stopped on the proverbial six pence and spun on their heels to face the blond Slytherin. He was standing next to the doors to the hall leaning one the left hand door slightly.

"What did you say?" asked Harry slowly, trying to keep his rage under control for the second time that day.

"I said I was surprised that Ron had sex with that Mudblood, but then again she was probably asking for it after all, little slut" Malfoy said and he appeared to be quite enjoying himself. However this released the pent up anger in Harry.

"DRACO MALFOY! HOW DARE YOU SAY THAT? YOU'RE NO BETTER THEN RONALD WEASLEY BY SAYING THAT! YOU DISGUSTING PIECE OF SLIME THAT SHOULD CRAWL BACK TO THE SWAMP IT CAME FROM" roared Harry's voice and it actually made Malfoy take five steps back.

"Well, it's not as if you can do anything now" Malfoy said, though with slightly less bravo.

"Really?" asked Neville.

"Oh, I forgot you were there Fatbottom" Malfoy leered at the boy.

"Don't! Call! Me! That!" Neville spat out.

"Why?" asked Malfoy regaining his swagger "What you going to do? Hit me?" asked the blond.

"He won't, but I'll do something about you" and Harry drew his wand and pointed it at Malfoy and sent a jinx at him, which Malfoy only just dodged away in time. The blond pulled out his wand and started to send out jinxes and curse at the pair. They sent out counter attacks when they had the chance.

"He's gotten better" remarked Neville as he spun left to avoid the leg locker curse.

"I know" Harry said as he shot the body bind at Draco. The battle lasted for several more seconds until Neville shot the body bind at Draco who dodged right into the path of the leg locker curse from Harry's wand. It spun him into the wall and he slid down to sit with his back against the wall, legs bound magically to each other.

"Let me go" Malfoy demanded "Let me go, and I'll see about getting my master to kill you quickly!" he added defiantly then paled as he realized what he had said.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded McGonagall's voice from behind them.

"Malfoy made some remarks about Hermione, Professor" Harry said knowing that she would understand. "Then he insulted Neville and that's when it kicked off".

"Well magic is forbidden in the corridors, but as it was in defense I will let you off" the headmistress said, looking at the form of Malfoy slumped against the wall. "Anything else?" she asked.

"Actually, there is" Neville said "Malfoy is a Death Eater".

"What?" asked McGonagall surprised.

"Mr Malfoy let it slip" Harry said.

"I assume that you have some evidence to back this up. Another student who heard this, perhaps?" she questioned. As a response, Harry crossed over to Malfoy and pulled up one of the sleeves of his robes. He pulled it up far enough to show the Dark mark on his forearm. Malfoy was struggling to get free, but his legs were still bound together.

"This do you, Professor?" Harry asked his eyes blazing.

"I'll accept that as evidence" McGonagall said staring at the blond. She flicked her wand to cancel the bind on Malfoy. Harry kicked him in the ribs when he refused to move.

"Get on your feet, you fucking piece of abortion" he shouted and Malfoy slowly got up to his feet. "Now you will do as I say. You are going to walk in front of us, and do it slowly. If I say jump, you ask 'How high'. Get it?" Harry asked jabbing his wand into Malfoy's back to show he meant every word. They walked in complete silence to the hospital wing where Tonks was still located, along with Hannah, Susan and Luna.

"Wotcha, Harry. What we got here?" asked Tonks looking at the sight of both Harry's and Neville's wands poking into Malfoy's back.

"Found a Dung Eater for you. Look at his arm if you don't believe me" Harry said shoving Malfoy towards the Auror.

"That's okay, Harry. I might take early retirement if you keep picking up people like this" Tonks joked. She grabbed Malfoy by the neck and dragged him towards a bed at the far end of the hospital wing and tied him to it with a length of rope that sprouted from her wand. When she was finished she rejoined the increased huddle over Hermione's bed. Hermione was wrapped up in the beds covers and was asleep.

"How long did it take for her to go asleep?" asked Neville concerned.

"Actually she was so distressed, that Pomfrey gave her a sleeping draught so she could get some well needed rest. As for getting better, that will take a much much longer time" Susan said.

"I'm afraid that you will all have to leave" Pomfrey said as she came out of her office. "I want to make sure that Miss Granger has some unbroken sleep. I also have to do some examinations which are very private and personal". They left the hospital wing passing a witch who went into the hospital wing and closed the doors. Harry causally thought that it must be someone who was trained to deal with stressful situations like this. Having nothing better to do, Harry and his friends returned to their tower. He had to finish wrapping the Christmas presents he had purchased. The others simply talked and

Hannah wrote a letter to her mother, Katie. Hannah was spending Christmas at Hogwarts with Harry and the rest of the group. She was going to send her mothers present along with the letter using Hedwig, Harry letting her use his owl to send both items all together. Harry had been looking forward to the next day, but after the attack on Hermione... well his heart just wasn't in it. He thought about going down to the hospital wing sometime tomorrow and take Hermione some chocolate frogs if he could sneak past Pomfrey. It was getting towards late afternoon when the door to their tower opened and in walked the Weasley twins.

"Knock knock" George joked as they strolled in.

"Take a seat" Harry gestured and two extra seats appeared.

"Do we have to put them back?" Fred asked smiling and Harry rolled his eyes.

"So, what's the latest?" he asked.

"Tonks has gone back to the Ministry with Ginerva and Draco in tow. They didn't look happy little elves" Fred remarked. "But forget that, how's Hermione?" he asked concerned for the bushy haired girl.

"She's under a calming draught and being examined by Pomfrey" Harry said as the twins sat down. "But like people have said before, rape is something that you don't get over fast".

"We thought that might be the case" George said. "We tried to get into the hospital wing, but the doors where locked with something even our products cant get past".

"But not for long I take it?" Neville asked.

"We're working on it" Fred winked at Neville.

"What are you doing for Christmas?" asked Hannah.

"Dunno" shrugged Fred "We're not exactly welcomed at home are we?".

"They even welcomed back that twit of a brother, Percy" George said shaking his head in disbelief of the fact while Hannah turned to Harry.

"Couldn't they spend tomorrow here?" she asked "They could stay with you and Neville in your room".

"I'll have to ask McGonagall" Harry said as Hedwig flew through the window. He picked up a scrap of parchment and a quill and wrote a note out. "Hey, Hedwig. I've a little job for you before you do what Hannah wants you to do" and the owl landed on the table in front of him and nibbled his fingers affectionately. "Can you take this note to Professor McGonagall? Stay there till she gives you a reply can you? Thanks girl" and Harry placed the note in her talons and ruffled her feathers and Hedwig flew out the window stretching her wings as she did so.

"Still showing off I see" George laughed.

"Like somebody else we know" Fred replied as Susan came down from the girls dorm with a load of wrapped presents in her arms.

"I'm just going to take these to the Post Office in Hogsmeade, Harry" Susan said shifting the presents in her arms so she could see better.

"Be careful" Harry said.

"I always am!" Susan pouted half-heartedly and went out the door which swung itself shut. At the same time, Hedwig returned and landed on Harry's shoulder.

"Did she reply?" Harry asked and Hedwig hooted softly as a yes. Once Harry had taken the reply from her talons, she hopped over to Hannah who attached a bag to her claws. Hannah stroked Hedwig's head a few times, then the owl flew out on her second mission of the day.

"Whats the reply say?" the twins and Hannah asked at the same time.

"It says 'Don't steal the towels this time'. Wonder what she means by that" Harry wondered and Neville looked equally puzzled. The twins however were rolling on the floor in complete and total laughter.

"I thought she had forgotten about that" Fred said, drying his eyes from the tears running down his face.

"We had already planned to leave Hogwarts, and had been stealing the towels from here and sending them to the shop in Diagon Alley. They were just too good to leave behind" George explained. And Hannah, Harry, Luna and Neville burst into fits of giggles and laughter. When they managed to stop and calm down, they discussed what would be likely presents for each other. Harry sent Dobby out for a crate of butterbeer at the same time that Susan returned from Hogsmeade.

"We're having the twins staying for Christmas" Luna told her.

"Oooh, that will be nice" Susan said as Dobby returned with the crate of butterbeer.

"Everyone, take a bottle" Harry said and handed everyone a bottle. Harry was about to start on his bottle when he looked at the window. "Hey look outside" he told everyone and there was a mad dash to grab a good view. It was snowing outside even more than it had already been, and Hagrid could be seen with a massive shovel clearing the snow from the paths so people could pass safely.

"He's going to have his work cut out" Neville noted.

"Yeah, reckon we should give him a hand?" Harry asked and everyone nodded.

They raced up to their dorm rooms and got jumpers and the warmest coats they owned, and Harry conjured a couple for the twins as they hadn't got their things yet. They were going to go back to their shop and get the presents as well as warmer clothes. They went down to the grounds and offered their services to Hagrid who accepted with a big smile over his bearded face. They set to work with their wands and blasted the white piles with bursts of fire from their wands and melted

the snow from the paths. After a good ten minutes it was now possible to make the trip from Hogwarts to the school gates before the end of time and after being thanked by Hagrid, they put warming charms on each other and had a snowball fight to end all snowball fights. It was Harry, Neville and the twins against Hannah, Luna and Susan. The girls stood no chance as Neville and the twins fired volley after volley while Harry summoned his invisibility cloak and crept round behind the girls and started to pelt them from the rear. The warming charms didn't last long and they trooped back to the tower minus the twins who said that they would take the chance to get what they needed from the shop in Diagon Alley.

"See you later then" Harry said as the twins disappeared from view. If he knew what was going to happen on Christmas day, he wouldn't have been so cheerful for any reason.

A/N: Well, Harry seems to be clearing out at Hogwarts doesn't he?

Well I hope you like this chapter and I finally dealt with that smarmy git, Malfoy, which is a bonus!

The reason Ginny has been arrested is because of the fact that she is in as much trouble as Ron himself. Before you ask, I'm not going to say what will happen in the next chapter, but let's just say that it will shock many readers as it features the death of a character who is much loved. I'm not saying who of course, but I'm sure the brainier ones of you can guess who it will be.

And if anyone can see the quote from the film "The Wild Geese" and correctly identifies it, then you can have a cookie, and a mention in the chapter somehow.

Pixel

The Festive Fight

Harry slowly opened his eyes, due to the shining light pouring through the window, and lifted his head experimentally. In front of him was Neville who was snoring as normal, and the twins were sleeping as well with George upside down in bed for some reason. Harry pulled back the covers and got up, putting on his slippers and crossing over to the window he saw the amount of snow that had accumulated over the night. The grounds were buried under a blanket of crisp white snow making passage from the castle to the gates impossible by normal means. Harry and his friends could always use the secret passages to get out if they wanted to, but Harry suspected that nobody would want to. He grabbed a towel and a pair of jeans, a red and gold shirt, a knitted jumper that Dobby had given him two years ago and a pair of trainers and headed towards the shower for a nice warm soak. When he was done, he dressed and left the shower dumping the towel in the wash basket. The first person he saw when he got downstairs was Susan who was sitting on the floor next to a Christmas tree that filled the entire corner of the room nearest the fireplace.

“Harry! Merry Christmas” Susan said as she ran and threw her arms around Harry’s neck, kissing him at the same time. Harry returned the gesture and hugged one of his two wives. Together they sat in an armchair with Susan sitting on Harry’s lap, her head resting on his shoulder. He felt totally relaxed and content as he and Susan waited for the others to come down. Once they had all assembled, they had a massive breakfast which consisted of just about every thing concerned with a full English breakfast. Somebody – and Harry suspected that it was Dobby – had set up a large table and platters of bacon, fried eggs, sausages, beans, tomatoes and mushrooms. Several large pitchers of Pumpkin juice stood at each end with goblets for everyone, and they all descended on the food eating like a pack of wolves. When Luna had finished eating the last slice of bacon, they gathered round the tree and got ready to open presents.

“Ladies first” Fred and George chorused together and Harry passed Hannah, Susan and Luna their presents first.

All three girls accepted the presents with thanks and then tore open the wrapping with complete abandonment and soon the space around them was filled with scraps of paper. Hannah screamed with delight as she saw what Harry had gotten her: a massive volume containing every collectable card from the inside of chocolate frogs. For Susan, Harry had sneaked out to Diagon Alley and brought her a brilliant gold and silver encrusted diamond mirror and hairbrush. Luna had got the biggest gift she could ever hope for. Neville had brought her a year pass to the Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour in Diagon Alley. He had known of her fondness for puddings, and so hoped it would be the best present he could get her. Judging by her smile, it certainly must have been. The twins and Neville were next to receive presents and Neville got his own broom, something he had wanted for a long time. Harry, Hannah, Susan and Luna had all chipped in some money to buy it. They had gone for the same model as Harry's – a Firebolt. The twins got a massive book of muggle jokes each and large bags from Honeydukes, which everyone else got as well. Harry was the last to receive his gifts and he opened the pile in front of him. For this Christmas Harry received: two pairs of knitted woollen socks (the note inside one pair said they from Dobby), his own copy of Quidditch through the Ages from Neville, his own portrait holding both the Quidditch and House cups from Luna and some strange looking potions from Hannah and Susan. The last present of all was a long thin package from the twins who urged him to put it on the floor before unwrapping which he did. He slowly undid the package, all the time wondering if the twins had put jinxes in each layer but they hadn't. When the present was fully opened up Harry gazed in amazement, after all you wouldn't find one of these things in Hogwarts any normal day.

"It's an odd looking broom" Luna said staring at a long thin piece of wood which had a curved bit at one end and a hole at the other. It had two silver pieces, one of which was a small stick shape while the other was small and curved inside what looked like a guard of some kind. The broom also had no twigs attached to it anywhere on its surface. Lying underneath the strange item were two more items in little leather bags. It took Harry a full seven and a half seconds to grasp what the twins had given him, while his friends poked the peculiar object.

“It’s not a broom, Luna” he said shaking his head in disbelief and smiling at the same time. “It’s called a Rifle” he explained and noted the confused looks on faces.

“A Rifle?” Luna confirmed and Harry nodded.

“A little something for Voldeshorts when he attacks” Fred said.

“Getting the rifle was easy, the powder was harder to get hold of, not to mention the bullets” George grinned as Harry turned it over. Harry knew exactly how to use one of these as he had seen them before on the muggle television. While living at the Dursley’s he had been made to clean the house even at night, but once every so often Petunia told him to stop for two hours starting at 9.00pm and finishing at 11.00pm. The first few times he had obeyed her baffled Harry, until he realised that his aunt was a Sean Bean fan. Sean Bean was a muggle actor who appeared in the series “Sharpe”, which was about an officer who fought the armies of the muggle general Napoleon. She never missed an episode and Harry watched intently picking up all the little details and filing them away.

“I’m not going to ask how you got this, but thanks you two” Harry said gratefully to the twins.

“What does it do and how does it work?” asked Hannah staring down the business end of the rifle. A bad thing to do if it was loaded at the time and it went off.

“Let’s go to the Room of Requirement and I’ll show you” Harry said and they left after Harry had used his invisibility cloak to hide the rifle and the bullets and what he assumed to be the gunpowder. They trooped up to the seventh floor greeting everyone they met, and after Harry had asked for ‘Somewhere where no-one can find us or hear us and that is soundproof’, they entered the room. Inside it had changed to have a row of eight empty butterbeer bottles standing on the top of barrels.

“What’s this for?” asked Hannah, peering at the row intently to see if they moved or something to give a clue as to what they were doing.

“I’ll show you” Harry said as he unwrapped his cloak from the rifle and took the leather bags from his pocket.

He took the time to explain what each part of the rifle did, and then began to load it. He took some powder from one of the bags and poured some into the firing pan, then poured the rest down the barrel. He selected one of the bullets and poked it down the barrel and gave the rifle a tap on the butt to make sure the bullet went down the barrel correctly. He lifted the rifle and placed the butt against his shoulder and aimed at one of the bottles. Harry pulled the trigger back till it made three clicks and then paused for a moment.

“You might want to cover your ears” he advised Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville and they put their hands over their ears as he told them to. He let a few seconds pass then he put his finger on the trigger and pulled it all the way back.

‘BANG’ the sound echoed through the room and Harry doubted even the room’s ability to keep the sound in. Almost at the same time as the bang, one of the bottles completely smashed as if Harry had used magic. He looked at the faces of his friends and saw that they were completely shocked.

“Does what it does? That was amazing” Neville said.

“It doesn’t only do that, it can hit people as well” Harry said.

“You mean as in killing them?” asked Susan.

“Yeah, it can do that. Depends on where you aim on the person though” Harry replied looking at the rifle, which blew a bit of smoke out of the end.

“You like it then?” Fred asked grinning.

“I certainly do” Harry said smiling at a sudden thought he had just had. “I just thought about Voldemort” he said.

“What about him?” asked Luna as she checked her ears for damage.

“He won’t know about these. Next time he attacks me, I can use this on him and his followers” he turned to the twins “How can I get more bullet and gunpowder?” he asked.

“Both bags are bewitched to refill themselves when empty” George said as he went to the door to leave. Fred was about to follow him when Harry asked where they got the rifle from.

“We know a muggle that makes these for those museums they have” Fred explained and he too left the room. Luna meanwhile looked at her watch.

“Harry, it’s nearly ten. Shall we go and see what other things people have sent us?” she asked. Harry was in two minds before deciding that he wanted to make a start on the masses of fudge and other sweets they had got from Honeydukes. Harry, wrapped up the gun again and put the bullets and gunpowder bags in his pocket and headed out of the door, Harry being the last to leave the room. just as he closed the door, he made a mental note to start coming here another time to get some practice in with the gun.

The friends had a great time eating the sweets and drinking the mead that Hagrid had sent them. Harry had used his wand to turn on the television and put on one of the films he had got. They all settled to watch ‘Pokemon: The First Movie’ which amused the twins no end. It was the other side of afternoon when it finished and Harry had gotten up and was looking out the window at the sight of someone letting off fireworks in Hogsmeade. Harry was wondering why people were doing it in daylight, more fireworks then even the twins had managed the night of the exhibition Quidditch match. Then he saw the sight he had not seen since the night of the Quidditch world cup final: the Black Mark.

“Fuck” Harry cursed “There’s Death Eaters attacking Hogsmeade” he elaborated and moved out of the way so the others could see the symbol of Voldemort himself. They stood in complete and total silence as, even from their distance, the spells being cast by the Death Eaters. Harry knew that Voldemort would have picked this time of the year to attack because most people would be off work including

the Aurors. Harry imagined that it would take precious time to get a decent sized force together, time they might not have.

“What are we going to do?” asked Susan, very afraid of what might happen.

“I don’t know” Hannah said putting her arm around Susan in comfort.

“There’s only one thing we can do” Harry spoke quietly making everyone jump a little.

“Whats that?” Neville questioned.

“We fight” Harry said simply looking Neville right in the eyes. Neville saw the fierce determination in Harry and nodded.

“I’m with you” he said.

“Where you go, we go too” said the twins solemnly. All traces of humour had gone from their voices and they now wore hardened looks. Hannah took one look at the battle in the distance, then at Harry and then back at the window again.

“I’m coming too” she announced and Susan stood up at the exact same moment. Something had changed in the girl, and Harry wasn’t quite sure what it was.

“I’m fighting with you” Susan said drawing her wand.

“What about you, Luna?” Harry asked.

“Of course there’s no question about it. I’m coming as well” she said brightly as if the group had decided to go on a day trip. Harry felt an immense burst of pride in his chest at the loyalty and trust his friends put in him.

“How are we going to get into Hogsmeade? It’ll take too long using those blasting charms” Harry pondered on the thought aloud. “We need to get into Hogsmeade itself, but not be seen until it’s too late for Voldemort and his lot.

"The tunnels" Fred said suddenly. "We can use the secret underground tunnels from Hogwarts" and Harry remembered which ones he meant, plus they could take the marauders map and see if any Death Eaters were waiting for them at Honeydukes where the tunnel had the other end.

"Tunnels it is then" Harry agreed. Then he thought of something else. Even with a force of five, it might not be enough. "Dobby" he called and the elf popped into view. "Dobby, go and get the senior members of the Gryffindor Quidditch team and bring them here at once. But only those that still are at Hogwarts and not gone for the holidays" and Dobby nodded and disappeared from view with the quietest pop they had ever heard. It took several seconds for Dobby to complete his task and there stood a bewildered little group in front of Harry. Dean, Seamus and Parvati stood in front of Harry, and it was Seamus who spoke first.

"What's going on?" he asked putting his jumper to rights. His clothes looked as if they had been hurriedly put on and Harry didn't bother to ask why.

"Voldemort and his followers are attacking Hogsmeade and it's going to take the Aurors ages to get here. We are going to have to at least slow them down enough to buy time. We aren't enough to do much and we need the help" Harry said everything in as few words as possible to make it clear as it could be.

"We'll I'm in" Dean said without hesitation.

"Me too" Parvati said.

"Guess I'm in too" Seamus said almost at the same time.

"Thank you. I didn't want to push you into anything, and it seems fair to say that you may get injured and killed" Harry said.

"Well look at it this way" Seamus said, "If we die, they can build us a statue. Or maybe I can become a ghost in the girls bathroom. I'm

sure Myrtle would like the company” and despite the serious situation, everyone chuckled.

“Harry Potter, sir?” Dobby’s small voice came from behind the three newcomers. “Dobby wishes to join you”. Harry was tempted to say yes, but he knew what the elf might do if Harry was threatened.

“Fred and George, take these lot to the statue, I’ll be right behind you” Harry promised the last bit to Hannah and Susan. The twins nodded and Harry saw them leave the room. When the back of Luna had gone round the door frame, he turned to the elf. “Dobby, I’m afraid you can’t come with us” he said simply.

“Why does Harry Potter not need Dobby’s help?” the elf said whose eyes went as wide as saucers.

“I don’t want you getting hurt” he said, but this was not working with Dobby, he suspected. Then he thought of something many years ago that someone had done to Neville. “You have to stay here because I have an important job for you” and Dobby cheered up at the news.

“Whatever Dobby can do” he assured Harry.

“I want you to sit on that wooden chair” Harry ordered. Dobby was baffled but obeyed none the less. He had just turned his back when Harry hit him with the body bind, and the elf fell to the floor with a thud. Harry stood over Dobby and looked at his searching eyes. They were asking why Harry had done such a thing. “Where I am going, you can not follow” he said and turned to leave. As he was leaving he spotted the rifle he had been given by the twins. “Might as well have that” he said aloud to no one” and grabbed the rifle and jammed the bag of gunpowder and bag of bullets into his pockets and Harry ran through the corridors to the statue of the one eyed witch. Everyone was waiting for him and Parvatti and Seamus looked at the strange object in his hands.

“Harry? Where did you get that rifle from?” Dean asked surprising everyone that he knew what it was.

“From the twins and it’s a long story” Harry said. “Right, if any of you want to leave, now’s the time to say” but everyone shook their heads. “Right, let’s do this” and George opened the statue up and Harry led the way down the dark passive way. Neville and Fred moved up close to him and light up the way ahead with their wand tips. They passed the trip in silence until they reached the other end of the tunnel. Harry got out the marauders map which he had snatched from next to the rifle. “I solemnly swear that I am up to no good” and tapped his wand lightly on the parchment. A mass of black lines appeared and the general layout of Hogsmeade appeared. The little names moved around so fast that Harry couldn’t see who was with Voldemort, or if in fact Voldemort was here in the first place. What he did know was that Honeydukes was clear of Death eaters, so Harry pushed open the trap door and clambered into the shop itself. He could hear the sound of the various spells, jinxes and curses being cast, even from inside. The group raced to the windows where they could see Rosemetta taking on three Death Eaters by herself, from the top windows of the Three Broomsticks. Honeydukes was at the end of the street at the top of a “T” of the main street of Hogsmeade. This gave Harry and the group a good view of the street and they could see other Death Eaters attack random targets, their masks sat on their faces and robes flapped wildly as the force of the various spells caught them. Harry took one long look at the situation and made his mind up as to what to do.

“Fred, George and Seamus, I want you three to get up to the next floor and watch for Death Eaters coming up on either side of us. Grab some objects and transfigure them into mirrors or something. Dean, Hannah and Luna, you go the back of the shop and wait in case they try to get in the back. Neville, Parvatti and Susan, you three stay with me and cover when I’m reloading the rifle” Harry ordered and everybody obeyed him without question, and they went to where Harry told them to go. “No time to open this” he said as he used the butt of the rifle to smash three panes of glass so his small party could shoot spells – and in Harry’s case, the rifle – out to attack the Death Eaters.

The sounds of battle masked the noise of the breaking glass and they took cover underneath the windowsill, and Harry loaded and primed the rifle, taking aim at a blond haired Death Eater. He waited a

precious second while he steadied the gun and then fired. The rifle's bullet hit the Death Eaters arm and it caused blood and skin to burst from him like some sort of obscene lotus flower. He (and Harry could tell it was a male) looked at his arm in disbelief and then looked around wildly as he tried to find who had hit him. At the same time, Neville, Parvatti and Susan sent spells toward the mass of Death Eaters hit two of them in the chest which sent them flying, and nether got up again.

"Good work" Harry said as three spells came from upstairs as Fred, George and Seamus sent out a mass of Bubble charms and Leg Locker curses in an effort to stop two Death eaters from sneaking along the right hand side of the shop. This had the effect of advertising their position to all and sundry and several Death Eaters detached themselves from the main fight and began a duck and run movement as they attempted to get close to Honeydukes. Harry loaded and fired again and hit the blond haired Death Eater once again, this time in the other arm and he was out of the fight. Again spells where sent out and Harry was reloading the rifle when a spell from one of the Death Eaters managed to get into the shop and hit both of the bags containing the gunpowder and the bullets, blowing them apart and scattering the contents.

"Shit" Harry swore as he realised he only had one shot left, and that was in the rifle. He put down the gun and reached for his wand, only to realise it was back at Hogwarts and he swore again.

"Whats up?" asked Neville as she sent out a green coloured spell.

"They got the bags and I left my wand back in our dorm tower" Harry said as he ducked under the window.

Parvatti raised her wand into the air and summoned Harry's wand for him. The three girls fired spell after spell at the Death Eaters as the sound of fighting came from behind them. Clearly some of the Death Eaters had managed to get behind the shops and houses, and where now trying to get inside. From the sound of it, Dean Hannah and Luna where giving as good as they got and where putting up a good fight. Harry turned to look out the broken window as a small object

appeared and Harry's wand came sailing over the rooftops to land in Parvatti's hand, despite the attempt by Death Eaters to shoot it down.

"Thanks" Harry said as she handed it over to him. He held out his wand and started to fire curses and spells without speaking.

Together the four managed to stop the charge of the Death Eaters running up the street, but Harry could tell that those Death eaters who had managed to escape injury or at least could still hold a wand and walk, were regrouping near the Post Office. The short pause in the fighting gave Harry enough time to check on the defence of the back, but he found that Dean and Luna were standing watch over four Death Eaters who lay motionless and tied up on the floor. Hannah was sitting on a chair holding her nose.

"I'd dink idz vrocen" she managed to say. Harry waved his wand and did a temporary repair.

"That should take care of that for the time being" Harry said as Hannah got to her feet. "Pomfrey can take care of it better when we get back to Hogwarts... if we get back" he added.

"Whats the news?" asked Dean.

"Well, we stopped them coming up the street, but they're re-grouping near the Post Office. The Aurors still haven't turned up yet though, and I think they've been sent to the wrong place" Harry said.

"You're right, Harry. At least one should have been here by now" Luna commented, brushing a strand of her hair out of her eyes. "So, what do we do now?" she asked.

"Can't you hit them with the rifle?" Dean asked.

"Can't do that" Harry said "They hit both of the bags and I can't get any gunpowder together to fire one more round off" he added miserably. "Only thing we can do is to charge down the street and try and hit as many as we can before we get hit ourselves" Harry said thinking about the layout of Hogsmeade.

“Well lets do it then. The least we can do is to buy some time for the Aurors to get here” Dean said and the two girls both nodded in agreement.

“Right, we probably won’t have enough time to organise anything fancy” Harry said as they dashed into the front of Honeydukes. “Luna race upstairs and tell the others what has happened and to get down here as quick as they can” and Luna ran upstairs to the twins and Seamus coming back down after less then fifteen seconds.

“Oh Merlin’s saggy left arse cheek” Neville swore and the others looked at the direction of his gaze.

Harry looked down the street and his insides froze as cold as ice. Lord Voldemort stood surrounded by followers, in the middle of the main street outside the Post Office.

“HARRY POTTER! I KNOW YOU ARE THERE, FOR I HAVE SEEN YOU. YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAVE FAUGHT WELL, IF YOU SURRENDER, I WILL SPARE THEIR LIVES” he shouted, the cold harsh voice carried over the stillness of the air.

“AND WHAT HAPPENS TO ME?” Harry shouted back.

“YOU DIE” Voldemort replied sharply and simply. “THAT IS THE ONLY CHOICE” he seemed to be enjoying this moment a lot. He clearly believed that he was going to kill Harry and become ruler of the Wizarding world..

“IN THAT CASE YOU CAN STUFF IT UP YOUR BACKSIDE” Harry shouted and he simply turned his back on Voldemort. “Right, when I open this door we run and fire as many spells we can before we get hit. If some gets hit and goes down then don’t stop to help them. I know it sounds bad, but we need to attack the Death Eaters and we can help those down afterwards” Harry walked to the door and took hold of the handle. “Ready?” he asked and the others nodded their heads in agreement. “Right and ARGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH” Harry roared and the

others joined in as he opened the door and they ran out blasting away for their lives.

They screamed and shouted at the top of their voices as they ran the entire length of the street firing spells and whatever came to mind. The twins got hit and went down as well as Neville and Parvatti, but they took down half a dozen Death Eaters in the process. Harry and the remaining members of the group kept on running and taking down Death Eaters as they did so. Luna and Susan went down next, both to something green coloured. Eventually, only Harry and Dean were left, and that changed as Dean went down to a very strong stunner from the blond Death Eater. Harry shot a stunner of his own and hit the follower in the chest and knocking off the mask as he past the down follower. He had just got within range of Voldemort when the dark wizard waved his wand and sent Harry flying backwards. He got straight back up and ran at Voldemort but Voldemort flicked his wand at Harry and spoke a spell.

“Adavra Kadavra” he cried and sent the killing curse at Harry. Harry was prepared to die and his only regret was not being able to win the Quidditch cup. The Unforgivable had almost reached him, when something very red and very bushy got in his way and took the blow for him.

“HERMIONE” he screamed as Hermione fell to the ground – dead.

A/N: Oh dear! Hermione is dead.

Stay tuned for the next chapter

Emotions

Harry stared at Hermione's body as it fell to the ground, while Voldemort laughed at the sight. The rage built inside Harry until it burst and all the windows on both sides of the street shattered as the raw magical power was released from Harry, and the wind began to howl as Harry grieved. Voldemort just looked at the sight before him and it amused him to a great deal and he laughed his cruel hard harsh laugh and something in Harry snapped. He turned and raised his wand into the air.

"Accio Rifle" he called and the rifle flew from Honeydukes right into Harry's hands. Knowing he had no time to spare, he clicked the trigger back and spun on his heel to face Voldemort, who stopped laughing and gazed in puzzlement at the rifle and clearly he didn't know what it was. "Take this" Harry said and fired the rifle as soon as it was in the vague direction of Voldemort. The rifle was not well aimed but it scraped across his arm causing it to bleed from the cut. Harry threw down the rifle and aimed his wand, but Voldemort had recovered from the shock and sent Harry flying backwards again, slamming him into the wall of one of the shops. Harry's back erupted in pain as he made contact but he put that to the back of his mind.

"Ah, so noble are we, Harry Potter?" Voldemort asked, voice high pitched as ever. He really was beginning to get on Harry's nerves and he decided that enough was really enough. "As you can see, I have no problem with killing people. The question is, if you want me to keep killing people, or if you want to give yourself over to me. It is all the same to me" Voldemort said staring with his piercing eyes at Harry's crumpled form. Harry got up and faced his oldest foe – wand in hand.

"I swear to you that you will pay for what you have done, Tom" Harry's rage was so pent up he could feel the air tingle with magical energy being barely contained. His wand was pointing at Voldemort's chest. He would have had a go at stunning him except several loud cracks, pops and bangs alerted him to the fact people were appearing into Hogsmeade. He saw in the reflection of broken windows that the Aurors had turned up as well as Professors McGonagall, Sharpe, Lupin, Flitwick and Sprout. They all had their

wands out, but paused at the sight of Voldemort standing in the middle of the village. The Aurors made a move forward in an attempt to capture Voldemort, but Voldemort simply gathered his robes together and raised his wand into the air.

"I'm sorry, Harry, but I'm going to have to cut this short" he said and one by one some of his followers began to disappear. "I'll see you another time" and Voldemort began to apparate. Harry's sixth sense kicked in, and dropping his wand he launched himself forward at Voldemort.

"HERES SOMETHING FOR HERMIONE YOU BASTARD" Harry yelled and Harry took Voldemort by surprise that he managed to get a punch right on the dark lord's jaw. Voldemort vanished and so did most of his followers, with the exception of around half a dozen or so.

"Are you alright, Harry?" Tonks's voice came from behind him and he turned to face her.

"Oh, I'm just peachy" Harry said and his tone made Tonks worry about her friend. McGonagall came running up with the rest of the professors, Aurors and some of Harry's friends. McGonagall took one look at Hermione's still form and shook her head. She was certain that she was only severely injured.

"We must get Miss Granger to the Hospital wing at once" she said.

"Don't bother" Harry said bitterly.

"Harry, we must get her to the hospital wing at once in order to cure her injuries" Tonks said as she turned over Hermione so she lay face up, and not towards the ground as she had been before.

"There has been enough talking, I'm getting Miss Granger to the hospital wing, before anything else happens" McGonagall was insistent.

"Don't you understand?" Harry asked looking into the woman's eyes. "HERMIONE GRANGER IS DEAD!" Harry put as much venom as he

could into each of those four words as was humanly possible. At the same time as Harry spoke, Tonks felt for a pulse on Hermione's neck. When she didn't find one, she burst into silent tears and shook her head in McGonagall's direction.

"Hermione Granger dead?" the older witch could not believe the sight in front of her. One of her most favored students was lying lifeless in front of her, and tears started down her face as well.

"Harry?" Harry was only just aware of the fact Tonks was speaking. "What in the name of Merlin happened?". There was a single crack and everybody except Harry looked up. Kingsley made his approach towards the group and he could tell what had happened without asking a question.

"Harry, I'm afraid that we are going to have to ask you to tell us what happened here. Like Tonks has said, it will help us in our investigations here" his deep voice held a somber tone.

"No" Harry said firmly. "I'm taking Hermione back to the castle" he said bending down. He faintly held the sounds Hannah, Susan, Neville, Luna and the others coming near them, and their cries of pain and sorrow as they saw Hermione dead.

"Well I suppose we can interview you there" Kingsley said, and he conjured a stretcher to place the girl's body on. "Let us help you with the weight, Harry" he said indicating the hovering stretcher, but Harry kicked it aside in anger.

"She isn't heavy, she's my sister" Harry said picking up Hermione's limp form. When he stood up, Harry started to walk towards the castle slowly.

"Harry, please come back here. You have to tell us what has happened here" Kingsley said. "Please don't make me arrest you" he said as he drew his wand out from his robes. He had only just got it past the fabric of his robes, when he was surrounded by the wands of Hannah, Luna, Neville and Susan. The Aurors, fearing an assault on their leader, pointed wands at the children. Dean, Parvati, Seamus and the twins instantly pointed their wands at the Aurors.

"I think we should just calm down" Tonks said slowly.

"We will calm down, and we are going back to Hogwarts. If anybody tries any funny business, then they do it at their own risk" Hannah said darkly and as one she and the rest of the group turned and raced after Harry and surrounded him as they walked slowly towards the castle.

The walk was in complete silence, with not a single sound being uttered as they walked up the stone path leading from the school gates. By the time they reached the castle, the news of Voldemort's attack had reached all the students in the school who were staying over the holiday. Those who had been able to see the party make its slow and dignified way up to the castle, gathered at the entrance hall to watch as Harry carried in the body of Hermione, surrounded by his friends. He only had a vague knowledge of the fact that there was a crowd watching him, but he didn't pay much notice. All he knew for certain was the fact that Hermione lay in his arms and the fact she was dead. He headed towards the hospital wing where he simply blasted the doors off their hinges with wordless magic. The resulting sound had Madam Pomfrey running from out of her office in alarm. She saw Harry carrying Hermione and told him on the bed she indicated. Harry numbly obeyed, knowing that it didn't matter all that much.

"I wondered where the girl had got to" Pomfrey muttered as she made checks on Hermione. She waved her wand and attempted a reviving spell on her, and Pomfrey's eyebrows went up in surprise when it didn't work.

"It doesn't matter" Harry said looking at Hermione's body and he noticed for the first time that her eyes were still open, though they didn't see anything now or ever.

"I'm busy with Miss Granger, Mr Potter" Pomfrey said as she drew a trolley towards her. "I must treat what ever is the matter with Miss Granger" the Medi-witch said as she selected a small bottle from those available and tried to get it down Hermione's throat. "Why are you not working?" she asked as it too didn't work.

"It doesn't matter, she's dead" Harry said and Pomfrey stopped working on Hermione and looked at Harry who nodded at her unasked question.

"I can't believe it.... Hermione Granger dead" and Pomfrey ran back into her office crying, hands over her face. Harry mutely moved closer to the bed and removed Hermione's shoes, placing them at the end of the bed side by side. Then he picked the covers and pulled them up to the bottom of Hermione's neck, arranging her arms so that they lay on top of the blankets. As he did so, his hands touched Hermione's skin and he could feel the coldness of death itself.

"Harry?" asked a voice lightly from behind, and Harry turned to see Susan looking at him sadly. She ran into his arms, hugging him tightly and Hannah was a close second and hugged Harry as well. Luna was crying into Neville's shoulder and Neville patted the girl on the back, not knowing what to do. Dean, Seamus and Parvatti stood together looking at the entire scene with the look of complete horror. As for the twins, their eyes had lost all the normal jokiness and they looked completely horrified at the events which had just taken place and they looked as if they would never tell another joke.

Pomfrey treated their wounds and bruises without comment while weeping openly and silently. Most of them where battered and bruised and all had their clothes torn. Harry's mind noted that by now it was getting dark and he detached both girls from him and turned once more to the bed. Leaning over, he closed Hermione's eyes gently with his fingers and lightly kissed her lips, which where ever so slowly turning blue.

"I'm sorry" Harry said simply turning to Hannah and Susan who hugged him once more.

The sound of footsteps approaching was almost deafening in the silence and Harry looked over Susan's shoulder to see Kingsley, Tonks, McGonagall and Lupin walk over the smoking ruins of the doors and make their way over to the group. Harry noticed that Kingsley was looking both angry and saddened and he didn't know which the emotion in front was.

“Harry? We’d like you to explain everything that happened from the first moment you saw the Dark Mark” Kingsley was being very formal to Harry, something which was noted. Harry let go of the two girls attached to him, and stood up straight in front of both Aurors.

He explained everything from the moment that he looked out the window, to the moment Voldemort had disappeared. When he had taken statements from everyone else who had witnessed the fight and taken place, Kingsley turned to Harry.

“You are not under arrest, but we need you to come with us and answer more questions at the ministry” he said looking once more at Hermione still form.

“No” Harry said firmly, looking into the older wizards eyes. Kingsley looked to Tonks for help, and the young witch took over after first rolling her eyes.

“Harry, please help us. If we can understand the attack, then we might find a weakness we can use to defeat Voldemort” Tonks pleaded with Harry, but Harry was not bothering to listen to her much as he stared past Tonks and looked at the new arrival in the doorway.

“So, what do we have? Another student injured I suppose?” Rufus Scrimgeour asked as he stood on the remains of the doors to the hospital wing.

“It is worst then that, Minister” McGonagall said shaking her head. “I’m afraid that we have lost a student” she informed him.

“Who?” asked Scrimgeour.

“Miss Hermione Granger was killed after she deliberately put herself in the way of the Killing Curse, saving Harry Potter in the process” McGonagall told him, grief all over her face.

“Well” said Scrimgeour, “It could have been worse. We could have lost more students after all, and I’m glad Miss Granger was the only casualty”.

"You're glad? YOU'RE GLAD?" Harry roared at Scrimgeour, who took a step back in shock.

"I meant that it could have been worse had this been a weekend during term time" Scrimgeour spluttered, trying to keep his distance from the boy but he was rooted to the spot.

"I know what you meant" Harry said. He was going to advance on the man, but Hannah put out a warning hand.

"Harry, just leave him" she said and they both turned their backs on the man.

"HOW DARE YOU TURN YOUR BACKS ON ME" screamed Scrimgeour. The man was going a shade of purple that would have given Uncle Vernon a run for his money. Harry spun on his heel and turned to face Scrimgeour and Harry's wand now sat less than an inch from Scrimgeour's forehead.

"Minister Scrimgeour, if you wish to leave with all your body parts intact, then I suggest that you leave now. And I suggest you do it very quickly indeed" Harry's voice was full of raw emotion and Scrimgeour decided that discretion was the better part of valour and he stormed from the room with Kingsley and Tonks following behind him. Harry lowered his wand as McGonagall moved up alongside him and spoke.

"Harry, I think it's best that you get some rest. Hermione's parents will be here in the morning to collect..... her body. I will let you know when they get here so you can say goodbye to her" McGonagall said putting a hand on Harry's shoulder, very carefully as she could feel the raw and powerful emotion charged magic flowing through the connection.

"I'm staying here" Harry said. "Somebody has to stay with Hermione" he said and he shrugged off the hand and returned to Hannah and Susan. Luna, Neville and the rest had also gathered round the bed and it still looked as if Hermione was simply sleeping after a hard day's revising. "You've all done your best, and you've earned the right

to get rest and do what ever you want to do. I am going to stay here and keep a Hero's Death Watch" Harry said to group.

"Whats one of those?" asked Fred without any humour in his voice.

"Years ago, when the school was being built, there where many battles and fights. When a hero or heroine of the magical world died, the person's closest friends kept a watch over the body until the dead could be buried. I think Hermione would have liked that" Harry added and the others nodded.

Harry went to the end of the bed Hermione lay on, and stood with his back ramrod straight to Hermione's body and facing the wall on the other side of the hospital wing. His wand was held firmly in his hand across his chest, folded over his other arm. Harry was expecting Hannah and Susan to stay and keep him company, but what surprised him was the fact that everybody had stayed and stood in exactly the same way, all as still as statues, and not moving one inch. Madam Pomfrey made an attempt to clear them out of the hospital wing, but they simply did not acknowledge her existence and they remained like that well into the night. Through out the night, attempts where made to give food and drink to those in the hospital wing but they simply did not move or talk and the Professors retreated back through the still ruined doors. The only movement occurred at midnight when they used the nearest bathroom. Half went, while the other half remained on watch, swapping places when the first part returned bringing with them a change of clothes. Harry and the second half left and entered the nearest bathroom. Modesty was forgotten when they had a quick shower, though lower underwear was kept on, and that was solved by Hannah, Luna, Parvatti and Susan going back behind the shower curtain. The second they had changed though, they returned to where they had been. And this was the only movement during the entire twelve hours since they had taken position. Harry was vaguely aware of the fact it was raining and blowing a strong wind which was giving even the Weeping Willow a threat for its safety. He had a suspicion that it was due to the raw energy pouring off of him in waves, and he knew that he would have to speak with either McGonagall or Lupin about it sometime soon.

Dawn began to break over the castle and the grounds, and the heads of house made another attempt to enter the hospital wing. The fact that no wands were pointed in their direction was a good sign in their view, after the twenty ninth time of trying; they decided to send the ghosts in every so often to keep them informed of the latest news.

“Harry?” it was Professor McGonagall. And Harry decided to speak, partly to find out what she wanted, and also to let the others know that it was alright for them to move.

“Good Morning, Professors” Harry said putting down his wand as a sign of politeness. “What can I do for you?” he asked.

“It’s more a case of what we can do for you” Lupin said concern edging into his voice as he watched the other put away their wands inside the robes they now wore.

“Well, for a start somebody needs to stay with Hermione. If anything happens to her then they answer to me. We are going to go back to our tower and get some sleep. When we have been refreshed and had something to eat and drink, I’m going to meet Hermione’s parents and break the news to them” Harry said firmly but politely.

“I’ve already informed Miss Granger’s parents, and they will arrive later this morning. Can I suggest that you get some sleep? You look as if you have been up all night” McGonagall said. Harry took one look at his watch to confirm something he had already guessed.

“Actually, it’s over fourteen hours. But what’s an hour or so between friends” and Harry weakly smiled at his own joke and the room relaxed visibly.

“Indeed” McGonagall said. “Perhaps you should get some rest, Harry. You and your friends have been up the entire night and I swear it that I will have someone wake you before Miss Granger’s parents arrive. Now if you excuse me, I must have the Christmas decorations removed” and she left the hospital wing.

“Remus” Harry said making it clear this was nothing to do with school business “I want you to stay here and watch over Hermione and

make sure is safe. If any thing happens, then you answer to me and me alone” Harry said and the older man nodded and sat down on a chair next the bed.

Harry took one last look at Hermione and saw her skin had gone slightly pale. He nodded his friends, and they left as one mass over the still ruined doors, walking towards dorm rooms. Something was getting on his mind and Harry couldn't tell what it was exactly. All he knew was that he was walking on auto pilot towards his dorm room and the next clear thing he knew was lying on his bed, having his shoes and the tops of his robes removed by Hannah and Susan. They left the room and Harry was alone to contemplate all that had happened. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of Hermione lying dead in the hospital wing, while he survived. He didn't understand why she had sacrificed herself for him, but he knew that it must have been her way of saying sorry for all the hurtful things she had done. If only he had been able to transfer some the magical protection his mother had given him to Hermione... but alas. One thought that entered his mind was during the Tri-Wizard Tournament when he had stayed under the lake past his time, and when he had touched Hermione he felt a tingling feeling. She had been rescued by Victor Krum however, and Afterwards, Harry put the feeling down to the fact the Gillyweed wearing off and so put the thought out of his mind at the time. Then for some reason he remembered one History of Magic lesson when Binns had told them about the legend of some wizards and witches being able to transfer their very life-force into another person in order for them to survive terrible injuries. The ghost had not mentioned if it would work with those who had died, and had only said that it was only a rumor and it was steeped in myth and legend and probably false anyway. Harry bolted to an upright position and he knew quite clearly what to do, and how exactly he was going to do it. Harry got the robes that Hannah and Susan had taken off and put his shoes on. His loud racing footsteps alerted the others and they turned in their seats to his arrival in the common room.

“Whats going on?” Hannah asked concerned at Harry's rushing around. Harry wasn't paying any attention to her, or anyone else.

“Accio Firebolt” and the broomstick flew across the room into Harry's waiting hand. He pointed his wand at the nearest window and said

the first spell that came into his mind. “Expelliarmus” he cried send the disarming spell into the window. It wasn’t the right spell for the job, but it did the right job and Harry jumped onto his broomstick telling his friends to meet him in the hospital wing.

A/N: So, what is Harry going to do?

Well this chapter shows the power and emotion that Harry can display, even over nature it seems. It seemed right to show what Harry is going through after the death of Hermione and his grief for her. For eagle eyed readers of both Harry Potter and Star Trek the scene in the hospital wing where Harry and the others held a death watch over Hermione’s body references how Romulans treat their wounded as they are about to die.

As nobody has spotted the reference to the film “Wild Geese”, I will point it out to you.

“Get on your feet, you fucking piece of abortion” he shouted and Malfoy slowly got up to his feet. “Now you will do as I say. You are going to walk in front of us, and do it slowly. If I say jump, you ask ‘How high’. Get it?”

RSM Sandy says this when training the Mercenaries in “The Wild Geese”. I’m surprised that nobody has seen the quote and I guess that none of you have seen the film, but I really recommend it.

Anyway, please give your reviews by leaving a review and if you want any secret clues for the next chapter, then send me a PM.

Many Thanks in Advance;

Pixel

King of the Singing Potato Men

Death Is Not Always Fatal

Harry raced out of the window, and turned his broom in the direction of the hospital wing. He could have run through the corridors, but he had a sixth sense that he didn't have much time left. Being winter, it was still pretty dark and Harry was urging every ounce of speed from his broom so that it began to shake and it threatened to break up in mid-air, but it didn't and it held together by the grace of whatever deity was on duty today. The broom sped through the air so fast in fact that the speed made the air hum and whistle past Harry's ears as he aimed downwards towards windows on the same floor as the hospital wing and Harry wordlessly opened the window and sped through the window and continued flying down the corridor making several students scatter in alarm, diving for the floor as Harry flew so low that his shoes brushed the tops of their hair. He didn't stop for anything until he reached the hospital wing and he zoomed through the remains of the door, and came to a complete and total stop next to the bed Hermione lay on. He jumped off his broom and wasted no time in getting to the bedside and Harry sat down on one of the chairs. Lupin was nowhere to be seen, but his voice could be heard coming from Pomfrey's office. Harry looked at Hermione's dead and completely lifeless body and brushed a lock of hair out from her closed eyes. Her skin had gone more paler than when he had last seen her, and felt as cold as ice. Harry gently took one of Hermione's hands in his own and began to tell her of his plan.

"I know its stupid talking to someone who can't hear, but I don't believe in that. I've found a way to bring you back from wherever you to back here. I know that I don't pay a lot of attention to History of Magic, but Binns told us of the myth of how some people where brought back from death by the transferring of another's life-force. I know its dangerous to try it but it's the only thing I can think of to save you" Harry whispered to Hermione, and he leaned over and gently kissed her cold lifeless lips and then sat up in the chair and closed his eyes and started to concentrate very hard on the task in hand. Harry began to imagine a connection between himself and Hermione. He thought of his magical core and began the actual transfer itself, and Harry raised a mental shield so that he could not be disturbed by any sounds that may interrupt the process. One thing Harry understood

was that from the minute he had begun the transfer, he was as in as much danger of dying like Hermione.

Hannah, Susan, Neville, Luna and the twins came skidding into the hospital wing and they looked at the sight before their eyes. Harry had hold of Hermione's hand and waves of energy came flowing off down the arm whose warm hand was holding a dead one, and entered Hermione's body through her own hand in a display of the most brilliant violets, blues and golds. Even from the doorway which was five rows of beds away, they could feel the hairs on their necks standing up on end, and could feel both the tension of the situation and the pure and raw magical energy flowing through the air. They could literary hear the air crackle as they watched in complete silence, Harry's attempt to save Hermione. They didn't know what he was trying to do, but it they knew that very serious and powerful magic was being performed in front of them, and it was awe inspiring. At the other side of the hospital wing they could see Pomfrey and Lupin watching the same sight, and Hannah motioned the others to creep back into the corridor outside.

"Dobby" Hannah called and the body bind free elf appeared with a soft pop. "Dobby, I want you to take us to the other side of the hospital wing and then go and get Professor McGonagall" Hannah requested and Dobby complied without even speaking for he had seen Harry's currant situation. Dobby placed them next to Madam Pomfrey and Professor Lupin.

"I was going to send for you four" Lupin said not taking his gaze off Harry.

"All we saw was Harry speeding out the window on his broom, telling us to meet him here" Hannah said looking at Harry who was still doing something which she didn't understand.

"I have no idea what Harry is doing, only he can tell us" Pomfrey said in an awe inspired voice and everyone agreed with that. By now McGonagall had joined them and the seven watched as Harry continued to work very powerful magic indeed. Nobody knew Harry was capable of such a thing and it made them hope that Harry could somehow use this power against Voldemort, and defeat him. After an

hour and a half Harry was still doing what ever he was doing and the watching group had sat on chairs that Lupin and McGonagall had conjured from the air. Suddenly as they watched, the shades of violets, blues and golds turned darker and Harry slumped forward slightly. Hannah and Susan rushed to his side to help but didn't get ten feet from him when they where repulsed by an invisible wall. The two girls flew dangerously fast towards a wall, and they would have hit it and got very badly hurt if they hadn't been saved by a quick thinking Luna and Neville who performed 'Alohamora' charms on them to stop their momentum.

"Thanks" said Hannah as she straightened her robes and picked up her fallen wand.

"What was that?" asked Susan, trying to get her breath back from wherever it had gone to.

"That looked like a shield charm" McGonagall said. "I must admit though, I have never seen one that has gone that distance from the caster before" she said in complete disbelief. She was beginning to wonder if there was anything Harry couldn't do, and at this point in time she wasn't prepared to put money on either side.

"But shield charms are used to protect the caster when they're in a fight" Neville said "Why would Harry cast one here? And why at Hannah and Susan of all people?" he asked.

"I don't know" Lupin admitted, confused as any of them. "If a shield charm is used against people then it would only knock them down onto their 'posteriors'. It should not have done anything like that. The only way that could have happened is if it was cast by Harry's magical core itself. And I have never seen a shield like that" he added pointing at Harry who was still doing whatever he was doing. A faint silver shield was surrounding the bed which Hermione lay on and Harry was next to. It extended to around the ten feet Hannah and Susan had reached. Another thing they had noticed was that the waves of energy had disappeared from sight and replaced with a golden aura surrounding them.

"Can we do anything?" asked Hannah concerned for Harry.

"Mrs Potter..." Lupin began but Hannah cut him off.

"Professor, please, it's Miss Abbott" Hannah said and Lupin nodded.

"Miss Abbott" Lupin began again "This is magic beyond all I have ever encountered and I wouldn't know where to begin. If I tried to interfere, then it could mean disaster for both Harry and Hermione" Lupin was telling the truth and Hannah believed him. "It's not easy, but we have to just sit and wait".

"I just wish there was something we could do" Susan said bitterly. Luna moved to the girl's side and comforted her.

"Cheer up, Susan" Luna said. "Harry will be fine. He's the strongest wizard I know, and you know that as well. Once he has put his mind to it, nothing can stop him" Luna said 'I hope' she added under her breath.

"Look" cried Hannah and everyone looked at Harry was still holding Hermione's hand. The golden aura which had been a pale gold had now gone to the darkest shade of gold that could be imagined. The air around them lit up in bright sparks of silver and gold sparks. The blankets on the surrounding beds flew off their beds and threw themselves onto the floor. As for the beds themselves, they now hovered in the air above Harry upside down.

"What in the name of Merlin?" Fred exclaimed as in one dramatic moment the hovering beds threw themselves into the opposite wall and every window in the hospital wing smashed to pieces with a bang that they were certain could have been heard in the pits of hell itself.

The aura covering Harry was gone, as was the shield and Hannah and Susan broke the world speed record as they ran to Harry's side. They managed to catch him before he fell to the ground and they lay him on a bed that the twins turned back over and Neville and Luna put a mattress on top. They placed it next to Hermione's bed which seemed to have been unaffected by the chaos and destruction. Everyone gathered round Harry who was still alive and breathing but it was very shallow and Pomfrey at first couldn't detect signs of life,

but whatever he had done had put him into a deep sleep. As he backed away and turned to make room for Pomfrey, George happened to look right Hermione lying on her bed. Her lips were slightly open, her hair as bushy as ever before, skin as warm looking as his and eyes looking so full of life. He turned away from the sight but then something struck him as odd. George Weasley spun back round and stared straight into the eyes of Hermione Granger who appeared to be as full of life as he was.

“Madam Pomfrey?” he managed to get out.

“What is it?” came the reply.

“You have another patient” he said. Pomfrey and the others looked at the doorway expecting a student. The one thing they didn’t expect was for Hermione to speak.

“Hello” Hermione said in a pleasant voice to a shocked audience. They all stared in shock and disbelief at Hermione and several of them opened and closed their mouths like goldfish. It took a few moments for Hannah, Susan, Luna Neville, Fred and George to take in the sight and recover, before Hermione disappeared in a sea of bodies.

“Professors do something” Pomfrey pleaded.

“Remus?” McGonagall asked the other professor, but he simply shrugged.

“When he in Rome” he said and joined in the sea of hugs.

#

Harry slowly opened his eyes and felt a large headache forming somewhere in the region of his head. He turned his head to look at one of the beds, but it was empty and he groaned – he had failed.

“Oh honestly Harry, I’m over here” said a very familiar voice, and one that should not have been heard by any known laws of physics. Harry

snapped his head round to the other side to see Hermione sitting up on the edge of her bed, drinking what looked like pumpkin juice.

“Hermione?” he began but Hermione had jumped onto his bed and flung her arms around him and buried her face into his neck.

“Oi! Harry’s awake” he heard Fred and George shout from somewhere near him. The sound of running footsteps could be heard as more arms attached to him, and he received lots of hugs and slaps on the back from almost everybody present there.

“It worked?” he asked.

“What worked?” asked McGonagall, who was standing at the edge of his bed and smiling warmly.

“I brought Hermione back from the dead” Harry said as the headache went away quickly.

“We can see that” Susan said crying tears of joy.

“But how did you do it?” asked Hannah.

“I was lying on my bed when I remembered something Binns... Professor Binns said. He once told us the myth of how it was once believed to be possible to bring the dead back to life. Apparently it was done by having someone channel their entire magical core into the dead person and in theory it was possible from them to return” Harry said as he accepted a glass of water from Pomfrey.

“But that’s just a legend” Lupin said “A myth passed on by people down the ages” he could not believe his eyes. A dead person, who he himself had confirmed as being dead, was now sitting upright and healthy talking to Luna and Neville.

“Guess that’s another one for me in battle of Harry Potter versus Magic” Harry joked.

“Is there anything you can’t do?” asked Neville laughing.

“Well, I can’t do potions right all the time” Harry replied deadpan, and the hospital wing erupted in a hail of laughs and shouts. When they had calmed down, Harry turned to Hermione who seemed none the worse after her experience.

“Hermione?” Harry asked looking at the witch.

“Yes?” enquired Hermione.

“If you die again, I’m going to kill you”.

“Deal” she smiled.

“I hope you don’t have to do that again, Mr Potter” Pomfrey said. “We nearly lost you several times after you brought Miss Granger back” she said.

“What do you mean?” he asked wanting to be filled in on what he had missed while unconscious.

“You channeled you entire magical core into Miss Granger. It took all of it because Miss Granger had already started to” Pomfrey’s voice trailed off, leaving the last word unsaid.

“We won’t go into the fact you produced a shield charm to repel Hannah and Susan when you slumped forward at one point.

“I did what?” asked a shocked Harry.

“I think it was a reaction to your magical core feeling it was being threatened” Lupin said.

“Oh” Harry said. “So, my core was drained was it?” he asked wanting to confirm what he had been told.

“Not drained, Harry. Your core was entirely depleted and there was nothing left” Hannah said sitting on his bed. Everyone talked for sometime until Harry asked if he could leave and return to his own tower.

"I don't see why not" Pomfrey said "And I would ask you to take it careful, but you're not going to take my advice are you?" she asked.

"Nope" Harry replied brightly and hopped out of bed and left the hospital wing, pausing only to flick his wand at the doors which repaired themselves and returned to their normal places.

Harry led Hannah, Susan, Luna, Neville, Fred and George with Hermione trailing at the rear. He passed the entrance hall which was empty of students and stopped at the doors to the great hall.

"Whats wrong Harry?" asked Luna.

"I fancy a bit of Boxing Day lunch. Any of you hungry?" he asked grinning and everyone caught what he meant by his question.

They nodded and Harry opened the door so that he could get his wand through the gap. He muttered some charm and the black drapings returned to the Christmas decorations that had been up before McGonagall had ordered them removed. They could hear the murmurs of confusion spread through the hall and then with a flourish he pushed the door open and led his friends inside. The murmuring stopped as they saw Harry and the rest enter the hall, and then confusion ran through the place as they saw Hermione walking amongst them. In less then three seconds – a new Hogwarts record – a massive cheer went up and everyone crowded round and asked Harry and the group what had taken place. Harry decided to only tell some parts of the truth as he could see members of Slytherin in the mass, and he didn't want any information getting back to Voldemort. After telling the tale for the eighty seventh time, Harry said he needed to rest and he managed to escape the throng with Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville escorting him through the crowd. The twins promised to look after Hermione as her parents had arrived, thinking that she was dead. It was sure to be a surprise look on their faces when they saw their daughter alive and well, Harry thought. The moment he went through the door to his tower, he made a beeline for the nearest chair and sat down in it with a heavy thump.

"I feel as if I could sleep for a week" Harry said putting up his feet on the small table in the middle of the room.

“Why don’t you go and sleep then?” Susan said.

“Can’t” Harry replied “Too tired to sleep”.

“What do you want to do then?” asked Hannah. Harry didn’t reply at first and she thought he had gone to sleep. But a closer inspection showed that he was looking out of the window.

“I should repair that” Harry remarked and flicked his wand at the broken window, which fixed itself at once.

“Any ideas on what to do then?” asked Luna, leaning into Neville who seemed to be enjoying the situation. Harry looked out of the window and at the Quidditch pitch beyond, and then looked at Neville and then out the window again.

“Just a moment” Harry said and raced up to his room. A moment or two later, and he came back down with his broom in hand.

“Treating us to a flying display?” Hannah giggled.

“Nope. I want to go flying and we all should do it” Harry said.

“How can we? At the last check, the broom shed was under more than ten foot of snow. And it’s not shifting for anything – even for magic” Susan said confused as to how they where going to all fly at once.

“Well you didn’t open all the presents” Harry said with the air of someone keeping a secret. He looked up towards the ceiling and proceeded to examine it. They looked towards the tree to see if they had missed any presents, but a careful examination proved their first thought was correct. Neville flopped back into his chair and let his head fall back onto the headrest.

“Harry Potter, you bloody sneak!” he laughed as he saw why Harry was looking so keenly at the ceiling. Each tied by a piece of magical rope, four brooms sat in the air above their heads. Harry cut the ropes and handed over the brooms one by one. The brooms looked

like regular Firebolts, with the exception of the fact that these had been plated in solid gold.

“How much did these cost?” Hannah asked not trusting her eyes.

“I’m not saying how much” Harry smiled. “Let’s just say that Griphook should be having a minor heart attack right about....” He paused “... NOW” he said while looking at his watch, and the room fell apart laughing. “Come on, let’s go” and Harry led the way out of the castle and they mounted their brooms and proceeded to fly across the sky. Using his superior flying skills, Harry flew down to the ground and picked up a handful of snow and sent it flying at Susan. The missile flew high into the air and then arced down and impacted on the side of Susan’s head. She turned her broom to face Harry and had a look of anger on her face.

“What was that for?” she asked.

“Paying you back from the first Quidditch match” Harry said dodging the return volley. He looked thoughtful for a moment then reached into his back pocket to grab his wand.

“Whats wrong?” asked Hannah, Susan and Neville at the same time and looking around wildly.

“Nothing at all” Harry said, smiling a fake evil smile. “I just had the greatest idea” he finished and he put his wand to his throat and cast a Sonorus charm on himself.

A/N: Well, Hermione is alive and so that’s good news isn’t it?!?

I thought of how Harry might be able to bring her back, and then picked the most bizarre one to include in the fanfic. I hope you like that entire section of the chapter. If anyone can figure which fairy tale character I’m comparing Hermione to, wins a cookie with a glass of milk and the chance to make a cameo appearance in the next chapter. If you want to enter the contest, then please send me a PM with the name of the Fairy Tale character you think it is, and not in the main reviews. This is to ensure a fair process, and the winner will be

picked at random by my impartial sister. You can also enter the contest by guessing what Harry is about to do.

I have not forgotten the little matter of Hermione's rape by Ron, and trust me when I say the revenge will be every bit so sweet.

Well, you know the procedure! Please leave a review and I hope to get the next chapter to you as soon as possible, and not just two days after the Chapter 18! I mean I'M ONLY HUMAN!!! PLEASE GIVE ME A BREAK.

Regards,

Pixel

The Trial of Ron Weasley

The snowball fight that Harry organised which involved the entire school helped to relieve some of the tension that had built up after Hermione's death. Hermione had been to see the witch Harry had seen entering the hospital wing, a few times and Hermione seemed to be coping with the effects of the rape just fine. Pomfrey had made sure that she wasn't pregnant from the rape, and Harry was secretly glad. One morning on New Years Eve, Harry was eating breakfast with the Hufflepuffs when the post arrived. He easily spotted Hedwig who flew down and made a perfect landing on the table in front of him, holding an official looking letter in her beak.

"Thanks girl" Harry said stroking her feathers lightly. Hedwig nibbled his fingers gently and then flew away to find a mouse to consume.

"Whats that?" Neville asked peering at the letter in Harry's hands.

"Dunno" he admitted and Harry opened the envelope and took the letter out.

Dear Mr Harry James Potter

Please note that you are requested to be on the jury in the trial of Ronald Bilius Weasley. The trial will be held on January 1st in Courtroom 10 at 10.30 am. Please ensure that you have arrived at least half an hour before the start. An Auror will be waiting for you in the Ministry entrance to take you to the Jury room.

Sincerely;

Kingsley Shacklebolt

Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

"I was expecting that" Harry said looking at the letter again. He picked up the envelope and noticed that a second letter was inside. He picked that one up and read it as well.

Dear Mr Harry James Potter

Please note that you are requested to be on the jury in the trial of Ginerva Weasley. The trial will be held on January 1st in Courtroom 10 at 11.30 am. This trial will be held after the trial of Ronald Bilius Weasley.

Sincerely;

Kingsley Shacklebolt

Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

"But I wasn't expecting that" he added. He passed the letters to Neville who read them himself and raised his eyebrows in shock.

"Well, we knew it would happen someday" Neville said as Hannah and Susan joined them "What are you going to do?" he finished by asking the question on both their minds.

"Whats going on?" asked both of the newcomers.

"Harry got a summons to be on the jury when Ron is tried for rape" Neville explained.

"But he's also on the jury for Ginny's trial as well" Luna added finishing her cereal.

"Oh" Susan said. "Whens the date?" she asked.

"Tomorrow" Harry said looking a bit upset. Even though Ron had clearly done a terrible thing, five years of friendship couldn't just go away.

"Harry, I know what your feeling" Hannah said putting an arm around him, "But you've got to put those feelings aside and do the right thing".

"I know" Harry said. "I was thinking of what the punishment will be. Like you said, it's not often a rape case is heard" he added.

"Just make sure he doesn't get off with it" Hannah said.

"I will" Harry promised and they all believed him. He wanted to see Hermione, but both of his wives said that it might look as if he was being influenced by Hermione. Harry agreed that he didn't want to give the other side any ammunition to get Ron and Ginny off.

"What do you want to do then?" asked Luna.

"Well, I wouldn't mind a nice walk and just see where we end up" Harry shrugged.

"Why not?" Neville said and they got up and left the castle, after first stopping at their tower to get proper shoes and coats and a rather good warming charm Luna knew.

They had a slow walk down towards the school gates and headed into Hogsmeade. The village still bore some of the scars from the battle, but most of the windows had been fixed and all of the shops were open. As they walked through the main street which they had had the mass charge down, they kept getting thanked by practically everyone in sight. They managed to make their way into the Three Broomsticks and they sat down in one of the alcoves and waited to be served. As there weren't a lot of people in the pub, they didn't have to wait long and were dealt with by Rosemetta herself.

"What will it be, Harry?" she asked warmly.

"Four Firewhiskies and a Butterbeer for Luna" Harry said, then thought for a moment "Make it five Firewhiskies" he said.

"I can only give you and Susan the Firewhiskies I'm afraid. The rest will have to make do with Butterbeers" Rosemetta said, with the look that told Harry he should have ordered correctly.

"I know that" Harry began "But it's very cold outside and we need it for medicinal purposes" he finished with a gleam in his eye.

"Well why didn't you say so in the first place?" Rosemetta said and went to get the drinks.

“Nice play there” Luna said smiling. A year ago, Harry wouldn’t have thought that Luna would be like this. But over the last few months, she had really come out and Harry counted himself lucky to have a friend like her. The same went for Neville as well.

“Thanks. I wasn’t concerned with that though; I’m still thinking on tomorrow” Harry said checking to see if any Auror was nearby that he recognised.

“Thinking about the trial?” Neville offered.

“Its not that I’m concerned about. The letter says that I’ll be met by an Auror who will take me to the Jury room to wait for the case to begin” Harry said making another check.

“Well, what’s the problem?” Susan asked.

“I don’t trust some of the Aurors” Harry replied bluntly. “I trust Kingsley and Tonks. Add Mad-Eye to that as well, even if he is retired. But the rest I don’t trust at any rate” Harry said, satisfied that nobody was listening to them.

“Why don’t you trust them?” asked Luna, as she watched Rosemetta set off on the return trip from the bar back to their table.

“Luna, these are dark times we live in. The attack proved that Voldemort isn’t afraid to attack Hogsmeade – the nearest place to Hogwarts. Some of the Aurors are paid off to tell Voldemort when a bust is going to take place, so he and his followers move out before the attack. It would be easy for one of these corrupt Aurors to incapacitate me, putting me out of the fight” Harry said darkly.

“Here we are” Rosemetta said brightly as she reached their table. She had brought them all a Firewhiskey each, as well as a few snacks to enjoy.

“Thanks” Harry said. He reached into his pocket to get some money, but Rosemetta stopped him.

“On the house” she said putting the drinks in front of everyone.

“No, let me pay” Harry began, but Rosemetta cut him off.

“It’s on the house for what you did last week” Rosemetta said and left before he could say another word.

Harry shook his head then turned back to his friends. He was thinking of the next day when he went to the ministry. The rest could see the problem etched on Harry’s face.

“If you’re worried about tomorrow, we could always come with you. As your escort I mean” Hannah said, and Harry thought for a moment then nodded agreement.

“I guess that should be good enough for almost anything” Harry said taking a mouthful from his bottle. “Imagine the look on people’s faces, when I turn up with my own security squad” he laughed allowing some of the tension to roll off him.

“I guess some people won’t be too happy about that” Harry noted.

“If they have a problem with that, then they can.....” Neville’s voice trailed off.

“Can what?” asked Luna.

“Stuff it” Neville finished, and the table erupted in a gale of laughs and giggles. The few other customers looked accusingly at them, but wisely didn’t say a word.

They finished the drinks and snacks and wrapped up arm once again. After bidding Rosemetta farewell they went into the street outside. They had only been outside fifteen seconds when they heard a high voice. This wasn’t Voldemort’s, but something almost as bad.

“Harry, dear boy!” Rita Skeeta called as she approached the group. “I hear you are going to be on the jury for the two big cases tomorrow” she added as she reached for a familiar looking quill and notepad set. “Can you give me a quote?” she asked looking hopeful. Harry was more interested in how the hell she knew he was on the panel.

“Who told you about me?” he demanded.

“I have my sources” she said cryptically. “Now, can I have a quick word?” she asked again.

“I guess you can have a quick word” Harry said, his mind grinning at his next answer.

“Okay, what is it?” she asked eager to begin.

“Supersonic” Harry said and turned and walked off in the opposite direction.

“You can’t do this to me” Rita shrieked. Her first reaction was to go for her wand, but Harry’s senses alerted him and he sent a splitting charm at her. It was aimed so that it didn’t hit her, but it hit her quill and notepad which caused a miniature explosion and scattering the pieces around her. Several people looked at the disturbance, but left Harry to his own devices of dealing with Rita.

Harry looked at Rita who was staring at the miniature devastation around her and then turned and walked off, followed by his friends. They headed towards the Post Office where once again they got treated like royalty. When Neville had sent the two owls off, they headed back to Hogwarts and managed to get back to their tower without anybody noticing that they had disappeared at all. Harry had made a bee-line for the bathroom and had a nice long relaxing bath.

“Mmmm” Harry murmured as he let the bubble bath wash over him as he sat in the bath. He was so relaxed that he didn’t notice another two bodies enter the bathtub and join him.

“Nice in here, isn’t it?” Hannah commented.

“It is rather nice” Susan agreed, and she giggled slightly. Harry jerked himself onto his feet when his mind registered the two talking. This had a slight side effect on the two girls.

“Looks like someone is pleased to see us” Hannah said and Susan nodded. Harry did the only thing he could do under the circumstances. He tripped himself up and did an emergency crash dive so he sat down again.

“Not as big as his Firebolt though” Susan said, trying to keep a straight face.

“STOP IT” Harry shouted in an attempt to save face. The girls gave in eventually, and the three had a relaxing bath and when done they dressed in sight of each other (after all, they were married), and then left the bathroom and went into the common room. When they got there, neither Luna nor Neville were to be seen. Harry spotted a note at the large wooden table, and he read the message.

Dear Harry, Hannah and Susan

We’ve gone to see McGonagall about tomorrow. We’ll be back as soon as possible

Luna and Neville

“Wonder how long it will take for them to get back” Harry remarked as he read the note aloud. Harry’s stomach made a statement at this point in time, so they called for Dobby and the elf brought them a light dinner of Chicken Pie. Just as they sat down, Luna and Neville returned and Dobby gave them the two pies of their own.

“Thank you, Dobby” Luna said and Dobby bowed and then vanished from view.

“What did McGonagall say about tomorrow?” Harry asked Neville.

“She said it was fine for you to go, but that we have to stay here” Neville said finishing a mouthful of pie.

“What did you say?” Harry asked keenly.

“Well that didn’t go down well actually” Neville blushed slightly. “Luna got a bit worked up and told McGonagall that she was lucky that the death eaters hadn’t attacked Hogwarts” he admitted.

“Ooooooooooooooh” Harry said.

“Yep” Neville agreed, catching Harry’s meaning.

“Luna’s grown up a lot since last year, hasn’t she” Harry said to his best mate.

“We all have Harry, we all have. The DOM battle made people realise that Voldemort was really back” Neville said darkly and in a low voice.

“Enough of this hushed talk Mr Potter, or else no married privileges” Susan said in a mocking tone.

“Better believe her” Neville warned chuckling.

“I don’t doubt it” came the reply amide gales of laughter. When they finished, Harry said he wanted to get a long period of sleep and so he bid the group farewell, kissing Hannah and Susan in the process, and headed off to his dorm room which he shared with Neville. As soon they heard the door shut, they leaned towards each other, looking like a group of robbers making a heist plan.

“You think Harry is going to be up to tomorrow?” asked Hannah, concern etched on her face.

“I don’t know” Neville admitted. He of the group was the closest to Harry on the basis that he had shared a dorm room before with him.

“Harry is a strong person” Luna said firmly.

“I know that, the question is how strong is strong?” Susan asked.

“That is something that only Harry can answer” Luna said wisely and they agreed. They talked well into the night about how they could offer Harry the support he would need, when Susan yawned suddenly.

She had a glance at the clock on the wall and started when she saw the time.

“Merlin!” she exclaimed, “It’s almost 11, no wonder why I’m tired” she said stifling another yawn. The group broke up and went to their different dorm rooms, with Neville closing the door to his silently so he didn’t wake Harry. The boy took off his clothes and dressed for bed. As Neville climbed in and pulled the covers over himself, he couldn’t help but wonder what troubles his friend would face the next day.

#

It was nearly 8.30am when Harry woke up. A glance at his watch told him that he had not missed the trial and so he got up and had a shower and then dressed in the same formal black robes he had last worn when he and the rest of friends had escorted Susan to her mother and aunt’s funeral. After checking his appearance in the mirror, Harry headed downstairs.

“Morning, Harry” Luna greeted him as he descended.

“Morning, Luna” he returned the greeting and sat down next to Hannah grabbing a plateful of scrambled eggs that was pushed towards him and started to eat.

“McGonagall asked us not to go with you” Hannah said from the sofa.

“So, what are you going to do?” asked Harry between mouthfuls.

“We are going anyway” Hannah said simply.

“Great” Harry said, but then he thought of the fact that they would be using Floo Powder, and his face downshifted a gear. Susan asked Harry if there was anything wrong. “I’m always falling out of the fireplace when I use the floo network” he said.

“We can always fly there on our brooms” Neville said, not taking his eyes from a book on Mediterranean Water Planets. Harry was sure

that he had seen the book before, but couldn't place when and where he had seen it.

"Fly? Anyone have any idea how long it is going to take to get there?" asked Harry as he finished his breakfast and watched as the plate disappeared.

"Well, if we set off now then we should make it" Susan said.

"Besides, there is another very good reason to fly on brooms, rather than Floo to Grimmond Place or to the Ministry" Hannah said.

"Whats that?" Harry asked, and it was Luna that explained.

"It's the safest way of getting there" Luna said choosing her words. "Voldemort and his followers will be expecting you to use the floo network to either Grimmond Place or the Ministry and so they might lay a trap for you. He wouldn't expect you to go by broom would he?" she reasoned and Harry couldn't fault her logic.

"I guess not" he agreed.

After a few more minutes of talking, they got their brooms and walked through the corridors and strolled down the newly cleared path to arrive outside the gates. They passed through them so that they were now outside the school grounds, and mounted the brooms. As one person the five rose into the air and flew off into the sky. Bunched together and Harry cast a Concealment Charm on the group so that no muggles would see them flying overhead. Harry had taken the chance to use the "Point Me" spell he had used in the final Tri-Wizard Tournament task, and made sure that they were heading south. Before they had set off, Harry had sent Dobby with a letter for Griphook asking for some muggle money. When the others questioned him, he explained that while London was down south, he wasn't sure if he could get to it using the compass. What they were going to do was land at a place called Peterborough, and then take the muggle train to complete the journey to London. Harry looked at how his friends were arranged in escort around him; Hannah was above and to the left of him, Susan was above and to the right, Luna below and left and Neville was below and to the right. They talked as

they flew through the air in an attempt to keep Harry thinking of something other than the upcoming trial. After an hour of flying, Harry thought he could see Peterborough in sight and the group landed near the train station and cancelled the concealment charms, shrunk their brooms so they fit into their pockets, and walked into the station. As he had the most experience with muggles, Harry was nominated to buy the tickets and he walked up to the little booth and asked for five single tickets to London.

“Certainly, sir” the man behind the glass window said. “Will that be standard class or first?” he asked and Harry thought for a moment.

“First Class please” he said. If he was left too little money to get back, then he could always go to Gringotts and get some more money changed. Harry waited for the man to finish printing the tickets and when he did, he pushed them towards Harry.

“That will be £236.30 please” the man said and Harry handed over the right amount of money to the man.

“Thank you” Harry said as he collected the change and the tickets, and returned to the group. He found them looking at a display screen which was showing the times of some of the trains which would be stopping at the station.

“I think we only have to wait five minutes” Neville said as he consulted the screen.

“That’s good” Harry said as he saw that the next train would get them into London for 10.05. They went onto the platform to wait and Hannah, Susan and Neville said that this would be their first train trip that was not on the Hogwarts Express.

“Really?” asked Luna and the others nodded.

“Well, it’s much like the Hogwarts Express” Harry explained, “But wait till we get on board. It’s like having your own servants, though not house elves of course” he laughed as a liveried train arrived in the station to take them to London.

They went on it and made their way to the First Class coach and sat down on the seats. As Harry had said, it was quite nice in the coach and warm too. The seats where a shade of royal blue, and the inside sides a shade of palest gold. A red carpet ran along the aisle and under the seats and it made Hannah want some for their dorm's floor. Harry said that if they wanted something to eat or drink, then they could summon one of the waiters to come. The train sounded its horn causing Hannah, Susan and Neville to jump slightly, and the train started to move from the station. Soon they where speeding through the countryside and Harry and Luna smiled as they saw Hannah, Susan and Neville gaze out of the window at the speeding landscape in amazement and wonder.

"Tickets please!" called a man who had entered the coach from one end. Harry produced the tickets and showed them to the man. He took them in his hand and checked to see that they where correct. As he did so he looked at the appearance of the five.

"You're dressed strangely" the man said.

"Oh, this get up" Harry said, figuring what he was talking about. "We're on our way to a new years Sci-Fi convection" Harry was thinking fast to explain why five teenagers where wearing cloaks and other magical clothing.

"Well have a good time" the man said as he handed the tickets over and left the coach.

"Good thinking" Neville said congratulated.

"First thing I could think of" Harry said.

"What if he didn't believe you?" asked Hannah.

"I'd have shown him this" Harry said as he pulled one of the model Tachikomas that he had got as a wedding present from Luna.

"Smart" Susan said.

“That’s why I’m a prefect” Harry said with a straight face, and he settled for a comfortable train ride.

It only took around an hour to get to London, and they pulled into Kings Cross dead on 10.05. As they pulled into the platform, Harry smiled as he saw the number – Platform 9. He half expected to see the Hogwarts Express standing nearby, but of course he couldn’t see it. As they left the train, they got assaulted by the cold air which made them pull their cloaks tighter to their bodies. They left the station and took a taxi to a particular street where a broken telephone box stood. Everyone managed to squeeze in and Harry dialled 8888, and the view changed as the group went underground and into the Ministry of Magic. As soon as they left the lift, Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville arranged themselves around Harry protectively and they made their way to the visitors desk. A minor employee checked their wands and he waved them through. He was surprised by the fact four of the five were grouped around the fifth. He was certain he had seen the centre person before, but couldn’t place his finger on it.

“Wotcha, Harry!” came Tonks’s bright voice from behind them.

“Morning Tonks” Harry greeted her as Tonks strolled up to the huddle.

“You ready for later?” she asked eyeing Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville.

“I’m ready to do it now” Harry remarked. He saw Tonks looking at the others with curiosity on her face.

“What are they doing here?” she asked, clearly puzzled.

“They have escorted me here. I was thinking of going to Diagon Alley after here” Harry’s eyes narrowed. “What are you doing here?” he asked.

“I was supposed to be your escort” and Tonks gave a little laugh and spread her hands in a fan shape. “Consider yourself escorted”.

“Suuurrrre” Harry joked as they got into the lift which descended to the courtrooms.

When they reached the right floor, they got out and walked along the various corridors and passages until they got to a door marked 'JURORS ONLY'.

"This is where I leave you" Tonks said indicating the door. "You'll be called in....." she was interrupted by approaching footsteps. Harry's group of four escorts lowered their hands towards the pockets of their robes which contained their wands. Harry turned towards the person approaching them and saw it was Kingsley.

"Ah, I was hoping to find you here" he said. "Harry, I'm glad we meet under better circumstances" Kingsley added.

"Me too" Harry said. "Any problem?"

"Yeah, we've moved up the trial to now. I came down to see if you had arrived yet, and show you to the courtroom" he said looking at the others, but not making or causing objections.

"Great" Harry said rolling his eyes.

"If you're ready, then we can go and start the trial" Kingsley said solemnly and led the way back down the same way he came, with everyone else following him.

He stopped outside a very familiar courtroom which Harry remembered as the same one as he had been tried in over a year ago. Kingsley opened the door and went inside and was followed by Tonks, Harry, Hannah and Susan. Luna and Neville spun on their heels and put their backs to the wall with both person's wands being drawn. As they entered, Hannah and Susan did the same on the inside of the courtroom. It drew murmurs from those already in the room, but no protests were made. Harry sat down on the single remaining seat and as he did so, Diggle stood up to begin the trial. Clearly he had been made the Chief Warlock, and Harry approved of the choice.

"I bring the trial of Ronald Weasley to order" Diggle announced to the stirring of some of the assembled people. Harry noticed that most of the

Weasley family were present, with the exception of Fred and George who had told Harry that they would be sending a written statement each, rather than cause a scene. Diggle announced each member of the jury and then drew himself up to full stature. "We have been unable to find someone to serve as the prosecution. Would one of the jury be willing to take the job?" he asked.

"I am willing to do the job" Harry said before anyone else could say a word.

"Very well" Diggle said and Harry left his seat and crossed over to the prosecution table, and Hannah and Susan took two spare seats and sat behind and to each side of him.

"Bring in the accused" Diggle said, and a door opened admitting Ron to the room, flanked by two hooded Aurors. He stood where Dumbledore had stood the last time Harry had been there, and Ron stood up straight. "Prisoner 24601, you are accused of the rape of Hermione Jane Granger on 25th December of last year. How do you plead?" Diggle asked.

"Not guilty" Ron said simply.

"So entered" Diggle said, and sitting down, he signalled the trial to begin. "Please list the witnesses" he called.

"Harry James Potter"

"Hannah Abbot"

"Susan Bones"

"Luna Lovegood"

"Neville Longbottom"

"Minerva McGonagall"

"Poppy Pomfrey"

“Dobby” and Harry had to smile as Dobby arrived with the return of his loud crack when he appeared in the courtroom.

Harry allowed Ron to go first, and he and his legal-wizard argued that the case was mute as Hermione was dead. Clearly somebody had not told them about her return to life. Harry waited until Ron and the legal-wizard had finished with Hannah and then began to argue the case to jail his ex-best friend.

“Miss Abbot, what was the state of Miss Granger when you first saw her?” he asked.

“She was completely terrified and crying all the time” Hannah said.

“And what was her condition physically?” Harry asked.

“She was lying on the floor and surrounded by blood” Hannah said paling slightly as she remembered the scene.

“What was your first thought?” Harry probed.

“When I saw Mr Weasley, I knew right away that she had been raped” Hannah replied.

“Objection” called the legal-wizard, getting to his feet. “The Prosecution and the witness are related to each other and the witness is giving false evidence” he said.

“Overruled” Diggle said. “The court has already seen the rememball evidence of what the witness has seen” he sounded slightly annoyed. “Continue”

“Thank You” Harry said and the case got underway again. “Thank you Miss Abbot, you may step down. I call Susan Bones to the stand” and Susan responded to the summons. “Miss Bones, could you tell me please what you saw the minute you had entered the room?” Harry asked.

"I came into the room and saw you send Mr Weasley against the wall, sending him away from Hermione" Susan said calmly as she recounted her view of the event.

"What was Miss Granger's state?" Harry asked.

"She was in a state of distress" Susan said.

"Objection" called the legal-wizard, getting to his feet again. "My client has said that Miss Granger had consented to the sex".

"Overruled" Diggle said slowly. "On the condition of the next question".

"Miss Bones, please answer the next question either 'yes' or 'no'. In your opinion, did it appear that Miss Granger had consented to the sex?" Harry asked.

"No, she didn't" Susan said. "And threes a good reason why" she added.

"What is that? Harry asked, knowing full well the answer.

"We all heard the screaming of Hermione" Susan revealed.

"Thank you. No further questions" Harry said, and he sat down.

"Your witness" Diggle said to the legal-wizard.

Harry and the defence traded argument after argument until the last person, Pomfrey, had given her evidence. On the look of it, it seemed as if Ron had a chance of getting away with it, however Harry still had his trump card to play. Harry requested a short break of ten minutes and Diggle agreed and so they broke for a ten minute recess. Harry strode from the room and went into a little office, closely followed by Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville. A cloaked and hooded figure sat on a chair at the far end of the room, partly hidden by the shadows.

"Are you ready?" he asked the figure and the figure nodded in reply.

"Is this going to work?" the figure asked.

"I should hope so" Harry laughed and he talked to the hooded figure for the rest of the ten minutes, until a knock came from the door.

"Harry?" Tonks said as she popped her head round the door. "It's time to go back in"

"Thanks" Harry said. "Coming?" he asked the figure.

The figure nodded and got up and walked with the group until they got into the courtroom. The hooded and cloaked person took a seat at the end of one of the public viewing benches. Diggle and the jury were already there, as well as Ron and the legal-wizard.

"Mr Potter" Diggle said as he rose from his seat. "What was the reason for your request?" he queried.

"I was told of a new witness to the incident" Harry said, managing to keep a straight face.

"Very well" Diggle said, confused. "You may call your witness"

"I call Hermione Jane Granger" Harry said and people looked around in puzzlement and confusion, until the hooded figure stood, and crossed to the witness box.

A/N: GOTCHA! Well, I hope you enjoyed the chapter as much as I did writing it. For your information this is the longest chapter at 14 pages long, and is written in MS Word in Times New Roman in font size 12.

There's at least two references in this chapter. One is the wizard who inspects the wands. Try and find out where he has been before, while the second is tricky.

QUIZ TIME: Why does Diggle call Ron Prisoner 24601? If anyone can get this, they appear in the next chapter in a cameo roll. They have to identify the book and also the characters name. NO GOOGLE ALLOWED!!!!

Well you know the procedure, PM me with answers for the quiz, and leave the reviews in the review box! Tell me your favourite moments as well

THANKS

Pixel

The Conviction of Ron Weasley

Harry was used to silence, but this was more deafening than any silence he had known before. Hermione walked up to the stand, and lowered her hood to prove it was her that was going to speak. The entire Weasley family were opening and shutting their mouths like fish out of water. Some of them appeared to be speaking, but no words could be heard from any of them. Ron looked as if he was going to have an aneurism and give birth to Voldemort's secret lovechild on the spot. If dramatic was a subject taught at Hogwarts, Harry would have been top of the class.

"Objection" cried the legal-wizard, a shade of red that would have made Uncle Vernon proud. "This is highly irregular" he stammered.

"I did say it was a new witness" Harry said as he gave a hint of a smile on his face.

"Objection overruled" Diggle said, as he waved his hand to continue the trial.

"Thank you" Harry said. He turned to Hermione to ask his first question. "Miss Granger, can you tell us what happened please? You can start from the moment Professor McGonagall left the Gryffindor common room".

"I left the common room, to go to the library to think over things. I decided to take the scenic route and go the long way round via the forth floor corridor, when I heard footsteps behind me. When I turned round I saw it was Mr Weasley, so I asked him what he wanted" Hermione's voice was a little shaky as she began to recount the entire drama.

"And what did he say?" asked Harry.

"He said that he was going to punish me" Hermione said.

"Punish you?" Harry really didn't want to press the issue, but knew he had to do it to punish Ron.

"Yes, punish me" Hermione confirmed. "He started to push me around and then he shoved me into a classroom, threw me to the floor and started shouting how much people hated me. Then.... then...." Hermione's voice trailed off as she began to describe what had happened next. "Then he started to touch my chest and put his hand up my skirt started to feel me. When he felt satisfied with that, he started to hit me a few times and then he began to take off my clothes" she said, and her voice was very shaky, but Hermione kept her calm and pressed on. "After he took off my shoes, socks, underwear, skirt, jumper and blouse, he pulled down his jeans and boxer shorts and grabbed my head and forced his.... He forced himself into my mouth and made give him oral sex" tears began to run down Hermione's face as she got to the most distressing part of the story.

"Take your time" Harry said kindly as he conjured a handkerchief for her to use. Hermione accepted it gratefully and dabbed at her eyes, and at the same time came.....

"Objection!".

"Mr legal-wizard. If you do not stop going "Objection" all the time, so help me, I'll have the one remaining Dementor perform the Kiss on you" Diggle said nearly exploding in rage. The recipient of his anger sat down and stayed very quiet. "You are fined 100 Galleons, for your manner of conduct" Diggle looked at Harry. "You may continue".

"Thank you" Harry replied. "Are you able to go on?" he asked Hermione, and the girl nodded. Silence reigned over the entire room as Hermione told her tale. What happened next?" he asked.

"When he was finished forcing himself in my mouth, he hit with a light body bind and he pushed himself into me. I was begging him not to do it, and to stop but he pulled my nipples really hard and slapped my breasts. Then he pulled out of me and I thought he was going to go away when he slammed his whole length into me and broke my hymen and it made me bleed and cry in pain. He was still inside me and biting my nipples when you burst in and stunned him" Hermione said as she finally broke down and the brave girl was comforted by

Tonks who led her away from the witness stand and out of the courtroom.

"The Prosecution rests" Harry said simply, and sat down.

"Defence rests" said the legal-wizard feebly.

"We will break now so the Jury can decide its verdict" Diggle said and he walked out the room with the entire bench following him.

"If I get in trouble" Tonks said as she looked at Harry "Can I hire you as my lawyer?" she finished smiling.

"Maybe" Harry said as he went out to have a little walk to stretch his legs, and his escort followed behind him closely. He had hardly turned the corner at the end of the corridor, when he heard Kingsley call him back.

"They've already decided" Kingsley said.

"That was quick" said Harry, looking at his watch. "We've only been on the break for eight seconds!".

"I know" Kingsley said with the air of someone who knew something else as well. They went back inside the room and watched the entire jury come back inside the room. When they were all seated, Diggle stood up.

"The Jury has told me that it has reached a verdict" Diggle turned to the Jury. "Fore-witch of the jury, what is the verdict please?" he asked.

"We, the Jury, find the defendant Ronald Bilius Weasley guilty of the charge of rape" said a small witch, who Harry was sure had been at Dumbledore's trial as well.

"Was this verdict unanimous?" Diggle asked.

"It was" replied the witch, and she sat down.

"Thank you" Diggle said. He turned his gaze on Ron at the Defence stand. "Ronald Bilius Weasley, you have been found guilty of the charge of Raping Hermione Jane Granger. I have taken the steps of allowing the press into these proceedings because of the oddness of the case. You have been convicted of raping a muggle born witch, and that is something no wizard should ever do. Even though the last conviction of rape was two hundred and fifty years ago, you must be made an example of" and Diggle paused for breath. "Ronald Bilius Weasley, it is the judgement of the court that you are guilty of the charge, and you are hereby sentenced to spend twenty one years in Azkaban. Your mind will be altered, and you will have the memories of Miss Granger as you raped and abused her. You will experience them for your entire time at Azkaban. May Merlin have mercy on your soul" Diggle said as he finished passing the sentence on Ron. Harry thought that it was very fitting indeed, when you considered what the crime was after all.

"No!" came an anguished cry from Ron as he pulled out a wand from absolutely nowhere. He should not have had a wand, and Harry could only suspect that one of the Weasley's had given him it. He aimed it Harry and shot a curse that sent him flying into the thick stone wall. Dobby cracked out of view and he re-appeared in front of Ron.

"You will not harm Harry Potter" Dobby said loudly, and the elf reached up above his head towards Ron. Dobby was so close that nobody could see what he was doing.

"ARGH!" cried Ron as he fell back from the elf dropping the wand and holding his hands over his groin. Harry's first thought, as was everybody else's, was that Dobby had punched Ron in the testicles. That theory was proved to be correct when Ron fell to his knees clutching his groin area, as well as going a deathly shade of white. Harry had to smother a smile as he silently praised the elf. As he looked away, Harry noticed blood seeping through Ron's hands and Harry knew that Dobby had ripped Ron's testicles off.

"I must protest" the legal-wizard said.

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake, shut up” Harry said, and he sent a silencing charm at the man who opened his mouth, but of course no sound came out.

“Mr Potter, you are fined 10 Sickles for that” Diggle said.

“Oh, fine” Harry replied, and he tossed 10 silver sickles at Diggle. He looked at his watch and noticed that it was time for Ginny’s trial to begin. As he watched Ron being led away by Aurors to Azkaban, Mrs Weasley breezed past and handed Diggle a letter. The older wizard read it, and then beckoned for Harry to come over to him.

“Harry” Diggle began, making it clear this was not a court thing, “This is a full confession from Ginerva Weasley. She’s admitted to everything and she is willing to have all of her Gringotts account drained and donated to Miss Granger. I think it is better if we lest it at that” Diggle said.

“I agree” Harry said after a moments thinking. “I do not want Hermione to be caused more upset by going over this again”.

“Very well, I will do the paperwork” Diggle smiled. “What will you be doing?” he asked, expecting Harry to reply that he would be going back to Hogwarts.

“My plans are to go back to Hogwarts, where I am going to have at least twelve hours sleep” Harry said, with a remarkably straight face.

“Very well” Diggle said, and after bidding Harry farewell, he turned and left the courtroom.

Harry looked around the room and saw that with the exception of his friends and Tonks, the courtroom had now emptied of most people. Harry went towards the mass of Hannah, Susan, Luna, Neville and Tonks, and began to discuss his plans for getting back to Hogwarts. The general theme was that they didn’t want to get the Knight Bus and the group thought of ways to get round that problem.

“Could we get the train again?” asked Hannah.

“That train was only a one off run” Harry said, and explained the oddity of having a service that only went one way.

“So, if we can’t take the train then it has to be using the Floo Network” Neville said.

Harry and the rest agreed, and they went out to the corridor and used the lift to go to the entrance where they could use the Floo system. The minute they had exited the lift, they heard noises coming from one of the corridors leading off the main entrance and Harry thought that a few odd magical items had gone off. His thought seemed to be confirmed when he saw two wizards flying through the air to hit a wall and slide down.

“Somebody will be in for it” Susan said. But at that moment, they saw Kingsley running towards them, completely out of breath from the direction of the holding cells.

“Death Eaters” Kingsley said, red in the face and trying to get his breath back.

A/N: I hope you liked the punishment for Ron. I hope you don’t mind me skipping Ginny’s trial, but it will be for the better trust me. A short chapter I know, but its going to get interesting the next chapter with a fight. Please tell me if you liked Dobby’s moment of glory in this chapter.

Reviews in the normal manner

Pixel

Fight At The Ministry And Death Of A Friend.

Everybody's first reaction was to go for their wands and hold them out in front of them. A quick scan of the surrounding area proved no Death Eaters nearby, something Harry was glad of.

"How the hell did they get here?" asked Harry.

"They apparated here and headed right to the holding cells, to free the only person there" Kingsley said.

"Who do or did you have there?" Luna asked keeping an eye on the area around them as they raced towards the corridor.

"Draco Malfoy" came the simple reply, and Harry stopped dead in his tracks when he heard that.

"What was he doing here?" he demanded from Kingsley.

"He is helping us with our enquiries, and was awaiting his next session of questioning" Tonks said knowing the answer already.

"Great, just bloody great" Harry spat as they rushed down the corridor to help fight whoever was there.

They rushed down the corridor to see what appeared to be all of the Aurors fighting five Death Eaters. Harry and the reinforcements opened fire on Voldemort's supporters, which gave the injured Aurors time to retreat to cover. A combination of Hannah and Susan's spells knocked one of the Death Eaters head first into a wall, knocking the face mask off. Harry looked right into the face of Peter Pettigrew, and Harry had to restrain himself to not curse him just for the sake of it.

"Thank Merlin you are here" said a female Auror, as she rolled on her side to avoid a nasty looking spell.

"Oh well... we where just passing and thought we'd give a helping hand" Harry said almost conversationally. "I'm Harry Potter" he added.

“Hi, pleased to meet you. I’m Vellouette Harrison – Auror” she said holding out her wand and shooting a spell at one of the four remaining Death Eaters, but missing them completely.

“Hi, Harry Potter – Dancing Guinea Pig” Harry laughed as he shot a stunner at a Death Eater, who dodged it.

These were not the ordinary run of the mill Death Eaters Harry thought, but what looked to be the senior ones. Whoever they were, they were certainly putting up a good fight. He watched as Hannah, Susan and Luna fought random targets and keeping the Death Eaters from concentrating on one person or small group. Kingsley and Tonks gave cover to those injured enough to be out of the fight, but Harry couldn’t see where Neville was. Then he saw the boy engaged in a fight to the death with a tall black haired female Death Eater, and Harry knew there would only be one person Neville would concentrate on – Bellatrix Lastrange. Spells were exchanged as they fought like two mad animals, and Harry was pleased to see that Neville was giving as well as he got. A whistling noise came from behind him, and he ducked to see a green coloured spell fly over his head and hit the magical brethren fountain which broke into a thousand pieces.

“Wingardium Leviosa” Harry said and lifted the Death Eater up into the air where Susan sent magical rope to bind him. Harry put the Death Eater down again, but not before a few bounces on the floor. And then just like that, the tide turned and they managed to subdue all but two of the Death Eaters. One of those had managed to apparate out, while the other was currently fighting Neville, and several Aurors moved forward to assist him. All around lay the dead, dying and injured who awaited dealing with.

“Keep away” Neville spat viscously, “She’s mine” and sent out a curse that managed to get a hit on Bellatrix, and the witch howled in rage and sent Neville spinning across the floor. Neville hit the wall and went into a crumpled tangle of body, robes and pieces of stone. Despite the fact she could be taken down by anyone present, they stood in mute detachment at the battle. Harry vaguely heard Tonks tell Kingsley that an anti-apparition shield had been placed round the ministry so Bellatrix could not be getting out by using that method.

Everyone watched as she battled Neville who managed to knock her off balance.

“Who do you think you are?” she shrieked, as she regained her composure and aiming her wand at Neville’s heart.

“I’m Neville Longbottom” Neville spat as he was grazed by a spell that knocked him off his feet. “I’m Neville Longbottom and I’m your worst nightmare” Neville was so loud that he made everyone take a step back. As if in slow motion, he brought his wand up and cried “Expelliarmus” and Bellatrix’s wand flew out of her hand, and Harry cast an Accio charm to bring to him. Bellatrix just stared at the empty hand and never saw the speeding bullet of Neville Longbottom as he ran at full speed head down right into her stomach. The blow knocked her backwards several feet onto her back. Neville meanwhile kept on going and didn’t stop until he reached the fallen Death Eater.

“This is for Sirius Black” Neville said as he punched Bellatrix in the jaw, and everyone heard the snap of bone breaking. “This is for me” and there was another punch, this time on the side of her head. Neville levitated the battered Death Eater up so she stood on her own feet. By now Neville was in a blind rage and could only see red, and the person who had caused so much injury and pain to both him and his parents. “And this” Neville spat, “And this is for Frank and Alice Longbottom” he spat as he very slowly and very carefully aimed his wand. “Crucio” he cried, putting all of his magic into one of the Unforgivables. Neville didn’t mind that he would most likely be going to Azkaban for this, but if it meant that he had his vengeance on the person responsible for destroying the minds of his parents, then it was worth it.

Bellatrix screamed in agony as she felt the fullest effects of the curse, and she withered in pain. Nobody, not even Harry, had enough bravery to interrupt Neville. Eventually he ended the curse’s hold and allowed Bellatrix to drop to the ground, and he began to hit Bellatrix again and again and again. Everybody stood in shock as they saw the ferocity of the attack being carried out by Neville. After almost five minutes after he started to hit her again, Bellatrix fell into unconsciousness and didn’t feel the continuing blows. Blood poured out of her ears, nose, mouth and several other places as Neville

continued raining blows down onto her. Harry was the first to move and he walked slowly towards Neville, and put a hand on his shoulder.

“Neville, stop it” Harry said gently.

“I can’t” Neville said as tears rolled down his eyes and face.

“Neville... please” came Luna’s voice from behind them. Neville slowed his assault on the limp Death Eater, but didn’t stop. “Neville..... please stop it” she pleaded. “Its over” she added “And I’m scared”.

“Oh Merlin! I’m sorry Luna” Neville said, and he stopped hitting Bellatrix and fell into the open and waiting arms of Luna. He sobbed and sobbed and Luna simply held him as she hugged him and gave him comfort. The only ones still able to move were Harry and his friends, Tonks and Vellouette Harrison – the Auror Harry had described himself to as a Dancing Guinea Pig. All the others who had fought were otherwise taken care of and Harry watched as Hannah and Susan joined them. Harry prayed to the higher powers that ruled for them to look upon Luna and for them to bless her plan to comfort Neville.

Without speaking, Tonks and Vellouette went over to Bellatrix and both tied her up using independent magical ropes. They lifted the bleeding Death Eater into the air, and Vellouette headed off towards the maximum security cells. Running footsteps came from behind them as they turned to see a brown haired Auror come running towards them.

“Whats the matter?” asked Tonks as she introduced the newcomer as Auror Joanne Rowling.

“Its Kingsley” she said, and she had a shocked and saddened expression on her face.

At the sound of Kingsley, Tonks and the others looked around until they saw a crumpled mass of blue and purple robes. They went over to the form and crowded around as Tonks knelt down and put a hand

out to feel for a pulse. Almost as soon as it made contact, the hand retreated away from Kingsley.

“He’s dead” Tonks said in a whisper.

“Kingsley is dead?” Harry said more statement than a question.

“I can’t believe it” said Tonks, and the young woman was crying unashamedly. “After Madam Bones, he was the best Auror we had. Madam Bones used to joke he would be going to take over when she retired” Tonks said continuing the low whisper. Harry moved around to Kingsley’s feet and straightened his legs, as Tonks put his arms by his sides and closed his eyes.

“We will have to clean up this mess” Rowling said, gazing round the damage. “Who is in charge?” she asked. It was the same question on everyone’s lips.

“I don’t know who is in charge” Tonks said from the side of Kingsley. She knew that she had graduated the month before Rowling and a week before Vellouette did. “I don’t know who is in charge” Tonks repeated “But I’m senior to you so assume that I am in effective charge for the moment. Go and find the Minister, and tell.....” her voice trailed off as Vellouette came running towards them.

“The Minister has been.....” she said panting.

“Whats wrong with the Minister?” Tonks asked with a deep sense of foreboding.

“The Minister is dead” Vellouette said as she fought to contain her composure.

“Merlin!” Tonks exclaimed. When the Minister died and there was no clear successor, the head of the DMLE (and as a result, the Aurors) would take over as Temporary Minister of Magic. It seemed as if the other two Aurors knew that as well if expressions where to be read correctly. Tonks thought for a moment as she wondered what to do. “Get the injured to St Mungo’s at once. Leave the dead, they can wait for later. Vellouette, I want you to go round the Ministry and see who

is left out of the Corps. Just get their names, and then find me with the list. Rowling, once the injured have been dealt with go to Gringotts and ask if we can borrow their Goblin Guards” Tonks gave the orders a bit shakily as she realised the full implication of the situation.

“What will you be doing?” asked Vellouette.

“I’m going to take care of Kingsley” Tonks said.

“Very well Madam Tonks” both Aurors replied giving a deep bow to Tonks. They left to do their respective tasks, and left the group to the solemn task of taking care of Kingsley. Tonks bent down to pick up Kingsley, but she couldn’t take the weight of the body. Wordlessly the body lifted as Harry, Hannah, Susan and Luna helped to carry the body. Neville followed them whilst looking at his hands sadly. Neville was still not certain what would happen to him. The party carried Kingsley away from the devastation, and used the lift to go to the Head Auror’s office. They cleared away all the chairs and drawers, and put Kingsley’s body on the table. They all cast freezing charms on the room and on Kingsley to preserve the body from decaying. Harry knew that he could have brought him back, but he wasn’t entirely certain if he was able to do it. When he had done it for Hermione, he had been banking on the fact that she had sacrificed herself, and had got a connection with the magical barrier his mother created for him. He also wasn’t sure that his magical core could take that kind of punishment again. They closed the door and sealed it with a magical lock that only Tonks could open.

“What will you do Madam Tonks?” asked Harry, using Tonks’s new title with respect.

“Please use my real name, Madam Tonks makes me feel old” Tonks said.

“Alright..... Nymphadora” Harry said with a slight grin on his face. Tonks, despite the situation, blushed at the use of her first name.

“I’ll let you get away with that” she said, just as Neville looked at her.

“Miss Tonks? Can I talk to you please?” he asked.

“About what?” Tonks asked.

“I think you’re owed this” Neville said, and handed over his wand. “I used an Unforgivable on Bellatrix. Even if it was used on her, it is still punishable by being sent to Azkaban” he mumbled looking at his feet as he spoke.

“I know that, and the other remaining Aurors know that too. I know what the law is very well concerning that, and I know what the punishment is” Tonks said looking at the boy. “However, in her case I am willing to make an exception. In fact, I don’t think you said Crucio at all. I was under the impression of you said the word crucial actually” Tonks said lying through her teeth. If truth be told Tonks would have done the same thing, even if it meant a one way ticket to Azkaban. She handed Neville his wand back. “Don’t worry about the other Aurors, I’m sure they will come to the same conclusion” she added.

“Thank You” Neville said gratefully and Luna hugged him tightly once again. Harry suspected that there was more than just friendship between the two. Footsteps from behind them cause everyone to turn, with wands out ready to face the possible danger. Luckily it was only Vellouette Harrison, and they lowered their wands as she quite clearly posed no threat to them.

“I’ve got the list of names” she said, holding out a piece of parchment. Harry wasn’t very surprised to see that it was a small piece of parchment at all.

“Names are jumbled up” Tonks muttered. She tapped her wand on the parchment and the names re-arranged themselves in order of seniority. Harry managed to look at the list, and saw that only ten names appeared. Half of the list was made up of trainee Aurors and that didn’t seem to be a good thing. The parchment finished sorting itself out, and Tonks read the list again.

“Merlin” she breathed, and handed the list to Harry to look at. Not counting the trainees, the senior Auror was Tonks. He checked his

vision to see if he was mis-reading it, but he came up with the same result.

Ringling in the Changes

"Who is charge?" asked Hannah puzzled.

"According to this list, Tonks is in charge of the Auror corps. I guess she is the temporary Minister for Magic as well" Harry said.

"Wow" Hannah said looking amazed. "Whats wrong?" she asked when she saw Tonks's face drop.

"I just thought of something. The pure bloods are not going to like what they call a blood traitor being Minister will they?" Tonks asked. "Can you imagine the Prophet in the morning? I'll be forced to quit the Ministry altogether" and Tonks looked even sadder.

"Well, the Prophet won't be a problem" Harry said brightly. "I do own it after all" he smiled at Tonks, who managed a weak smile back at him.

"I forgot about that" she said mildly.

"The Quibbler will support you as well" Luna said confidently. "I'm sure my father will be supportive" she added from Neville's side.

"Thanks, both of you" Tonks said, and managed to get a bigger smile on her face.

"What do we do now?" asked Susan.

"Well I better get back downstairs and begin to clear up the mess" Tonks said. "I'm going to need somebody as temporary head of the DMLE and a temporary head of the Auror Corps" Tonks said as they crowded into the lift and returned to the battle site.

As soon as the doors opened, the first person they saw was Mad Eye Moody, and he came towards them with the familiar clump of his wooden leg. When they approached them, Harry whipped out his wand and pointed at Moody's chest. The others stared in amazement as they wondered why Harry had drawn his wand.

"If you are who you say you are answer me this" Harry said thinking of a question to see if this was the real Moody, and not a Death Eater left behind as an assassin. "What did you reply to my first question to when I saw you at my relatives house last summer?" he asked.

"You asked me 'Professor Moody?'" Moody said.

"And what was your reply?" Harry asked.

"I said 'Well I didn't get round to much teaching last year'" Moody replied. This satisfied Harry and he lowered his wand. "Good thinking Potter" he said, nodding his understanding.

"Constant Vigilance" Harry growled in a poor imitation of Moody. Moody didn't seem to mind, and in fact he smiled slightly.

"Aye, theres that I guess" Moody said. He looked around at the various damage that stood testament to the ferocity of the attack. "What happened here then?" he asked. He stood and listened as everyone explained what had happened in the attack. "Kingsley's dead?" he asked, and even the veteran Auror was shocked by this. "He was a good man, he'll be missed by a lot of people" he said. Moody's mouth actually dropped as he was told that Scrimgeour had died as well. Tonks explained that he had died while taking two Death Eaters with him. Those two now resided with Bellatrix and several other captured Death Eaters in the maximum security cells. Tonks had been told the final total of Death Eaters who had attacked the Ministry. Counting those who had been captured, Killed or escaped, the number was forty five Death Eaters. "Who is in charge?" he asked when the group finished talking.

"The Minister is standing in front of you" Harry said indicating Tonks, and Moody looked thoughtful for a moment.

"I am in need of your help" Tonks said, nervous at now being a higher rank than her former mentor.

"I am at your disposal, Minister Tonks" Moody said, and some of the tension was relieved. If Moody had accepted Tonks as Minister, then that was a good thing. The former Auror still carried a lot of weight in

political circles, and this would be a bonus boost to Tonks if she decided to go for the job full time.

"I need a new DMLE chief" Tonks said. "I would like you to take the job" she said.

"I would be honoured" Moody said formally. "I finally got that promotion" he muttered.

"You deserve it" Harry said, to the agreement of all those around him. A figure approached them and Harry saw it was Vellouette. He noticed that she carried a large sheet of parchment under her arm.

"Madam Tonks" she began as she had not been told of Tonks's new position. Harry interrupted her though and explained the situation to her. "My apologies Minister. My congratulations, I just wish it was under different circumstances" Vellouette said extending her hand which Tonks took.

"I need a new head of the Auror Corps. Would you like the job?" she asked.

"I would love that very much" Vellouette said smiling despite the situation that had conspired to give her the job.

"Good, then that's settled" Tonks said. She pointed at the parchment under the other witch's arm. "Do I want to ask what that is?"

"No, but you might as well read it" Vellouette said, and handed over the parchment for Tonks to read.

It made for very bad reading indeed and it listed those injured and dead from Ministry forces. It also included the names of three ordinary wizards who had been caught up in the opening wave of attacks, and two witches who had been there to pay fines for minor offences. Tonks made a note in her mind to have the fines cancelled because they had paid a higher price. By the time she had finished reading the list of casualties, Tonks was in tears. Out of a force of one hundred and twelve Aurors, only ten survived. This included Tonks, Aurors Harrison and Rowling, three trainees and four off duty Aurors.

It turned out that most of the Aurors had been killed when a large part of the Death Eaters apparated into the Auror Corps mess room and offices. They had had the element of surprise, and had killed most of them before they could react. The others had been killed in the fighting that had taken place, and it said how Kingsley had died. A tall blond Death Eater had come up from behind and had used the killing curse on him, the witness has stunned the Death Eater, but it was too late to save Kingsley. Harry wasn't surprised to know that it was Lucius Malfoy who had been taken into custody. The total list read as One Hundred and Fifty dead, for twenty dead or captured. Whichever way you looked at it that was bad news indeed. If Voldemort attempted a take over of the Ministry, then there would not be much of a fight. Voldemort had seemed to have ordered his followers to attack only the Aurors, so there would be a weak force when the time came to mount the final battle. When she finished, Minister Tonks swore violently and with force.

"Thought that would be your reaction" Vellouette said, smiling grimly.

"Who is guarding the prisoners?" asked Moody.

"Auror Rowling brought some of the guards from Gringotts as a stop gap measure. She's also getting help from a rather enthusiastic house elf" Vellouette said.

"That'll be Dobby" chorused the friends.

"That's him" Vellouette confirmed.

"So, where do we go from here?" asked Harry.

"Well, first of all get some help for the injured, and bury the dead. Then we can clean up this mess" Tonks said making her first decision as Minister. "Vellouette, you were involved with the training of the newbies. How far trained are they?" she asked.

"Almost ready" Vellouette answered. "In fact it was going to be graduation day tomorrow".

“Get me three badges and have them in the... My office in half an hour. Get them cleaned up, and give them something to eat and drink first” Tonks ordered, and then turned to Moody. “Sir, can you see if you can get some of this damage cleared away. If they haven’t turned up by now have those four off duty here to deal with clearing up and whatever else arises”, and Moody nodded and left to deal with his tasks at once.

“We can help if you want” Harry said.

“Really? That’s a good offer, thank you everyone. If you can deal with clearing up the damage, I would really appreciate it” Tonks said, sounding grateful for the offer.

“Madam Tonks?” it was Rowling’s voice from their left. Behind her could be seen a mass of reporters being held off by two Goblins.

“Yes?” Tonks asked “And it’s Minister Tonks” she added.

“Congratulations, Minister” said Rowling. “As I was going to say, there are reporters who wish to have an interview with you and the other survivors. I have sent two goblins to St Mungo’s for privacy” Rowling reported.

“Very well” Tonks said. Then she had a very wicked thought indeed. “If you see Rita Skeeta, have her arrested for something. If it comes to it, slap her with a treason charge. Tell the reporters that I will not be speaking until I say so, and am ready”.

“I will take pleasure in doing that myself” Rowling said, and turned to walk back towards the reporters.

“We’ll get to work” Harry said.

“Good” Tonks said. “Be at the office in half an hour” Tonks said, and left to go and take care of all the other matters arising.

“She’s going to have a lot of stuff to take care of” Harry said as they started on clearing up the damage.

“Can we survive this?” asked Hannah as she banished a large piece of stone.

“What you mean?” asked Harry as he shifted the head of the witch from the Magical Brethren statue.

“Theres only ten Aurors left, eleven if you include Moody. How can we fight Voldemort when theres only eleven Aurors?” she said as she watched wizards and witches arrive to take care of the bodies.

They recognised some of them, and Harry was certain he could see Ludo Bagman amongst the mass. Clearly, Tonks had roped in everyone that could be spared to help. He didn’t see Arthur Weasley anywhere, and Harry had to guess he was with most of the Weasley family. Harry was thoughtful for a moment, then answered Hannah’s question.

“I don’t know it’s possible” Harry said truthfully. “Voldemort took out most of the Auror Corps, and left it severely crippled and possibly beyond repair” Harry shook his head at his own words. “But, if he does try a large scale attack, then we will go down fighting” he added. A few curses from close to them caused the two to look at Neville who was shifting the debris by hand.

“We’re never going to clear this up before nightfall” he muttered.

“Normally, I would say yes. But in this case I can get some extra help” Harry smiled and called for Dobby.

“Dobby is wanted?” asked the elf.

“Yes, Dobby. Please can you clear up this mess? Just dump what you can’t fix” Harry said and the elf got to work. “Oh, and Dobby?” he called out.

“Yes Harry Potter sir?”.

“Thank you for helping to deal with the Death Eaters” and Harry really was grateful for all the work that Dobby did.

“Thank you, Harry Potter sir” Dobby squeaked, and he bounced a few times on his feet. Despite the desperate situation that they had all gone through, they smiled at Dobby in thanks.

“Harry?” it was Luna. “Its time we headed up to see Tonks” she said.

“Yeah, guess we should do” Harry said as he looked at his tattered and bloodied robes. “I could do with a shower” he added.

“You said it” Susan commentated.

“Dobby, can you do the honours?” asked Harry, and Dobby nodded and clicked his fingers. In an instant, their robes mended themselves and the five became clean as though they had just got out of a bath.

“Thank you” smiled Luna, and Dobby blushed slightly.

“Yeah, Thanks Dobby” everyone replied and after bidding the elf farewell, they headed to the lift and made their way to Tonks’s new office. They had to ask for directions from one or two people who looked annoyed to be annoyed that they had been stopped.

“Ah, we’ve been waiting for you lot” Tonks said when they found the right office. Tonks was stood in the office where Scrimgeour had fought his attackers. Thankfully somebody had removed the bodies, and repaired a lot of the damage that had resulted. The group could see Aurors Harrison and Rowling as well as three Harry had not seen before. He had to assume that these three where the trainees that had fought alongside Auror Rowling.

“Better late then never” Harry remarked.

“True” Tonks said, and indicated that the newcomers should stand to one side of the room.

“You the Minister for the time being?” Harry asked as he stood where he was told.

“More like for keeps” Tonks smiled. “The Wizandgamot had an emergency meeting and confirmed my standing. I just hope I can be a good one” she added.

“Of course, Minister Tonks” and Harry and Neville bowed, while Hannah, Susan and Luna executed perfectly spotless curtsies.

“Oh, stop it” Tonks smiled, then dropped the face as she got serious. She turned to the three trainees and spoke in a tone that Harry had never heard her use. “You are gathered here today because it has been made known to me that you fought most bravely against overwhelming odds. However, because of this, I can not let you remain as trainee Aurors” Tonks said. She struggled to keep a straight face for the next part. “That is why you are promoted to full Aurors, with all the rights and privileges that you are entitled to. Auror Radcliffe step forward” and a male Auror stepped closer to Tonks. “I wish you a long and happy carrier in the Corps” and Tonks shook his hand.

“Thank you Minister” Radcliffe said, and he stepped back into line, a gleaming Auror badge pinned to his robes.

“Auror Grint, step forward” Tonks said, and another male Auror stood close to Tonks. “The same thing goes to you” and shook his hand as well.

“I hope I serve you and the magical world well” Grint said as he had his badge pinned to his robes. After shaking hands, he stepped back into line.

“Auror Watson, please step forward” and Tonks took a bigger delight in giving a badge to this Auror as this one was a woman. “I, and Harrison and Rowling know, that being a woman in the Corps is tough, and so I am glad that you have made it through the training. You of course will not be able to do what the guys do” Tonks said and broke her formal face into a wide grin. “I mean I wasn’t allowed to pin up a naked wizard on my locker door” she smiled.

“Thank you, Minister. I will do my best to prove myself” and Harry thought that Watson had a musical tone to her voice. It reminded him of Hermione, and how she sounded.

All those present burst into applause as congratulated the newly graduated Aurors on passing training. It was not that loud considering things, but it was from the heart and made most welcome. When it had died out, Tonks asked for them all to come with her to face the press. All she would say is that she had something to announce, and wouldn't say another word about it. They had to take two lifts to go to the press who had been rounded up and herded into the largest courtroom in the ministry. The press were waiting for them and as they entered, they stood in respect for Tonks and her position. Moody was sat behind a long bench table and was waiting for them to arrive. Tonks and Harrison sat down, with Tonks sitting in the middle. Harry and the gang stood at each side of the room, and he couldn't help notice that Luna had her hand in Neville's. As he watched the pair, Tonks began to speak and she described everything that had happened, not mentioning that most of the surviving Aurors were in the room with them.

“There is also something else I wish for you to know” Tonks said as she eyed the crowd of reporters. As I fought today against Death eaters, I saw a group of people who attacked them without thinking of their own lives at any time. These five” she went on “made it possible to capture several top Death Eaters. I would like to ask for Hannah Abbot, Susan Bones, Luna Lovegood, Neville Longbottom and Harry Potter to step up her please” and Tonks took something out of the inside of her robes. As they walked to the front of the reporters and stood on the podium that the table was on, Harry saw that Tonks had got a box containing medals.

“I think I know what is going to be happening” Harry whispered to Hannah and Susan.

“As Minister of Magic” Tonks began “it is both my pleasure and honour to award the Order of Merlin to these five individuals” and while she was speaking, Tonks had stood up and moved round to the front of the table.

“I award the Order of Merlin First Class for bravery above and beyond the call of duty, to Hannah Abbot” and Tonks hung the medal over Hannah’s neck.

“Thank you” Hannah said blushing red.

“I award the Order of Merlin First Class for helping to save others whilst under fire, to Susan Bones” Tonks said as the reporters increased the noise from the applause.

“Thank you, Minister” Susan said as she received her medal.

“I award the Order of Merlin First Class for bravery coming to aid of Ministry officials while in mortal danger, to Luna Lovegood” and Tonks had to bend down a little to account for Luna’s smaller size.

“Thank You Miss Tonks” Luna said and went as red as rubies.

“I award the Order of Merlin First Class for the capture of Bellatrix Lastrange, to Neville Longbottom” and Tonks smiled a reassurance to Neville as he looked upset that he had used an Unforgivable.

“Thank you, Minister Tonks” Neville said.

“I’m sure your parents would be proud” Tonks whispered.

“Lastly and by no means least, I award the Order of Merlin First Class for the capture of Peter Pettigrew, to Harry Potter” and the reporters clapped so loud that there was a fear of the walls collapsing.

“Thank you, Minister” and Harry executed a perfect bow. When the noise died down, Tonks said she had one last message to the assembled media.

“I want it to be made clear that I will not be intimidated by speculation. Let it be clear that anybody suspected of supporting Lord Voldemort will be taken for questioning, and those Death Eaters found will be dealt with severely. Thank you for your time, and I will take questions now” Tonks said, and she sat down behind the table again.

Immediate Aftermath

The press conference took over an hour to complete, and Harry was beginning to get tired of the questions. After all the reporters had left, Tonks had Moody seal the lift to the pavement, and deactivate all but four of the Floo network fireplaces. One was in Tonks's office, another in Moody's, the Auror Corps had one as well. The remaining activated Floo portal was in the atrium, and watched by six goblins who were all armed to the teeth. The off duty Aurors had reported for work, and helped with taking an accurate list of those who had survived the battle. Around half a dozen other Aurors survived, but sadly their minds had been too badly damaged for them to ever get better. Harry neglected to say that bit around Neville as he knew it would remind him of his parents.

"Here we are" Tonks said as they arrived at the fireplace in her new office. "You had better get to Hogwarts. Professor McGonagall will know all about this by now, but she's been told to let you do whatever you want" and they thanked her for taking the time to deal with their situation.

"Thank you Tonks" Harry said and watched as first Hannah and then Susan went into the flames. Next to go through where Luna and Neville, and both were holding each others hands. Harry was the last one to pass into the flames and he turned back towards Tonks.

"Don't worry" she said reading his question before he asked it. "I'll let you know when we start interrogating Pettigrew" and Tonks held out her hand to Harry and he took it in his and shook it. "Bye Harry".

"Bye, Minister Tonks" and Harry bent low, not into a bow but into a curtsey that drew a laugh from the new Minister for Magic. Harry stood up and then walked into the flames. He felt the sensation around his navel as he was taken from the ministry and returned to the familiar surroundings of Hogwarts. The first thing he noticed after getting his bearings was the concerned face of Professor McGonagall looking at him.

"Are you alright?" she asked.

"Yeah, just peachy. Was rather cold this morning, but a fight with Death Eaters really warms you up" Harry said flippantly. "Sorry Professor" he apologised.

"No need Mr Potter" McGonagall said kindly. "It may surprise you to know, but I was once a rebellious young woman in my youth as well" and the corners of her mouth twitched for a moment into a bigger smile. "What are you planning to do?" she asked.

"I am going to go out of this room. Then I am heading towards our dorm, where there is a bed with my name on it" Harry said, and he was perfectly serious about it.

"And after that?" McGonagall enquired.

"After that, I'm going to try and relax a little bit" Harry said tiredly. He suddenly felt the weight of the last few hours hit him.

"You had better go and get your rest" McGonagall said. "But first, can you tell me what happened? Not all of it of course, but perhaps a little overview" she requested.

"Well we had just finished the trial of Ron and were just going to head back here, when we saw Kingsley running towards us. He said there were Death Eaters in the Ministry and that they had got Draco Malfoy out and had taken him away. We joined in the battle and managed to capture a few of them" Harry said sinking into one of the deep chairs in her office.

"Anyone I know?" she probed.

"Yeah" Harry replied, closing his eyes. "We got Pettigrew and Bellatrix Lastrange, but it cost us a lot of people" and Harry shook his head.

"Who did we lose?" McGonagall whispered.

"We lost Kingsley" came the reply.

"Oh no" McGonagall said.

“That’s not the worst of it” Hannah said quietly.

“What do you mean?” asked the headmistress.

“We lost the Auror Corps” Susan answered.

“All of it?”

“It is almost gone” Luna said. She was sitting on a small sofa and was holding Neville’s hand while she had one arm round him.

“Great ghost of Merlin” the older witch exclaimed. Everyone could hear the shock in her normally level and calm voice. “Who is in charge of the Ministry?” she asked.

“Minister Tonks has taken over” Harry said, a ghost of a smile on his face. He opened his eyes and looked at the headmistress with a slight hint of humour on his face. “Mad Eye is the new Department of Magical Law Enforcement head, and someone called Vellouette Harrison is the new Auror chief” and Harry slowly got to his feet.

“Vellouette Harrison? I taught her as a student – she’ll be a good choice” McGonagall said.

“I hope so” Harry said with meaning. “You’ll learn all about it in the Daily Prophet tomorrow I expect” and he sighed. “Now if you excuse me, I need to go and get some rest” Harry said, and then something caught his attention. “Where are Luna and Neville?” he asked.

“They left quietly a few minutes ago. Mr Longbottom appeared to be in some distress and left the room, so Miss Lovegood went after him” McGonagall said.

“Well I’m off now” Harry said.

“Have a good sleep” came McGonagall’s voice as Harry left the Headmistress’s office and began his journey back to his dorm.

He walked through the various corridors as his mind processed everything that had happened. The one thing that got him worried was the fact that most of the Auror Corp had been decimated. The question at the back of his mind was this: Was Azkaban safe from intruders? With the desertion of the Dementors from their posts at the magical prison, Harry would not be putting money on the subject. The bigger puzzle was how the ministry was going to recover from what was nothing more than a total disaster. Tonks was going to have her work cut for herself in the next few days that was for certain, and Harry made a note to offer whatever help he could give to her. The medal that Tonks had given him hung round his neck like a metal, and Harry fingered its round medallion as he walked. He certainly deserved the medal after all that had happened, but it had come at a terrible price. It had been paid for in blood and for that reason alone, Harry took it from round his neck and held it in his hand. Hannah and Susan could be heard catching up with him and he stopped so they caught up.

“We wondered if you had made the tower yet” Hannah said.

“We are going to go to the kitchens and get something to eat” Susan said. “After that, we’re going to see some of our friends in Hufflepuff’s common room” she added.

“Don’t know when we’ll be back” Hannah said.

“Have a good time” Harry said and both of his wives gave him a hug and a kiss, and turned towards the Hufflepuff rooms.

He watched them turn the corner out of sight and then Harry resumed his walk back to his shared tower. He reached it in nearly no time at all, and opened the door to go inside. Luna and Neville were both on the large sofa, but they weren’t sitting normally though. Luna had both her arms around Neville whose face was buried into the bottom of Luna’s neck. Even from this distance, Harry could see each and every sob pass through his best male friend, and it saddened Harry to see Neville like this.

"Hello, Harry" Luna greeted "I was wondering when you be here. Could you wait with Neville while I get changed please?" she said dreamily.

"Sure, Luna" Harry said, and Luna disengaged herself from Neville and went up to the girls dorm. Harry moved to sit down next to Neville and he could see that Neville's eyes where red from the tears.

"Sorry" Neville mumbled.

"Theres no need to be sorry" Harry said gently.

"Thanks" Neville said, and managed a weak smile. "I'm just so glad that Bellatrix has been captured. I wish my parents could see her trial" he said, tears running down his face. Neville kept on crying, and Harry didn't know exactly what to do.

"I'm sure your Gran would be happy", Harry said finally.

"You think so?" Neville said.

"I know so" Harry said, and at that moment the door to the girl's dorm opened and then closed and Harry heard the sound of Luna skipping down the stairs. "You look good" he remarked as he turned to see Luna walking down the stairs.

"Thanks" Luna said. Luna had rid herself of her formal robes and now wore something completely different.

She wore a very short blue skirt and had a slightly tight snow white coloured blouse on, (and Harry could see what he thought was a cream coloured lacy bra underneath. He dismissed the emotions the sight stirred in his mind; he was a married man after all). Luna had bright blue socks on, and black patent shoes on her feet. Harry caught the glance of Luna to where Neville was, and Neville was still sobbing silently. The blonde haired girl locked eyes with the black haired boy and Harry instantly knew what Luna planned to do. Harry summoned his invisibility cloak and the marauders map and passed them to Luna. She seemed to understand what Harry was giving her and nodded her thanks, and she crossed over to Neville and

wordlessly took his hand in hers and helped him stand up. Harry could see the determination in her eyes, and he realised her much she had thought about what she and Neville would be doing. They had almost reached the door to the corridor outside when Luna turned to Harry.

"I don't know when we'll be back" she said, carefully choosing her words.

"I'll wait with hot chocolate for you" Harry said.

"Thank You" Luna said, and she led Neville out the room and towards the Room of Requirement where she would comfort Neville in only ways that a woman could.

"Good luck, Luna Lovegood" Harry whispered. He watched as the two closed the door behind them. Kicking off his shoes and stretching out his feet onto the other end of the sofa, he put his feet on the sofa arm. Harry pointed his wand at the TV and with a few more flicks, music began to play and fill the room. One final flick of the wand, Harry turned all the lights off except the two small lamps above the fireplace. Harry closed his eyes and tried to identify the song playing. Being the smart person he was (and owing to the fact he had heard the song before), he identified it as the background music from the film 'Princess Mononoke'. As he lay there, Harry thought of all those he knew, who had started today alive and now ended it dead. Kingsley Shacklebolt – dead. Hesita Jones – dead, and others whose faces came to mind, but he couldn't think of right away. He must have fallen asleep because the next thing he knew was the sound of the tower door opening and in came Hannah and Susan. Thankfully, they didn't noticed he had been asleep and Harry spun upright and picked up a piece of parchment and a quill to begin writing a note to the editor of the Daily Prophet.

"Still up?" asked Hannah as the two girls came in.

"Yeah, I just had a little nap that's all. Decided to write a letter to the Prophet" Harry lied. Hannah guessed this wasn't the case, but wisely said nothing.

“Well we just wanted to say hello before we went to bed” Susan said. “I know its still daylight, but I could just drop to the ground now” and Hannah nodded.

“Well don’t let me keep you from your beautiful sleep” Harry laughed and he received a kiss from each of his wives before heading up to their dorms. Harry called for Hedwig and asked her to deliver the letter. Hedwig hooted and flew off on her vital mission to the offices of the Daily Prophet. If they acted on the content, then somebody would be faced with a terrible problem concerning their future with the paper. But Harry was more concerned with what would be happening with the fight against Voldemort, and he hoped that they had enough time to try and rebuild the Auror Corps to mount a defence of the entire magical kingdom.

A/N: So, the aftermath of the Second battle of the Ministry is over, and people are taking stock and beginning the process of rebuilding. In case you wondered that there was something funny about some of the Aurors who appeared in Chapters 22 and 23, well you was right! Aurors Rowling, Radcliffe, Grint and Watson are all people connected with the Harry Potter series. Rowling is of course JK Rowling – the author of the books. Radcliffe, Grint and Watson are the people who play Harry, Hermione and Ron in the films. I thought that it would be a nice nod of the head to those five.

If anyone can guess what Luna is going to do, then PM me, and the first to guess correctly, makes an appearance in the next chapter in a cameo role.

I hope you will leave reviews, and give me nice ones.

Reviews in the normal manner please;

Pixel

Recipient of the Order of Merlin First Class

Discussions and Action

Attack on the Ministry

By

Yogi Bear

Ministry officials have confirmed that an attack by the followers of You-Know-Who took place this afternoon. Serious injury and damage was taken during the opening seconds of the attack, with hundreds dead and injured. Amongst those who have died were Minister Rufus Scrimgeour and DMLE head Kingsley Shacklebolt. The Aurors who responded to the attack took on overwhelming odds at the cost of many of their lives, but no exact figures have been released. After an emergency meeting of the Wizengamot, Nymphadora Tonks has been sworn in as the new Minister for Magic. Her first action was to appoint Alastor Moody as the new DMLE chief, and also to make Vellouette Harrison the new Senior Auror and head of the Auror Corps. After making these appointments, Minister Tonks then awarded Order of Merlin medals to Harry Potter, Hannah Abbot, Susan Bones (niece of the late Amelia Bones), Neville Longbottom (son of the famous Aurors Alice and Frank Longbottom) and Luna Lovegood. The five were present at the ministry on an unrelated matter, and joined the battle without being asked to. During the fight, several Death eaters were captured including Bellatrix Lastrange and Peter Pettigrew. Their mission appears to have been the rescue of Draco Malfoy (the son of Lucius Malfoy – now a confirmed Death Eater). However with the capture of two of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's top followers, it will set the Dark Lord back a little while. After her appointment and the awarding of medals, Minister Tonks spoke about her new policies concerning Death eaters and You-Know-Who.

For the interview and further information please go to Pages 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20.

Harry read his copy of the Evening Prophet and snorted at the story on the front page. One thing that made him smile was the notice that was printed at the bottom of the bottom of page one.

We wish to announce that one of our reporters, Rita Skeeta, has been arrested on charges of making false accusations and treason. She was released following the payment of a 1000 Galleon fine. The Daily Prophet has suspended Miss Skeeta for two weeks with out pay, and she has expressed a wish to write a Good Housekeeping column upon her return.

That had made some of the bad feelings evaporate from Harry. He was alone in the common room of their tower, as Hannah and Susan had returned from having dinner after they had woken up from their daytime sleep. When they had got back both of them had been so tired still that they had gone back to bed. Harry glanced at the clock on the wall and saw it was nearly half past nine. He put the paper on the coffee table and lay back on the sofa and thought of the upcoming days ahead. Harry nearly didn't notice the door open and Luna and Neville walk in, with Neville looking better then when he had left.

"Hi you two" he said as they sat on chairs.

"Hello Harry" Luna said. Luna's hair looked a little more messed up then it normally did, and Harry could only make a guess as to what they had done.

"Hi mate" Neville said. His hair looked messy as well, and there was something odd about his clothes as well. Something that Harry found odd, but couldn't put his finger on.

"So, what did you do?" Harry asked hesitatingly.

"We went to the Room of Requirement, and I comforted Neville in private" Luna said.

"Luna is a real friend" Neville said, giving Luna a glance.

"I am?" she asked surprised.

"Of course" Neville said and Luna's cheeks tinged red.

“Do I need to ask what else you did?” said Harry as he raised his eyebrows.

“What you mean?” asked Neville.

“Did you ... I mean did you have” Harry tried to think of a polite way to ask the question.

“That is not your business” Luna said with a gleam in her eye. “But no we didn’t. We just took our clothes off and lay in our underwear together on a bed the room gave us” she said. A look of amusement passed over her features. “We just kissed and hugged a lot”.

“So you just took off your clothes and kissed and hugged?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, just that” Neville said, going slightly red as well.

“So that explains why you are wearing Luna’s socks then does it?” Harry said as he figured what was wrong with Neville’s clothes. He smiled as he saw the look of panic on Neville’s face as he realised he had the wrong socks on.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” he spluttered to Luna.

“You never asked” she replied serenely.

“At least you didn’t end up wearing Luna’s skirt” Harry added for maximum damage.

“There was no danger of that” Luna said matter of factly.

“Why?” asked Neville curious.

“You don’t have the legs” delivered the blonde. Harry simply rolled off the sofa in complete fits of laughter.

“You owe us something” Luna added, and Harry managed (after a while) to regain the power of speech.

“What is it?” he asked.

“The hot chocolate” the girl told him.

“Ah that” Harry said and leaned over with his wand and flicked it at the large wooden table. Three large mugs and a massive teapot came floating over. The smell told Luna that Harry had kept his promise.

“I thought it would have been cold by now” Neville said as he rearranged the mugs.

“I used a warming charm on the teapot. I am a wizard you know” Harry said chuckling. “Shall I play mother?” he asked, and he poured the contents of the teapot into each of the mugs. They drank deeply and then settled down to talk.

“What do you think is going to happen, Harry?” asked Luna.

“About the attack today you mean? I don’t know to be honest with you” Harry said thinking hard. “It’s going to take a long time to rebuild from an attack as big as this, assuming of course that Tonks can. The first thing to do is to build up the Auror Corps again and that’s the hardest thing to do” he added.

“How can she rebuild it?” asked Neville.

“Well she could hire some recently retired Aurors to cover until they get some new trainees. What she might do is to look at the results of those who trained but didn’t make the grade and hire the best of them and then train up the lower ranking ones” Harry sighed. “What a great way to start your first day as minister” he added.

“I think Miss Tonks is going to be very good” Luna said as she took another sip of her hot chocolate.

“Being good at the job does not mean we will win” Harry warned, and at that moment there was a little tapping from the window. Hedwig had come back from another mission Harry had sent her on, and he took the letter from her beak. “Thanks Hedwig. Go enjoy a night time

hunt” he added as he ruffled her feathers and watched as she flew off to hunt for mice.

“Whats the letter about?” asked Neville as he poured himself a second mug. He and Luna waited until Harry had opened it.

“It’s from Tonks” he said at length.

“Whats it say?” asked Neville again.

“Tonks has decided what to do with some of the Death Eaters we captured” Harry said, and he looked slightly sad.

“Whats she doing? Sending them to Azkaban?” Luna asked, but Harry shook his head.

“Those senior Death Eaters we captured have been taken to the Department of Mysteries and pushed through the veil” Harry said, and he was quiet for a moment.

“Wow” breathed Neville. “Does she name names?” he asked.

“No” and Harry looked up at him, and sounded only vaguely happy.

“Theres something else, isn’t there?” Luna said and Harry nodded slowly.

“They used truth serum on them all before pushing them through. Three of them said that there was a group of Death Eaters on a muggle warship near the coast of Mexico” and Harry had a hard time thinking of the situation that had been suggested.

“But?”

“But they can’t get hold of anyone at the Mexican Ministry” Harry said. “According to the confessions, they have two ships, one was for quick use, and the other is to make their proper escape on. They where just going to abandon the first ship and create a mystery” and Harry threw the letter onto the table and it landed next to the teapot. Neville took a look at Luna and the girl nodded once.

"Lets go" Neville said and stared at Harry's confused look.

"What you mean?" he asked.

"Let's go and get them" Neville clarified. Harry weighed up the pros and cons of what Neville suggested.

"What about Hannah and Susan?" Luna asked.

"Theres no time" Harry said jumping up and grabbing his wand and transfigured three cushions into cloaks. "We'll tell them when we get back" he added, and he called for Dobby.

"What is required of Dobby?" the hyperactive house elf asked. Harry gave the elf some instructions and had him repeat them just to make sure. The three stood together and, at Harry's nod, Dobby clicked his fingers and the three students vanished from Hogwarts.

When they popped back into existence, their nose where assaulted by the smell of the open sea and the sound of waves hitting something solid. Harry looked around and confirmed what his senses told him. They arrived on what looked like an old muggle battleship and in the distance; they could see another ship leaving them.

"That's them" Harry said, as he pointed the other ship out to Luna and Neville.

"Can we hit them with spells?" asked Luna.

"I think we wouldn't do any damage" Neville said judging the distance.

"Neville's right. We'd might as well fire snowballs at them, the distance is too far" Harry said and looked round the deck of the ship. It was what Harry knew to be a Battleship. He went over to one of the turrets and peered inside to see if any one was in, but nobody was. The compartment was empty except for the fact on one side, was a small stack of shells.

“What can we do, Harry?” asked Luna. When she didn’t get an answer, she and Neville turned to see Harry with a big smile on his face.

“What?” asked Neville, looking over his shoulder at the fleeing Death Eaters.

“I just had an idea about fighting them” Harry said, and he rushed off towards the main part of the ship. The other two looked at each other and raced off after Harry.

A/N: So, Tonks is now “disposing” of some of the Death Eaters, and Rita is suspended. Harry, Neville and Luna are on the open seas on a boat left behind by Death Eaters and Harry has a plan. I’m not going to give clues, but I suggest that people look at Steven Siegel’s films the one called “Under Siege”. When you read or see it, then you will understand what is going to happen in Chapter 25.

A few clues: Rafael reappears in the fic, guns are fired and theres action on the high seas.

Have Fun

Regards;

Pixel

Battlestations

Harry only stopped running when he reached the bridge of the ship. A quick look at the marauders map told Harry that no other persons were on board and Harry decided what they were going to do.

“Harry?” Neville wheezed as he reached the bridge, followed by Luna. “What’s the plan?” he asked.

“Remember that film we watched once? ‘Under Siege’?” and the two nodded. Harry continued. “Well that’s what we are going to do. We are going to sail this ship right towards them and fire the main turrets off at them, and hopefully sink them” Harry said as he looked at the controls. Luna looked at Neville who simply shrugged.

“Seems like a plan to me” Neville said.

“What do we do?” asked Luna.

“First we have to get the ship moving” Harry said. He studied the nearest display and noticed that the ship still had working controls, or at least still had power coming to the bridge. Harry would have been unsure what he was doing, but he had seen a few programmes and films on television about these ships, so he knew what each station did. The Death Eaters had simply left the ship running, and Harry found that the engines were in full working order meaning they could move the ship and go in pursuit.

“How do we do that?” asked Neville. Neville was staring at all of the various blinking lights and status displays.

“Simple” Harry said and moved to the front of the bridge and flicked his wand at the ship’s wheel. After muttering a simple charm or spell, the wheel began to turn to the right (or starboard), and a slight shudder could be felt through the deck. Slowly but surely, the ship began to move forwards, and Harry had to smile slightly.

“What do we do when we catch up to the Death Eaters?” asked Luna looking out the forward windows.

“We shoot them” Harry said simply, and the other two had to agree. Killing people was not something they wanted to do, but at least they wouldn’t be using the Killing Curse.

“How?” asked Neville, and got Harry looking out the window at something. Neville looked at the same thing and understood. “You have got to be joking” he laughed.

“Is Harry using the guns?” Luna asked serenely.

“Yeah, though how did you guess?” Harry wondered.

“I remembered watching that film ‘Under Siege’. It was quite enjoyable for a scary movie” Luna smiled.

“Well, we better get to the forward guns then. We should try the one with the open door first” Harry said, and led the way off the bridge and back to the gun turret he had looked inside.

As they walked through the passageways, the three looked at all the various items that looked ready to be used again. The one thing that Harry wondered was if the ammunition would be able to be used. The last time a battleship used its guns was many years ago. As they went back onto the outside of the ship, Harry stopped to look at a small plaque attached to one of the bulkheads. On a wooden plaque, sat the name of the ship – Missouri. Harry knew the name of the ship as he had to learn about it in muggle primary school for a history lesson. When they reached the turret, the three went inside and looked at the various mechanisms that made the gun do its job. Harry could sense the memories of those who had been in here before, the ones that sacrificed their lives to fight evil. When the ship was decommissioned, everyone must have expected it to have a quiet retirement, but now it was being called up one more time to stop evil and Harry was determined to honour the memories of those who had come before him. He made a count of the number of shells stacked up against the bulkhead, and came up with twelve shells. He would only need three of them, if the plan went correctly.

“Right, these are going to be heavy to lift by hand, so use a levitating charm on a shell, and then load it into the barrel. I’ll load a charge so

it will fire when we press the button” Harry said, and the group started on the task straight away. They could see the second ship ahead of them and Harry went to the radar control to begin tracking the Death Eaters. However when he looked at the controls, he saw that it had been deactivated and he didn’t know how to turn it on again.

“Is something wrong?” asked Neville.

“Yeah, radar is out” Harry said. “I can’t lock onto the Death Eaters’ ship” he added to make it clear. Then as he looked up, he saw the optical viewfinder mounted onto the forward bulkhead. He eyed it with a mix of surprise and amusement washing over his face.

“Harry?” asked Luna. “What are you thinking?” she asked.

“Radar is out” Harry said, “But if we use this viewfinder to call out the range, then we can track the guns onto the Death Eaters and blow them up” he added as he took a step up to stand on the step so he could see through the viewfinder. He couldn’t see much due to the fact that it had gotten dark outside. Neville seemed to be thinking of the same thing as Harry.

“How do we find them?” he asked. Harry was just about to answer, when he saw a small gun sat on a little shelf. Thinking quickly, he leaned out the hatch and searched in the dark for something, and he found it in a matter of seconds. Mounted to the deck, about ten feet away, was a small turret for launching anti-aircraft fire. Harry knew it could be used to fire flares as well. Looking around wildly, he located a flare shell and grabbed it and raced outside, much to the puzzlement of Luna and Neville. Harry loaded the shell and went back in the turret and found the anti-aircraft gun firing controls.

“Want to know how?” Harry asked the other two, and both nodded. “Well, if radar is out, then we’ll have to do this the old fashioned way” he muttered and pressed the button all the way down.

The flare sped into the sky and began to light up the sky, and it illuminated the ship containing the Death Eaters just as it should be doing. Harry raced up to the viewfinder, and began to get the range for the main guns. He turned the turret until it reached a point just

below the funnel. Stepping down, he crossed over to the main firing controls and put his hand on the lever.

“You might want to cover your ears” he advised Luna and Neville, and they covered their ears with their hands. “Fire in the hold” Harry cried for no other reason that it sounded the right thing to say, and pulled the lever down. The main guns opened fired for the first time in years, and spat great balls of flame and smoke out their barrels, to the sound of a massive bang which echoed round the turret. The projectiles went high into the sky, and then began their arc down to the target. They would have hit, but Harry made the mistake of targeting on the ship, and not where it would be when the gun fired. The shells exploded harmlessly in the water, and Harry swore. He jumped down, and raced towards the hatch. “Reload all three barrels” he told the other two.

“Where are you going?” asked Luna as she pointed her wand at the pile of shells.

“I’m going to get us closer” Harry said, pausing for a moment to open the hatch.

“How close?” asked Neville as he levitated a shell into one of the barrels. Harry turned to look at him.

“Right down their throats” Harry growled, and he disappeared from view.

#

“I thought you said there was nobody on the ship” spat Lucius Malfoy.

“I thought it was” his wife replied. She was certain it was devoid of crew, but then again, the ship they had deserted was now following and shooting at them. “Who can be on the ship?” Narcissa asked. There was a pause, and then Draco answered the question.

“Potter” he said. “It’s got to be him” and Draco knew the odds of escaping with this ship for their master just decreased.

#

Harry raced upto the bridge and cancelled the charm he had cast on the ships wheel, and turned the wheel to starboard, and began to turn the Missouri so she was on a parallel course to the one the Death Eaters were on. Harry suddenly thought of something else. Charming the wheel so it kept alongside the other ship, Harry raced from the bridge, and headed aft towards the rear turrets. He decided to make certain that he had killed the Death Eaters by using the rear guns as well. He loaded both turrets and turned them so they faced the other ship. Racing back to the bridge, he pressed the intercom so he could talk to Luna and Neville.

"Listen closely" he said. "One of you needs to get to the other turret, load it and get ready to fire when I say".

"I'll do it" came Neville's scratchy voice over the system. "Whats the plan?" he asked.

"I'm going give them a broadside. I just loaded the aft turrets to add to the firepower. I'll fire one turret and then jump into the other one and fire, so theres going to be a little delay in the last burst" Harry explained.

"Right. How do we know when to fire?" asked Neville.

"Use your watches and we'll fire when ..." Harry looked down at his watch. "Fire in thirty seconds".

"Right" and Neville clicked off.

Harry raced to the nearer of the two aft turrets and put his hand on the lever. He looked at his watch and waited the final few seconds till he pulled the lever. 5...4...3...2...1 and BOOM! Three out of the four turrets opened up at the same time, casueing a devistating broadside. This time the turrets had no elevation and where simply pointing at the other ship dead level and the shells tore into the side of the ship and exploded, tearing up the insides of the ship. The smell of cordite filled the room and went up Harry's nostrils. Harry had jumped out of

his turret and went into the rearmost one. This one he re-targeted onto the main superstructure and then fired the last burst into the biggest part of the ship above deck. It tore into the metal in a blaze of flames and smoke, with metal flying in all directions.

#

They could hear the noise of the shells hitting them, but they still floated and assumed that they would still make their escape.

"I told you that they would not defeat us" Lucius said to Narcissa and Draco.

What they heard next was the sound of another shot fired, and they heard it as if in slow motion. Because the first shots had torn holes in the side of the compartment they stood in, they saw the final shot being fired. It flew across the distance between the two ships. Narcissa turned to her husband and had time for one last moment.

"You arrogant bastard" she spat "You've killed us!" and at that moment, the final three shells fired arrived at their target. A look of panic crossed over everybody's faces as they knew - they had been killed.

#

The final shots hit their target, and created the biggest fireball of the entire engagement. Before Harry could say or do anything, the other ship exploded from stem to stern. He had to get up off the deck because he was sent there by the force of the explosions that rocketed over the distance. He went out of the turret and watched as the ship tore itself apart with explosion after explosion. Harry guessed that he must have hit the missile storage room or something that was causing the devastating effects. He heard Luna and Neville join him and they watched the ship continue to destroy itself. They felt the heat from the fireballs even from their places, and couldn't believe the damage that was being done. At one point the explosions burst out of the lower sides. It started at the back of the ship and made its way forward. One burst was louder and more powerful than the others as the ship broke its back, and snapped into two. They watched as both

parts of the ship tilted into the air, and began to sink. Once it had slipped beneath the waves, there was only silence in the air. There a bit of light wreckage on the surface, burning itself out.

“So... now what?” asked Luna, holding onto Neville's arm.

“Best go to the bridge and try to make our way back to port” Harry said. “Perhaps nobody will notice if we put the ship back” he added brightly.

“I doubt it” Neville said. “Even the Americans are that stupid” he said laughing. They gathered on the bridge, and wondered how to get back to port when a voice came over the radio.

“Unknown Battleship. This is the Manuel Azueta, stand down and explain the reasons why you have fired on your target” and the voice sounded very serious.

“What do we do?” asked Luna.

“Reply to the message” Harry said, and picked up the radio to reply. “This is the Missouri” he began, but before he could say anymore, he heard a familiar voice.

“Harry? Is that you?” came the voice of one of the Gryffindor beaters: Rafael.

“Rafael? What are you doing?” Harry asked.

“I'm spending time with my father. He is in my country's navy and I'm spending Christmas holiday with him. The question is: what are you doing on that ship?” Rafael's voice came across loud and clear.

“There was a massive attack on the Ministry and we took a lot of casualties, but I'll explain later. We need some people over here to steer the Missouri” Harry said.

“The Missouri? That's an old ship isn't it?” asked Rafael.

"Sure is" Harry replied with a chuckle. "The thing is this: How do we solve the issue of the Missouri being taken?" he asked.

"We'll think about that later. My dad's coming over and I'll tag along as well... Just a minute" and Harry could hear some quiet talking. He looked at the display and saw that a new blip had appeared and was coming alongside them. Indeed, Harry could see the navigational lights on the Manuel Azueta as they came near to the Missouri. "Sorry about that, one of our crew says he can hear the sound of somebody in the water. We'll use our searchlight to illuminate the person, if you can use an Accio to bring them on board" Rafael said. Harry was wondering about the magical secrecy laws.

"I've no idea what that is" Harry lied.

"Forget the magical secrecy laws, Harry" Rafael said, and they could hear his chuckling over the radio. "All but one of the crew is magical. The Executive Officer is the only muggle, but he's seen it so many times he's been sworn to secrecy about the whole thing. Well... as long as we keep replicating coffee and crisps".

"Fine, turn your searchlight on and we'll bring them on board" Harry said.

"We'll get on that right away. Manuel Azueta, out" and the radio clicked off.

"It's lucky that we met one of the quidditch team" Luna remarked.

"Bloody lucky" Harry laughed, as the last remains of the other ship finally burnt themselves out. They went down and out onto the main deck of the Missouri as a beam of light from the Manuel Azueta and focused on a particular spot of the ocean. Harry could see a small black blob bobbing up and down on the small waves caused by the sinking. He pointed his wand at the figure and muttered 'Accio', and the figure came towards the ship, with the Manuel Azueta's searchlight following dutifully on target.

'Wingardium Leviosa' Neville said and lifted the survivor over the side of the Missouri's side rails, and deposited the figure in front of them.

The figure turned over, and they could see it was a man. Flowing blonde hair fell wet and limply over the mans face.

“Neville? Send him back over the side” Harry said, and the venom in his voice made the other two jumped in shocked surprise. Below him, Draco Malfoy coughed water out from his lungs.

“No” Neville said firmly. “We have to take him back to our Ministry”.

“Neville’s right” Luna said. “He has to be punished for what he has done” she spoke quietly.

“I agree” came Rafael’s voice from behind them. He walked up to Harry, and brought himself to attention, and saluted. “Permission to come aboard?” he asked.

“Permission granted” Harry said, tossing off a casual reply to Rafael’s salute.

“What happened?” he asked.

“I’ll tell you all that happened.... Just as soon as we sort out the Missouri. Then, I’m going to go back to Hogwarts and sleep. I havent had sleep for...” Harry looked at his watch. “Since two days ago” Harry added. Due to the time difference, it was now 5.30am at Hogwarts, while it was 11.30 pm here (wherever here was). Harry did the math and worked out a six hour time difference.

“How you getting home?” asked Rafael. “You going to use a broomstick? Or are you somply going to sail this into Portsmouth and dock next to HMS Victory?” he joked.

“Nah, I travel by house elf” Harry said. “Dobby!” and Dobby popped into view after a few moments delay.

“Dobby is wanted by Harry Potter sir?” the house elf asked as he looked around.

“Yes we do” Harry said. As he spoke, some of the crew of the Manuel Azueta had arrived on board and where now taking stock of the light

damage the Missouri had sustained. Others were heading towards the bridge and the engineering spaces below. "Take us back to Hogwarts please" Harry requested, and Dobby was about to leave when Rafael stopped him.

"Can you do something for me?" he asked Harry.

"What?" Harry wondered.

"We were going to dock tomorrow, but do you think that Dobby could send us back to port anyway? The crew could get an earlier bit of leave" Rafael smiled.

"Well, can you Dobby?" Harry asked, and Dobby nodded. He clicked his fingers, and the house elf did wonders again, the next thing they knew, they were sitting in the middle of a harbour.

"If I can get my gear together, then I could catch a house elf ride with you" Rafael said.

"Sure" Harry said, and they watched as Rafael raced off towards his own ship, coming back several minutes later with two large dufflebags over a shoulder each.

"Ready" he said.

"If you'll do the honours please Dobby" Harry said and in a moment, the six disappeared back to Hogwarts.

A/N: Hope you like that chapter! Most of the stuff written about the ships is real, and for the purists, the Missouri is in her 1980's refit configuration. The Mexican ship: Manuel Azueta is a real ship, and is one of two destroyers in the Mexican Navy.

Most of the chapter is inspired from the film 'Under Siege'. However, there is a line from a James Bond film: 'Tomorrow Never Dies'. The line: "Well, if radar is out, then we'll have to do this the old fashioned way", is taken when the Royal Navy can not get a missile lock on Carver's stealth ship. So, being British, they fire a flare, and do it the old fashioned way, and shoot off the single barrel 15".

I need 4 people to review and then I've got to 200 reviews.

Reviews and PM's in normal manner

Regards;

Pixel

Oh No, Not Again!

After the excitement of Christmas and New Year, going back to lessons seemed almost boring. One afternoon found the group in their tower waiting for Harry and Neville to get changed into their quidditch robes. The next match was Gryffindor versus Ravenclaw, and he wanted to get some extra training in. There was some light hearted teasing towards Luna from Harry and Neville, as she was in the house of their enemies.

"I promise not to spy" Luna said, and Hannah and Susan giggled.

"We know you wouldn't, Luna" Neville said and was rewarded with a smile from the girl. Harry looked at his watch was surprised at what the time really was.

"Let's get down there" he said and led the way out of the common room, and out of the castle towards the Quidditch pitch. The boys left the three girls at the changing rooms, and went inside the one that Gryffindor always used.

"Is it time for practice?" asked Seamus.

"Well if you don't want to play, I'm sure Colin Creevey could play instead" Harry said seriously.

"No no, I'll play!" Seamus said quickly, to everyone else's amusement.

"Right, down to business" Harry said. "Ravenclaw will be the toughest of the remaining two teams. We have the least experience players on our team because of various reasons, but I want to try and train a bit harder so we make up for that short fall. So first of all its keeper practice and then we'll go to a bit of chaser training. The beaters don't need much telling what to do, they just hit the bludger in the general direction of the other team" and the team laughed, and nodded their acceptance of Harry's plan.

They flew out and started to train. Lavender did her best and didn't let many goals in, and Harry was pleased to see that his rag tag collection of players had joined together, and had become as good a

team as had ever seen. There were amounts of clapping from the three girls as they watched the team training, and Hannah and Susan were thinking about a nice post training massage for Harry. When they had finished training, Harry and Neville had a well deserved shower, in fact all three girls insisted that they had one. The massage had to be put on hold because of the fact it was now time for DADA, so they went back out to the grounds near to the west wing and found a little stage set up with Lupin and the other 6th year Hufflepuffs waiting for them.

“Well now that everyone is here, I’ll tell you about today’s lesson” Lupin said. “We’re going to have a duel to see what we have learned so far this year. Now the more powerful spells are out, so please don’t try it. Everything else is fair game, so I’ll pair you up by picking names out of a hat” and Lupin had a hat that looked very much like the sorting hat, and looking closer, it was indeed.

“Must be nice for it” Luna said brightly, “I mean it sits in an office all year round and doesn’t get to come out except for Sorting” and Harry was inclined to actually agree with her.

Lupin finished pairing up the students and Harry was paired with Justin Finch Fletchly. It wasn’t a very long match, and in only five minutes, Harry had Justin stunned on the floor and Justin’s wand in his hand. Lupin congratulated Harry and unstunned the Hufflepuff, gave him back his wand, and told Justin to sit to one side until the effects had worn off. Harry watched the rest of the duellists try to stun each other, and saw Hannah take on Ernie. Hannah was giving as good as she got, and Ernie wasn’t holding back at all. Susan was paired up with Luna and the girls fought as well as anyone could expect. The fact that they had both been members of the DA last year, and been present at the second Battle of the Ministry may have had something to do with it, Harry thought.

“Luna’s doing well” said Neville from Harry’s left.

“Well she does have us as friends after all. Add everything she’s been through the last two years, and you’ve got a true friend” Harry said, and Neville agreed with that. Neville looked at Luna as she sent a stunner which Susan blocked.

“She’s nice” he said.

“Who?” asked Harry.

“Luna” Neville said, and Harry noted that he was blushing slightly.

“You and her...?” Harry left the question unasked.

“Oh no” Neville said. “She just helped me to get over the fact that Bellatrix will be punished after what she did to my parents” he added.

“Ah, right” Harry said.

“Luna is..... sweet though” Neville said blushing so red, that he would give the Weasley twins a run for their money. The duels finished, and Lupin gathered the students to talk to them.

“Well, the results are quite interesting to say the least. For homework I want a five hundred word review on your duel, and if you could make any improvements” Lupin said. “And as its half an hour to go, and the sun is shining, class is dismissed.....” his voice trailed off as he noticed movement from the castle walls. A green spell crossed the distance between them, and Lupin didn’t have time to figure out what it was. Therefore he choose the safer option. “GET DOWN EVERYBODY!” he shouted, and everyone dropped down to the ground – everyone except Luna. Luna was frozen to the spot in a mixture of surprise and terror, and it looked as if she couldn’t move at all.

“LUNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” Neville cried, and he jumped up and grabbed his broom, which he had shrunk, from his pocket and made it full sized. He jumped onto it and, turning the broom on its end, he rocketed up into the air like a fly on a lift. When he reached a good height, Neville flipped the broom the other way and sped towards the ground, only pulling up when he was just a few inches off the ground. He urged every ounce of speed from his broom and raced towards where Luna still stood. “” Neville yelled as he reached Luna, banking his broom, so he was side on to the oncoming

spell. The spell caught Neville full force and threw him off the broom and flung him all the way to the Great Lake.

The moment the spell hit, Harry jumped up and looked at the direction the spell came from, and he aimed his wand in the general area.

“Stupidfy” he cried and stunned whoever had sent the spell. He raced over to the castle walls followed by Hannah, Susan and several other Hufflepuffs. The fallen person was wearing robes with a hood, and Harry lowered the hood to reveal Pansy Parkinson. The Hufflepuffs drew their wands and surrounded Parkinson, making sure she couldn’t escape.

“Who is it?” asked Lupin as he came running up to them.

“One of Malfoy’s lot” Harry spat, and Lupin saw the fallen Slytherin.

“That’s not all” Susan said as she crouched over the girl. She pulled back the right sleeve of the robes, and there was an audible gasp at what was seen – The Dark Mark.

“Somebody go and get Professor McGonagall” Lupin ordered, “Run, and tell Filch that you my permission to do so and to see me if he has a problem with it” and two Hufflepuffs detached from the group and ran towards the entrance of the castle. At that moment there was a anguished cry from behind them and everyone jumped, and Harry turned to see the distant figure of Luna on her knees over Neville, who was lying on the ground.

“Oh shit” Harry swore softly, and nobody heard him. “Accio Firebolt” he called, and he waited a few precious seconds for his broom to come to his side. He jumped on it, and raced over to the lake, jumping off when he got to the pair. Luna was kneeling over Neville and crying tears down her face, and her make up was running down her face. Harry looked away from the sight, to see Neville lying on the ground – dead.

A/N:

Oh dear - Neville's dead – or is here?

Don't worry he only dies for a few lines or so, and Harry is not going to use his magical core again so see if you can figure out how!

Regards,

Pixel

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Death? Forget it! – Slytherin's Slip

Harry wasn't sure what to do. He could try to use his magical core but Harry didn't know if it was at a level high enough to try, saving Hermione from death had completely depleted it and he didn't want to risk himself dying.

"Please wake up" Luna sobbed holding Neville's hand. Harry looked at Luna and then at Neville's body. He had his eyes open and his head lay slightly to one side. Harry turned round at the sound of footsteps to see Lupin coming towards them. Turning back to Luna, Harry thought of a way to try and save Neville.

"Listen to me carefully, Luna. Remember how I saved Hermione?" and Luna nodded. "Well, I'm going to try it again, but I'm going to need your help" Harry said and Luna stopped crying and looked at Harry in the eyes.

"What do I have to do?" she asked and she sounded every inch the mature person she was.

"I'm going to channel my magical core into Neville, but it might be a little bit under strength. Can you hold one of Neville's hands and think of your magical core and then think of a connection between yourself and Neville. When you've done that, the transfer will begin – I'll be doing the same thing when you're doing your bit" Harry said, and Luna nodded to show she understood everything.

"Will it bring him back?" she asked.

"Is Binns a ghost?" Harry replied and he managed a slight smile from the girl. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes" Luna said simply.

"Then lets do it" Harry said, and taking hold of one of Neville's hands, he closed his eyes with Luna doing the same thing. Together, the pair began the dangerous transfer in an attempt to save Neville.

Lupin arrived followed by McGonagall and Pomfrey and the three watched Harry and Luna as they worked the same magic that had saved Hermione. The same golden halo appeared over both of them and again the air crackled with magical energy.

“Is Mr Potter doing what I think he’s doing?” asked Pomfrey.

“Yes” said Lupin.

“Is that even possible? His entire core was depleted – this could kill him” Pomfrey said.

“If I’ve learned anything about him, its never underestimate Harry Potter” McGonagall said quietly. She glanced over her shoulder to see Hannah and Susan running up to them. Beyond, she saw the Hufflepuffs keeping guard over Pansy Parkinson. McGonagall knew that with twenty five wands pointing at her, the Slytherin wasn’t going anywhere in a hurry.

“He’s done it again, hasn’t he?” asked Hannah when she and Susan reached the small mass.

“Him and his saving people thing” Susan said shaking her head. “Is he in danger?” she asked.

“Well if he had been doing it on his own, I would have said yes. But Miss Lovegood is with him and I think she is doing the same thing as he is” Lupin said. “It’s going to drain him, but not as much as it did the last time he did it” he added.

“Oh” Susan said Susan understanding. She, along with Hannah, Lupin, McGonagall and Pomfrey watched the pair in silence. Everything that happened on Boxing Day happened again, and the air tingled and crackled with the raw magical energy, though this time nothing was lifted into the air, or destroyed. After a while, the colours changed to a dark gold and the ground began to shake, and then as if they had been sleeping, both Harry and Luna opened their eyes.

“Damn” was Harry’s first word.

"It didn't work?" asked Luna in disbelief. She started to cry very hard, and her make up was ruined by now.

"I'm not letting you go" Harry snapped, and he put both of his hands on Neville's chest, and began to push down and then up.

"Whats he doing?" asked Pomfrey, not quite certain what Harry was doing now.

"I have no idea" Lupin said, but McGonagall spoke up.

"The muggles call it CPR. Its how they can bring people back to life without using one of those machines of theirs" she said. Everyone looked at her in amazement. "I did pass muggle studies" she offered weakly.

"Come on Neville" Harry said as he continued to perform CPR, but it didn't seem to be working. Eventually, he stopped and turned to Luna. "I'm sorry" Harry said slowly.

"NOOOOOOOOOOO!" she cried. "What have I done? I'm so loony that I made someone die to save me. Loony, that's what I am, Loony Lovegood!" and Harry held Luna to him as she cried.

"Your names not Loony, it's Luna. Luna Lovegood"

"What did you say?" Luna asked through sobs.

"I didn't say a word" Harry said.

"But I did" Neville said, and Harry and Luna broke apart and saw that Neville was alive and well as well they where.

"You're alive" Luna whispered.

"Think so" he said.

"Oh Neville" Luna cried and she flung herself onto Neville, and began to kiss him furiously. Neville wrapped his arms around the girl and

kissed just as passionately, and they showed no signs of stopping even after twenty minutes of non stop action.

After the first five minutes, Harry and the group walked back towards the castle where the Hufflepuffs still stood guard. Pansy Parkinson was putting her case across that she should be set free. Twenty five wands disagreed with her and she remained where she was until McGonagall passed through the ring of students and went right up to Pansy.

"Miss Parkinson, I'm suspending you from Hogwarts, for the attack on Miss Lovegood, and also causing injury to Mr Longbottom" McGonagall spoke with barely contained anger.

"Professor? There's something you should see" said Hannah, and leaned over to Pansy who tried to move away, but was stopped by Ernie and Justin who grabbed an arm each. Hannah took hold of the right sleeve of Pansy's robes and pulled it back to reveal The Dark Mark.

"Remus, can you and place a call to the Ministry and see if they can come up with a guard or two to arrest her?" McGonagall asked.

"Professor?" it was Ernie. "We have the next period off. We could take her there for you, and then come back here" he offered, and the other Hufflepuffs nodded in ascent.

"Very well" McGonagall decided. "Professor Lupin will go with you and handle the official side of things" and the Hufflepuff guard headed towards the castle with Lupin following. The headmistress looked at Luna and Neville who still kissed. "Is he going to be alright?" she asked Pomfrey.

"More than likely" Pomfrey smiled. "You know what? If Mr Potter carries on like this, he'll put me out of a job!".

#####

Harry had left the mass of students and teachers, and had gone back to Luna and Neville. They had shifted on the grass, and Luna was

now on top of Neville and Harry couldn't help smiling at the two. After a good hour or so of kissing, they finally stopped kissing, and broke for air.

"Well that must be a record" Harry joked.

"Maybe" said Neville sitting up and putting an arm around Luna's waist.

"Does this mean that you're together?" asked Harry.

"That's up to Luna" Neville replied. He turned his head to look at the girl who had wrapped herself around him. "Luna, would you give me the honour of being my girlfriend?" he asked. When she didn't say a word, Neville began to panic.

"Does this answer you?" Luna asked as she kissed Neville on the lips.

"I'll take that as a yes" Neville replied. Harry had never seen either of the two so happy before, and it pleased Harry. The pair seemed suited for each other, and he hoped that they would get on well.

"Well lets get back to the castle" Harry said. "It's nearly time for dinner, and some 'activities' can work up a hunger – I know from experience!" he laughed. This casued the new couple to blush bright red and look very embarrssed.

"Perhaps" Neville said. "Luna? Theres only one thing I want to ask of you" he asked.

"Whats that?".

"Never change who you are. I love you for all your little oddities and the fact that you see the world in a different light to most people" Neville said hugging Luna close to his chest.

"I think I can manage that" Luna said smiling. And they both got up where about to walk away from the lake, when all three saw a movement on the other side. They looked to see a large creature with very odd looking horns on its head.

“Surely not” said Harry.

“Seems you were right all this time” Neville said.

“A Crumple Horned Snorkack” Luna said open mouthed in amazement. “I’ve got to get a picture to prove it exists”.

“I think I can fix that” Harry said. “Accio Neville Longbottom’s broom” he called and Neville’s broom came zooming over the grass to hover next to Harry. He handed it over and Neville and Luna got on. “And now for the icing on the cake” Harry muttered. “Accio Firebolt. Accio Camera” he called, and in a few moments the two items were in Harry’s hands. “Let’s go Snorkack hunting!” Harry said, and the three took to the air and headed slowly over the lake, so they didn’t scare off the Snorkack.

They took pictures from all angles and Harry made certain to capture every part of the creature to memory and to let Luna see it in a Pensieve later. After a while, the Snorkack turned and walked back towards the Forbidden Forest and it was the unspoken agreement to not follow it. They wheeled the brooms around, and flew sedately towards the castle and landed near the massive front doors, and walked inside. They didn’t bother to drop their brooms at their tower, but just walked into the hall and sat down at the Hufflepuff table. Harry served all three of them with big plates of Irish Stew, and he distinctly heard McGonagall mention that a bowl should be sent to Seamus for his personal use.

“Glad to see you’re alright, Neville” Hannah said as she and Susan sat down on the opposite side of the table.

“You’re not the only one who is” Neville said, as Luna hugged him tightly.

“Nope. Guess you’re not” Susan giggled as she watched the pair kiss.

“Enough of that” Harry said. “You’ve had more than enough time to practice that” he added in a mock serious tone which got laughs.

“Sorry” Luna said.

“I’m not” Neville said brightly.

They had dinner while talking about what had happened with Pansy Parkinson, and Hannah said that some of the Hufflepuff guard had taken her to the Ministry and had handed her over to Moody himself. According to all accounts, Moody had not been pleased at all, and he had mentioned that Pansy Parkinson was in line for a very intense period of questioning. Thinking about it, Harry thought of Slytherin house itself and its reputation.

“I’ll be back” Harry said as he got up and walked upto the staff table.

“Whats he doing?” asked Susan, as he talked to McGonagall.

“Don’t know” admitted Hannah. Harry finished his quick discussion with McGonagall and returned to the Hufflepuff table. “What did you say?” she asked.

“You’ll see” Harry replied cryptically. They pressed on with their dinners, and were about to stand up when McGonagall stood to speak to the students.

“Can all Slytherin house please remain seated please?” she requested. “A Ministry official will arrive shortly to ask some questions and it would help for you all to be present” and with that, McGonagall sat back down amid lots of talking from students. Professors Lupin and Sharpe escorted those Slytherins who had been in their common room and dorms. When everyone had eaten, everyone except the bewildered Slytherins was asked to leave, and the order was complied with, with a large degree of muttering and low voices.

“Tonks” Harry greeted the Minister as she came into view. “You here for the big unveiling?” he asked.

“You bet I am” Tonks said grimly. “I hope that it doesn’t turn out as bad as we fear” she added.

“I expect it to be just as bad as I said” Harry said.

“Are you going to wait outside?” Tonks asked.

“Nothing better to do” he replied.

“Well, I better be going in then” Tonks said and walked into the great hall, closing the door behind her.

“Whats going on?” asked Neville.

“I asked Tonks to come and see how many of Slytherin are Death Eaters” Harry said. “After finding out Draco and Pansy’s backgrounds, I’m beginning to wonder how many are followers of Voldemort” he finished.

“You’ve got something there” Luna said. She looked thoughtful for a moment, then added: “Shall we go back to our tower?” she asked.

“Yeah” Neville said.

“We’ll find out what happened anyway” Harry pointed out as he led the way towards their tower.

With nothing better to do, then wait, Harry challenged Hannah to a game of Chess. He made it harder for her, by only using muggle pieces, which gave Harry a slight advantage. Susan did a Quidditch match style commentary while Luna and Neville did the crowd’s noises. They had been in the tower for around an hour, when they heard a cheer go right around the corridors and hallways. They raced to the door to see students running down the corridors screaming in total joy and delight. Harry reached out an arm and grabbed a passing student – Dean Thomas.

“Whats going on?” he asked.

“Haven’t you heard?” Dean asked in wonder.

“Heard what?” Harry demanded.

“It’s Slytherin” Dean screamed in joy.

“What about them?” asked Harry in frustration.

“They’ve all been arrested!” Dean said happily, and shook himself loose from Harry’s grip and merged into the throng of people. Harry’s face dropped in sheer dumbness at the news, as was the rest of his friends. He had secretly wished it for a long time, but it was something that he had known would never happen. Harry managed to close his mouth and think about Dean’s statement, as it must be wrong. Surely not ALL of Slytherin had been arrested as it didn’t make sense.

“What do we do now?” asked Hannah. Harry took one look at one of his wives, and gave a one word answer.

“Party” he said, and joined the mass of students who celebrated the downfall of Slytherin.

A/N:

So Neville is alive and well – as he should be. He also has Luna as a girlfriend which is something I hinted at as far back as Chapter 5! I’m ashamed to say that none of you figured it out.... But still better late than never after all!

I couldn’t resist adding the bit where Luna gets vindicated for believing in the Snorkack, after all – if we believe in something then we can make it true.

Oh, yeah I had Slytherin put under arrest, so that takes care of most of them for the rest of the fanfic!

In a separate item, the way that Luna sacrificed himself for Luna is how the pilot of ‘Halo Two’ put himself in front of the missile in “Air Force One”.

Reviews and Pm’s in the normal manner please:

With Regards

A Little Of This, A Little Of That

It turned out that Dean was telling the story a little bit too much on the numbers. The first and second years as well as the majority of the third year were free of the Dark Mark and had been allowed to go about the school. Harry had been to see Tonks before she left, and she told him that they didn't have enough holding cells to keep those Slytherins who had the dark mark prisoner. Harry thought about this for a few moments.

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"In their common room and dorms" Tonks said. She was feeling a little overwhelmed at the last few weeks, and how she had gotten the job of being Minister in the first place. "We can't send them to Azkaban because that would be unfair on those who have been put under the Imperio curse" she added. At that moment Professor McGonagall entered the small chamber that Harry and Tonks were in.

"Ah, Minister. I did want to talk to you, but it seems I was beaten to it" she said.

"Harry and I were just talking about how to keep the Slytherins locked up. We can't use the Room of Requirement, because that will provide a door for them to leave" Tonks's face screwed up in concentration as she tried to think of a solution.

"Leave them there" Harry said simply, and both witches looked at him in surprise.

"What do you mean?" asked Professor McGonagall.

"Keep all those with the dark mark in the Slytherin rooms, and seal them inside. Those that don't have the dark mark can live in some other place can't they?" Harry asked.

"There are a set of rooms that are used when we accommodate visitors to the school" McGonagall said, referring to the times the Ministers or examiners from the W.E.A. stayed one or several nights.

“Those that are under the curse can be moved to there when we cure them, and we get an accurate number on the bad to the core Slytherins” Harry added.

“It does seem the fairest way to do things” Tonks said.

“Perhaps, though how do we move so many at one go?” McGonagall said sounding puzzled. Actually, scared would have been more accurate. The pure logistics where so complex, not even Eddie Stobart could shift them. “Perhaps you should go and get a start with your homework” she said to Harry.

“Yeah, I know the Transfiguration teacher gets upset” Harry said managing to keep a straight face. He got up and left Tonks and McGonagall to what ever they had to talk about, and returned to his tower. As he did so, he saw some students still celebrating the fact that most of Slytherin had been placed under arrest. The moment he stepped inside the tower, he made a bee line for Hannah and Susan – the schools resident rumour mill operators.

“What exactly happened?” he asked as he sat down on his favourite chair.

“From what we heard, each Slytherin was asked to stand in front of McGonagall and Tonks and asked to pull up his or her sleeves. If they had the dark mark on their arms then they got hit with a stunner and taken to their common room. If they didn’t, well they where allowed to leave with no problems whatsoever” Susan said.

“We got some inside information” Hannah added. “But we can’t reveal our sources” she grinned.

“Not even to me?” Harry asked.

“No, sorry” Hannah said. “But we’ll make it up to you later” she added raising her eyebrows at the hint of what was in store that night.

“Looking forward to that” Harry said, and then thought about something. “What about Luna and Neville?” he asked.

“Luna has gone to see Professor McGonagall and Neville has gone to your room to sleep” Hannah said. “We’ll be using our room” she added, reading the question on Harry’s face.

“Right” Harry said. He thought about the nights ‘Activities’ and then put it in a spare space in his mind. There was a knock on the door, and the three looked at each other puzzled. If it was Luna coming back, she would have simply opened the door, or if she had an armful, got Dobby to take her past the door. Harry got up and crossed over to the door, and opened it to reveal.....

“Hermione, what a nice surprise” Harry said brightly.

“Can I come in please?” she asked, and Harry nodded and made way for Hermione to pass him.

“Nice place you got here” Hermione commented. The common room was not messy, but it had the feeling of being lived in. Photographs, both magical and muggle, sat on the walls in various places, and a poster of a Tachikoma flanked the three house banners above the fireplace. Homework was piled on the wooden table along with several text books that were being used to help Luna get up to 6th year level – Luna still needed tutoring because she skipped the 5th year.

“Hi Hermione” Hannah greeted.

“Hello” Susan called. Both girls had forgiven Hermione for what she had done on account that she could not have helped it. Hermione was trying to help rebuild the trust that had been lost (Harry kept telling her that he still considered her a friend, not that she was listening) by looking in the library for ways to help defeat Voldemort. True to form, she carried a large book under her arm.

“What you got for light reading?” Harry asked, and Hermione made a face at him.

“I was working in the Gryffindor common room on my History of Magic homework, and needed to know what one of the subject items

was. So I got this book and when I opened it, the first thing I saw was this reference to things called Horcruxes” Hermione said. “Look at this though” she said. “I think I found why Voldemort was able to come back” Hermione added and opened the book and turned to a certain page and pointed out the relevant passage.

Horcruxes

A Horcrux is the name for an item that is used to store part of a person’s soul. It is made by splitting the soul into seven parts and giving away six of them into various objects. The objects can be any item and can include a living person. The practice of making Horcruxes was banned in 1756, but it should be noted that many Dark Witches and Wizards continue to create them to keep stay alive. Using this method, the Witches or Wizards can live for an extremely long time.

“So that’s how he manages to survive” Harry muttered. “I wondered how the bastard did it, and now I know” he said.

“How do we destroy them?” Hannah asked, looking at Harry’s rising anger that he fought to keep under control.

“The book says we have to destroy it with a sword of great power” and Hermione frowned. “Where do we get a sword from? And one that has great power” she added. They stood puzzled and thinking for an answer.

“I’ve got it” shouted Harry. “What about the sword I pulled from the sorting hat in our second year? Its Godric Gryffindor’s and he was one of the founders” he pointed out. “Would that do?” he asked.

“I think that might do” Hermione said. “But where is it?” she asked.

“Well last I saw it was in the Headteacher’s office, but I’m certain that Dumbledore would have had it removed to somewhere else” Harry said.

“Question is.. Where?” asked Susan, and everyone fell silent.

“GRINGOTTS” Hermione spoke so loud that it made everyone jump. “Dumbledore would have put it in his safe at Gringotts. When he was jailed, all his vaults were emptied or transferred to Harry’s ownership, so that means it should be there” and she explained the rest of her thought out idea.

“We’ll have to ask Griphook for that” Harry said “But first we have to figure out what he could have put his soul into” and everyone thought hard.

“Do we have any clues at all?” asked Luna from one of the deep armchairs. The girl had let herself in so quietly that nobody had noticed. She got up and crossed over to the table where they had all sat round.

“Nothing comes to mind” admitted Harry. He thought of any clues that Dumbledore may have said either to him, or that Harry had heard him say.

“Lucky we have the world’s first human library with us” Hannah said and Hermione was embarrassed.

“Where do start to look?” Susan asked.

“I have no idea” Hermione said.

“I do” Harry said. “Accio parchment, quill and ink” he called giving his wand a flick, and the three items came across the room and Harry sat them on the table.

“What you thinking of?” Luna asked.

“You know when I went into the Chamber of Secrets and saw the memory of Tom Riddle?” and everyone nodded. “Well what if he made the Horcruxes at different times of his life, and one of those was the diary?” Harry said, and it made sense for Voldemort to have made one at different stages of his life as a sort of back up plan.

“That has to be one” Hermione beamed at him. Harry wrote ‘Tom Riddle’s Diary’ at the top of the parchment.

“One down, five to go” he said. It was almost ten at night when they decided to call it done for the night.

“I’m going to be, bye” Luna announced and skipped up the stairs and vanished from view.

“Harry? Can you come back with me to Gryffindor tower please?” Hermione asked. “Ginny is going to be there, and she hasn’t said a word to me, but she’s made it very uncomfortable when we are both in the common room” she added.

“Sure, I’ll come with you” Harry said, and Hannah and Susan said that they would tag along just for something to do.

“Thanks” Hermione said, and the four set off for Gryffindor tower.

The walk back to Gryffindor tower was rather nice. Moonlight shone through the windows, giving an unearthly feel to the corridors. When they reached the Portrait of the Fat Lady, Harry drew his wand before giving the password to her. Hermione looked surprised at Harry’s reaction before he entered the common room.

“Judging by recent actions of certain Gryffindors, I’m not taking any chances” he said, and nobody could argue with that, and the four walked through the portrait hole.

The common room was around half full but the noise dropped to a very low whisper as they saw the new arrivals. Hermione went up the left set of stairs and went straight up to the 6th year girls dorm, Hannah and Susan went up as well, and all three were followed by Harry. He walked up the steps without a care in the world and didn’t set off any of the wards and charms set up – something that was the puzzlement to most of the common room and caused them to talk very quickly amongst themselves. When Harry reached the door to the right dorm, he gave several polite knocks. Harry heard several soft clicks and felt the warm effect of a charm being removed, and the door was opened by Parvati.

“Hello Harry” she greeted.

"Hi" he greeted back. "Can I come in?" Harry asked.

"Sure" Parvatti replied and allowed the door to open wider to admit Harry entrance. He walked in to see Hermione sitting on the edge of her bed talking to Lavender who was wearing a thick purple dressing gown, while Parvatti was wearing just a pair of very small black bra and knickers. She didn't seem to mind Harry seeing her in almost nothing, but smiled when she saw Harry going ever so slightly red when he saw her. "Don't worry" she smiled, "I know your with Hannah and Susan so my body is safe from the rape and plunder of a teenage boy" and Parvatti laughed lightly.

"Hope nobody goes to get a teacher" Harry pointed out, and Parvatti had to agree. "How's Hermione coping?" he asked in a low whisper.

"She's fine most of the time" Parvatti said. "But she wakes up sometimes in the middle of the night screaming from the nightmares she's having – we have to cast a muffling spell so that nobody disturbs us when we take care of her. Other times she is a little bit wary when boys come near her, I just she gets over this soon" she added sadly shaking her head.

"Thanks for letting me know" Harry said putting his hand on the girl's shoulder. Parvatti smiled and Harry went to sit with Hermione, Lavender, Hannah and Susan. They sat and the group talked about things such as the weather, homework and the Quidditch tables (something Hermione didn't know too well). After half an hour of making sure Hermione was settled, Harry, Hannah and Susan got up to leave, but a call from Hermione stopped him. She came over slowly, and hugged him tightly around the waist.

"Thanks" she said very quietly.

"That's alright" Harry said, looking into Hermione's eyes. "Theres nothing you could do to help it" and he let Hermione go and she went to her bed and pulled the curtains closed with Lavender doing the same thing – letting her dressing gown fall to the ground to reveal the fact that she went topless in bed.

"Time we where off" said Hannah, and Harry nodded.

"Just a moment" Parvatti said and pushed two small objects into Harry's hands. He looked down to see it was a pair of girls underwear, and he looked at Parvatti in surprise. "We don't want to disappoint those downstairs do we?" she asked with an evil grin on her face, and then switched to a smile. "Don't worry; it's a transfigured school bag so it's nothing to worry about" she added.

"Thanks" Harry said, and with a last goodbye to all three girls, Harry, Hannah and Susan left the dorm and left Gryffindor Tower. As they did so, everybody saw the underwear in Harry's hand and they could only guess (wrong as they where) about what had happened.

They decided to make a quick stop to the kitchens and send Dobby on a mission to get a crate of butterbeer from Hogsmeade and then returned to the shared tower, where Harry kicked off his shoes and lay across the entire sofa and sighed tiredly. Hannah looked at him with concern, while Susan unpacked the butterbeer and placed the bottles on a small shelf.

"Are you alright?" Hannah asked Harry, and Harry didn't reply for several moments.

"I was just thinking that somebody out there" Harry began "Some of my fans, no doubt, will probably be writing a fan based story about my life. I bet that some of them will put that I'll end up marrying Ginny!" he added.

"That would be a bad thing" Hannah said solemnly and Susan snorted in agreement. Harry, meanwhile, yawned very loudly as he stretched out his limbs.

"You tired?" enquired Susan as she sat on the edge of the sofa.

"A little bit" Harry replied as he felt Susan run her hands along the side of his body.

"Too tired for this?" she asked.

“Not for this” he replied smiling, as Hannah crossed over the room to join them. In a short time, they had taken off their clothes and lay naked on the sofa which Harry had expanded. Hannah and Susan lay in his arms and Harry was very contented with his life.

“Harry?” said Susan softly.

“What is it?” he asked.

“I just wanted to say that I’m ready now” she said looking into his eyes.

“Ready?” Harry asked confused.

“To do it” Susan said. When it had been their wedding night, Susan has said she wasn’t quite ready to go the whole distance and lose her virginity, and Harry had said that he was never going to force Susan to do anything she didn’t want to do.

“Are you sure?” Harry asked. “Because once it has gone, you can never have it back” he said.

“I’m certain” Susan said firmly, and Harry nodded while Hannah changed position so she was out of the way.

Harry began by moving his hands over Susan’s chest and allowing them to run over her breasts lightly. Susan allowed a soft moan to escape from her lips, and kissed Harry on the forehead. Harry let his mouth move downwards towards her navel and Susan shivered at the sensations she felt. Harry meanwhile had let one hand snake downwards towards the space between her legs and moved his fingers in circles so they lightly brushed her warm core and Harry’s touch made Susan go wet. Harry’s other hand was gently tweaking the nipples on Susan’s breasts just hard enough for it to make her cry out, but not enough to hurt – Harry wanted this to be special for Susan. She moved one of her hands down and took a tentative grip on Harry’s hardened shaft, and gave it a little squeeze which made Harry moan as well. By now the fingers on Harry’s lower hand were now dipping into the entrance of Susan and he let them go all the way to the hand, but slowly so she got used to it. Hannah was watching

the entire thing with interest and was slowly rubbing herself to get relief from the ache she was getting.

“You alright?” Harry asked Susan.

“Yes” Susan replied, and started to stroke Harry’s nipples – something she knew he liked having done to him.

“Just wanted to know” Harry said.

A/N:

So, Slytherins are not entirely under arrest, and a turning point occurs in this chapter. Harry discovers what Voldemort has been doing, and that he has been very busy. Added the scene with Parvatti and Lavender because we need to see how well Hermione is coping from a different perspective, and I hope it was well done.

I also included the Harry/Susan sex scene because it needed to be done, as it was something that was unresolved from a previous chapter. I know it was a little bit brief, but after work for a solid 26 hours on fanfics, I think I have the right to end there.

Chapter 30 is going to be a little controversial as it will contain some nasty things, that some of you may disagree with.

Reviews in the normal manner please

Regards;

Pixel

King of the Singing Potato Men

Supreme Pringle Eater

Co Founder of the Crumple Horned Snorkack Lovers Society

SECOND AUTHORS NOTE:

I RECIEVED THIS MESSAGE AS A PRIVATE MESSAGE, AND I CAN NOT BELIEVE THE SHEER CHEEK OF THE PERSON WHO WROTE IT. HERE IS THE MESSAGE IN THE FULL ENTIRE CONTENT:

From: Dragon Symphony

Awful. That's the only thing I can possibly say about this crap. This has to be one of the biggest character derailments I've ever seen in a fanfic. Hermione and Ron ditching Harry? Harry ending up friends with nobody's like Hannah and Susan? Dumbledore being a thief and the root of all evil? This is the kind of crap that should stay in someone's head. This fanfic does nothing but spit on everything that constitutes the Harry Potter universe. Have you even read any of the books? It's like you basically just skimmed a couple of pages and read up the characters on Wikipedia or something. I think my favorite (and by that I mean things I laughed at most for being so bad) was everyone's casual reaction to the beloved Dumbledore being the root of all evil. Oh and apparently Sirius and James and Lily all saw through him despite having been members of the Order of the Phoenix and him having helped them hide from Dumbledore.

Of course, I only got to about chapter 10 so it might very well be that you'd reveal he was the one who told Voldemort the prophecy in order to kidnap Harry! The FIEND! And somehow, despite all the good Dumbledore has done for the wizarding world, everyone is up and willing to be a witness to prosecute

him despite the fact that, if my reading ability serves me correctly, Harry offered no proof to them other than "Hey guys, Dumbledore is evil!" Oh and I love how you basically tossed Snape out of the fanfic. He was arrested...for what, exactly? Did I miss something? I also love all the convenient plot devices you threw in for Harry. Dobby's not even a character. He's just a plot device to give Harry whatever he wants. And that awfully convenient school rules book which supposedly not even Dumbledore knew about but somehow Neville did.

But I want to talk a little more about how you derailed the characters. Ron, Hermione, and Ginny having no place in the fanfic other than being Gryffindor's version of Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle is laughable. I especially enjoyed the part where Hermione, despite normally being a dignified character, draws her wand and curses Harry despite being the one to actually stop Harry and Ron from doing so to Malfoy on many occasions in the books. And poor old Hagrid! Apparently imperiused for years under evil Dumbledore's will. You were ever so kind to have Harry relieve him of the charges. The lovely giant could have been nothing but mind controlled to have ever followed that demon Dumbledore. The main "5" are also quite funny. Luna is especially painful to read through because she's actually one of my favorites in the book and you just threw her on a train track and derailed away. Luna doesn't "blush", she doesn't like Neville, and she's always distant. Neville has also been

described as being terrified of Luna. Why would they be together?
Not to
mention how he's somehow now an uber Quidditch player despite the
fact that he
couldn't so much as mount a broom without almost killing himself.

And then there's Harry. Oh dear, where do I begin with Harry?
Somehow he's
always in control of the situation, despite the fact that the books have
always been about the fact that he's basically just a normal, yet lucky
boy.
His reaction to Dumbledore's evil betrayal is to toss him in jail?
Normal
Harry would need time to sort these things out in his head, not
immediately
commission for big D to go to jail for life. Whatever happened to
Lucius
anyway? He hates Harry! He should have been a negative influence
in Harry
getting that stupid little dorm.

All in all, your fanfic sucks and you should feel bad. It's sad, really.
Fanfics, in essence, are supposed to be about us creating and
expanding upon
what the author has given us, feeling that he or she did not give us
enough,
and we want more. But this is not Harry Potter. You slander the name
by
labeling it as such. The characters are only from the books in name
only.
Truly sad. If I were a more sensitive person, I would perhaps shed a
tear at
the slaughter you have inflicted on the magic that Rowling wrote for
us.

Unfortunately, this page says it has to be critique, so I have to say
something to you that would improve your writing ability. Hmm...

Well reading the books would be a start! There. I don't much know
the rules

of FF. This will probably be removed for abuse. But I don't care. As long as you realize that your fanfic is NOT Harry Potter, that's good enough. I can only give a sigh of relief that while FF may have no standards for accepting fanfiction, publishers do. It would be hell on Earth to see this being revered as something actually readable by people who's IQ exceeds their shoe size

Death Of The Death Eaters

It was several days later when both Harry and Neville received Letters from Tonks asking them to meet with her at the Ministry on the following Saturday. All the letter said was that it concerned the punishment of Bellatrix, and was something for them to think about.

“What do you think we should do about this?” asked Neville.

“I’m going” Harry said, and it was then that he noticed a few extra lines on Neville’s letter. “Whats the rest say?” he asked and it took Neville a while to speak.

“It says the punishment for Bellatrix” he said slowly.

“Memory wipe?” Harry hazarded a guess, but Neville simply shook his head. “Azkaban?” he tried again.

“Nothing as simple as that” Neville said slowly, and he handed over his letter.

Dear Mr Neville Longbottom

You are requested to attend the punishment of the convicted Death Eater – Bellatrix Lastrange. You are requested to take part in the punishment as a witness. Please meet with Minister Tonks at 10.30am this Saturday.

Alastor Moody

“Ah” Harry said, understanding Neville’s discomfort. “You thinking the same thing as me?” he asked and Neville nodded.

“Bellatrix is going to go through the veil” Neville said, and the boy was shaking slightly.

“She does deserve it” Harry pointed out.

“But doesn’t make it better” Neville said bitterly. “I wish my parents could see her punished for what she did to them” and he sounded upset about it.

“Forget about it for now and just try and think of the good stuff that’s happened” Harry said kindly.

#

Saturday came and it found Neville waiting with Harry in their common room. Harry was trying to get Neville to eat some breakfast, but he refused all efforts.

“You can’t go without something to eat”

“I’m not hungry” Neville said.

“Yes you are”

“No I’m not”

“Yes you are” Harry persisted.

“I might have something later” Neville conceded and Harry took that as a small victory. Both boys were dressed in formal black robes, and Neville watched as the hands on the clock slowly turned round until they indicated 10.25am. “Better get going” Neville said as he stood up. He was just about to cross to the fireplace to use the floo network (Tonks had had them put on the network, though it was a one way connection), when he heard footsteps coming down the stairs and he saw a black cloak whip around the corner just before it’s owner.

“Am I late?” asked the owner.

“What are you doing here?” asked Neville.

“Did you think I would let you go with just Harry? Of course not” Luna Lovegood said indignantly.

“What?” asked Neville clearly confused by the new events, and Luna crossed to his side and took hold of one of his hands.

“Neville, I know this is important to you. This is going to upset you, I know, so I’m coming to provide support” Luna said firmly, and Neville nodded.

“And us for Harry” Hannah and Susan said as they descended the stairs as well to join the three.

“Anybody else planning on joining us?” asked Harry in surprise.

“Room for one more?” asked Hermione as she popped her head round the door.

“Me and my mouth” said Harry looking at the ceiling in exasperation. “Time we where off” he said, and one by one they passed through the fireplace.

The Ministry seemed very empty, even with the new security in place. Harry could see the goblins looking at them with interest as they quickly worked out if they where a threat or friendly.

“State your business” said the goblin who appeared to be in charge.

“We are here to see Minister Tonks” Harry said.

“When?” the goblin asked.

“Now” said a familiar voice, and Harry knew the owner well.

“Morning Griphook” he greeted the goblin as he came up to them.

“Let them past, Recktol” Griphook said.

“Yes, Sir” came the reply, and moved out of the way to allow Harry and party to pass. “My apologies” he added bowing so low that his actually touched the stone floor.

“Forgive him, Harry” Griphook said falling into step with them. “Recktol is a new member and wishes to prove himself to his superior, who happens to be me” and Griphook smiled.

“What where you doing here?” asked Hannah.

“I was here to sort some paperwork and also as a witness to the upcoming event” Griphook said. “The Minister also sent me to make sure you got to the right place”.

“I’ll want to meet you afterwards to discuss a Total Asset Account Listing please” Harry said.

“Of course” Griphook said opening the door to the lift. “We can do it after we have finished here” he said, and the lift descended to the lowest part of the ministry.

#

“A little bit late” Tonks said as she shook the hand of each of newcomers. She even bent down as she shook the hand of Griphook.

“Sorry about that, the guards held us up” Harry explained.

“Well as we’re all here, let’s get this over with” Tonks said, and nodded towards two Aurors at the other end of the room. As he didn’t recognise them, Harry had to assume that these where two of the Aurors who had missed the Battle of the Ministry Round Two. “I better get this show on the road” she added grimly and she moved to the front of an assembled crowd.

Harry noticed people he knew from memory; Moody, Lupin, Aurors Harrison and Rowling, Professor Tofty and a reporter each from the Daily Prophet and the Quibbler. A small scrapping sound all heads in the room to snap round and see the cover removed from the veil, and Harry could see the silver like substance in the archway.

“Bring in the first prisoner” Tonks commanded, and the two Aurors on the door disappeared to return a minute later with a tall black haired man. “Rudolphus Lastrange – you have been convicted of your

crimes by a jury of your peers and have been sentenced to death by pushed through the veil. May Merlin Have Mercy, On Your Soul” Tonks said, and indicated to the two Aurors to begin. They dragged the brother of Bellatrix towards the veil and he struggled uselessly against his binds as he was pushed through the archway, and ceased to exist. The Aurors simply turned and fetched another prisoner, and Harry saw a tall blonde haired man come in.

“Dragon Symphony - you have been convicted of your crimes by a jury of your peers and have been sentenced to death by pushed through the veil. May Merlin Have Mercy On Your Soul” and the same procedure was done for him as well.

“I wonder who is next?” whispered Hannah.

“I don’t know” Harry replied. The whole scene was giving him the chills, even if it was the right thing to do after all. The same thing was done around eight or nine times, until they heard screaming and saw a tall black haired witch run out of the door, only to be stunned by twenty five wands, and one punch to the jaw – courtesy of Neville Longbottom.

“Get up Bellatrix” he spat kicking her in the ribs. When she didn’t get up, Neville levitated her upright, and then jabbed his wand into her back. “Move” he growled, and shifted to make room for Harry’s, Hannah’s, Hermione’s, Luna’s and Susan’s wands to find a space and together they walked along the short distance where they removed the wands and to push her through – when Neville simply kicked her in the middle of her spine – which everyone heard snap - and she fell through with a look of surprise on her face.

“That wasn’t cricket” Harry said.

“No” Neville replied, and he held Luna’s hand for the rest of the punishments.

“Bring in the final prisoner” Tonks commanded, and all wands followed the last death eater to be punished with death.

“He deserves it” Harry said.

“Severus Alan Rickman Snape - you have been convicted of your crimes by a jury of your peers and have been sentenced to death by pushed through the veil. May Merlin Have Mercy, On Your Soul” and Tonks indicated for him to move. Snape had no bindings on him at all, and he walked on his own through the veil. Harry had to admit that even though he didn't like the man, at least he went to his death with dignity.

When he had gone, Harry led his friends back up to the top, and went to Gringotts to speak with Griphook. Griphook had gone ahead and had asked for all the books to be brought to him that concerned Harry. They sat in his office to discuss the Total Asset Account Listing that Harry had asked for.

“Mr Potter” he began formally “Shall I begin with a list of properties first?” he asked.

“Please” Harry said, and the goblin nodded his head.

“You own the following properties: Hogwarts Castle, 12 Grimmond Place, Potters Cottage, Potter Manor Gryffindor Hall, 16 Diagon Alley, 25 Diagon Alley, Lion Cottage, Shell Cottage and Black Manor. You also have several other houses and a flat, but I will not go into those at this time” Griphook picked up another piece of paper and read from it. “This is a complete listing of your accounts. Trust Vault – 750 Million Galleons and 1 Knut. Personal Vault – 22 Million Galleons, 345 Thousand Sickles and 2 Knuts. Business Vault – 80 Million Galleons, 750 Thousand Sickles and 19 Knuts” Griphook stopped reading and looked over the top of the parchment at Harry. “Suffice to say, you are the richest person in the world – Magical or Muggle” Harry nearly fainted as he was told the total amount he was worth.

“Oh” he managed to say, as Griphook put away the file.

“Then there are the accounts from Mr Dumbledore which were transferred to you. We would have put the entire contents with your account, but there wasn't a lot of space left” Griphook said, his eyes twinkling, and Harry seriously considered asking for a break due to the fact his head was spinning at around 90 RPM.

“What do I have from him?” Harry managed to get out.

“A lot” the goblin replied. “You have precisely 25 Million Galleons in money, and several items and all of his personal belongings. The items of interest include several books on dark magic, an invisibility cloak, a Cleansweep One, a large property in the Yorkshire Dales, and a smaller property in Brazil” Griphook finished, and Harry was speechless but also sad.

“Whats wrong?” Hannah asked when she saw his expression.

“I would give all that I own, just to have five minutes with my parents and get a hug from them” he said bitterly.

“Arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh” came an anguished cry and Griphook stood up from his chair, put his hand on his chest and fell to the floor with a thump. Everyone looked at each other and Luna went round to the other side of the desk to see if he was alright. He was – but Griphook was curled up in a ball muttering Gobbledygook to himself, and shivered quite noticeably.

“Harry?” she called, “I think you just broke your goblin” Luna said with an air of amusement and humour and Susan went to the door and opened it.

“Can we have some help in here?” she called and several of the nearest Goblins came rushing into the room where Hannah explained the problem.

“It would be best if you left us” said one of the Goblins, and they nodded.

“Can we take the documents with us please?” asked Harry.

“We don’t give them to just anybody....” started the Goblin, but it was then that Harry choose to scratch his forehead just where his scar was. “... But of course you are a different matter” finished the goblin without missing a beat. “Is there anything else we can do for you, Mr Potter?”

"I would like to go visit my vault please" he said.

"Very well. I will have someone take you there as soon as possible. Now if you will excuse me, I must take care of Griphook" and the goblin closed the door, leaving Harry and party to go wait in the main part of the bank.

"Can somebody explain what just happened please?" asked Harry.

"Goblin culture is based around money, and they take it very seriously indeed" Hermione said. "And for you to say that you would give it all up just for five minutes with your mum and dad was like giving Griphook a heart attack" and Harry understood.

"Mr Potter?" asked a voice, and he turned to see a youngish (he was never good with Goblin ages) goblin.

"Yes?" he replied.

"I have been asked to take you to your vault. Will all of your party be coming?" he asked.

"Yes" Harry replied.

"This way then please" said the goblin, and led them to the carts.

"Can we go any faster?" Neville asked, after they had set off.

"We are already at the safe limit for humans" the goblin told him.

"But we can go faster though?" enquired Hannah.

"Yes", and everyone looked at each other and nodded.

"!!!!!!!" they cried in unison and the cart practically flew on the tracks, as they rushed to Harry's personal vault.

#

“So, what shall we do now?” asked Harry as they exited Gringotts and into the bright sunshine.

“I could do with a drink” Hannah said.

“Me too” said Susan.

“Me three” piped up Luna.

“Me four” added Neville.

“Make it five” finished Hermione, and so Harry led the way towards the Leaky Cauldron.

As he did so, Harry had the feeling that he was being watched by people even though the street was mostly deserted. They had almost reached the wall separating Diagon Alley from the pub when the group heard a smashing of glass which caused them to turn around in alarm.

“Oh Fuck” Harry cursed, “Not again!” and the group rushed off to fight.

A/N:

So, the main Death Eaters have been executed, and Harry has learned how much exactly he is worth in total (even after Griphook’s little problem). I am not a vindictive person, but those of you that read chapter 29 and saw the second authors notes, please note who one of the Death eaters is! I think that solves the problem doesn’t it? Hee Hee.

Competition time: I have hidden a part of the body in the chapter as a goblin’s name. Find it and theres a cameo as an Auror in it for you just to be nice as I always am after all.

Also enter if you can guess who has attacked, and who (a good person and a friend of Harry) is going to use the Killing Curse (accidentally though)

Send reviews to me? pretty please?

Regards;

Pixel

Accidental Killing Curse Use / Umbridge's Return

As soon as they got within reasonable range, the group split and dove for cover as Harry produced a quick shield charm. Hannah and Susan opened up with a pair of stunners which missed completely, but cause the Death Eaters to scatter to avoid being hit. Luna sent a heavier stunner which managed to hit one of the Death Eaters and sent them spinning into a nearby shop, while Neville sent out a Diffindo and caught the arm of one of the shorter Death Eaters and produced a deep cut which bled badly. Harry sent jinx after jinx after jinx at their attackers and it seemed as if they were going to win, when he saw Hermione on her own being targeted with some very dark curses which he didn't know off hand. He turned as Hannah was hit by a curse and her entire left arm went floppy as the bones left her body.

"Alohamora" Harry called and he opened the door to the nearest shop and shoved Hannah inside.

"Be safe" she called after him.

"I always am" Harry replied, and sealed the door behind him. He went to join Hermione as Susan was giving as good as she got, and Luna and Neville both sent Impedimenta jinxes at the same time to take out two Death Eaters – but both Portkeyed out before anything else occurred. As he crossed the distance between himself and his bushy haired friend, he was hit by a bludgeoning spell and sent to the ground and drifted in and out of unconsciousness. He could hear the sounds of battle in the background, but for some reason he couldn't hear them properly. He lay there for several minutes hearing the battle as if he was listening to it from a distance, until he distinctly heard a spell being cast.

'Adavra Kadavra' and Harry's muddled mind was panicked as he assumed that one of the Death Eaters had killed one of his wives or Luna, Hermione and Neville. The next thing he clearly remembered was a warm feeling surrounding him and then a better sense of awareness as he was brought back to his senses.

"What happened?" he asked, to those gathered round him.

“Death Eaters attacked us” Hermione replied. “They must have found out where we were” she added.

“Anybody get injured apart from Hannah?” he asked getting to his feet slowly.

“Neville had his nose broken, but a healer took care of that” Luna said.

“How is Hannah?” Harry wondered.

“She’s fine” Susan assured him. “The same healer gave her a potion and it re-grew her bones back in next to no time” she smiled.

“We caught one Death Eater” Tonks said from Harry’s left. “But its no one that we know of” she added.

As she spoke, several ministry officials pottered around the place looking at the damage, and taking lots of notes. Harry was so caught up that he didn’t hear the three pops almost behind him. What he did hear was some coughing loudly.

“Hem Hem” and Harry knew who had that voice.

“Umbridge” he hissed.

“That’s Madam Umbridge” Umbridge said smiling sweetly. “Surely your manners aren’t that bad”.

“No worse then yours it seems” Harry replied acidly, and Umbridge didn’t like that one bit. “What are you doing here?” he asked.

“I don’t have to explain myself to you, a student, Potter” she said anger lacing her voice.

“No” he agreed. “But you do have to explain yourself to a member of the Wizandgamot, and I order you to tell me” he said, and Umbridge seemed resigned.

“I am here to arrest Miss Bones” she said with an evil grin, and Harry’s face dropped.

“WHAT?” he thundered and he made everyone take a step or two backwards in shock.

“While you where slacking” Umbridge said her voice oozing sweetness, “I had an investigator cast an Unforgivable detection charm, and he detected one – the killing curse. I then had him find out whose wand cast it and he traced it to Miss Bone’s wand” and then she went to downright sweetness that would have made Voldemort himself turn to the good side. “These two Aurors are here to arrest Miss Bones and place her in custody” she indicated to the two Aurors (the other two Harry had never seen). “Tumshie? Benners? You will relieve Miss Bones of her wand, and take her to the High Security cells at the Ministry” and the Aurors moved forward.

“Don’t think about it” Harry growled and brought his wand to bear on Umbridge.

“I suggest, Potter” Umbridge said icily “That you lower your wand before I have you arrested as well” and she seemed happy that she was hurting Harry.

“Who is your investigator?” Harry asked.

“That would be me” Percy said as he stepped from behind Umbridge.

“YOU!” Harry seethed with rage as he saw one of the Weasley family stood before him.

“I suggest you do as Madam Umbridge has told you” Percy said, and he was smiling his head off.

“What will happen to her?” Harry asked partly curious himself, and he lowered his wand but it remained by his side.

“She will be taken by these two Aurors to the High Security cells at the ministry where she await her trial for using an Unforgivable” Umbridge said in her normal little girl like voice. Then before she

could do anything she gestured to one of the two Aurors behind her. The smaller of the pair flicked his wand at Susan and metal chains appeared on her wrists and ankles making Susan shift her feet together so she could remain upright. The chains on her wrists also had a small brightly coloured box – something Hermione whispered to Harry as a Magical Suppressor.

“UMBRIDGE! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?” roared Tonks swearing.

“Hello, Minister” Umbridge said – just this side of polite. “As you are aware, all those suspected of using the Unforgivables are to be put in chains and taken to the Ministry cells” and rage built into Harry. “Tumshie? Benners? You will take Miss Bones now please” and she passed a wave of her hand at Susan and both Aurors moved to Susan’s side and put a hand each on one of Susan’s arms causing a bit of pain. This did it for Harry and he and Hannah simultaneously raised their wands and aimed true at Umbridge’s chest. The Aurors, fearing an attack on Umbridge, let go of Susan and pointed their wands at Harry and Hannah. After a quick glance and nod at each other Luna, Hermione and Neville raised theirs and it left everyone with a Mexican stand off.

“Aurors? You will both lower your wands at once. Failure to do so will result in instant dismissal from the Auror Corps” Tonks said with barely concealed hatred to Umbridge., then she turned to Harry and his friends. “You better put yours down as well” she said, and everyone did so.

“I think we will have to take out leave now” Umbridge said moving towards a terrified Susan.

“No you don’t” Harry’s voice rang the entire length of Diagon Alley, making several windows rattle in their frames. “Accio Susan Bone’s wand” and Susan’s wand flew from her hand and straight into Harry’s outstretched one. He looked at one of his wives and saw the look of terror in her eyes. “I’ll look after this for you, Susan. I promise that you will get this back the moment that bitch sets you free” he said referring to Umbridge.

“I’m scared, Harry” she whispered, and she lay her head into Harry’s neck as he gave her a hug.

“I know you are” Harry said. “I’m going to get to the bottom of this, I swear it” and he gave her a quick squeeze and then let her go.

“I’m ready to go” Susan said slowly.

“Aurors? If you please” Umbridge said, and together they apparated from view.

“I am going to kill that woman” Harry said as he stared at the empty space.

“That would be a bad thing” Tonks advised. “I don’t want to send you to Azkaban!” and she gave a grim laugh. She looked at Harry and was thoughtful for a few moments. “What are you going to do?” she asked. “At the moment” she added.

“I’m going back to Hogwarts and sort out this mess” Harry said. “And then I’m going to plan on how to get Susan released” and if anyone could do it, Tonks thought, then Harry was your man.

A/N:

Once again this fanfic takes a complete 180!

Tune in next chapter for “Ministry vs Susan Bones”

Regards;

Pixel

P.S

It will a few days before I start because I really want a break since I started this fanfic in August – AND NOT STOPPED SINCE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

GIVE ME A BREAK WILL YA?

LOL I'll see what I can come up with

Oh yeah, our old friend Dragon Symphony sent me this in a review!

Pixel and Stephanie Forever,

The following review has been submitted to: Harry Potter True Friends

Chapter: 29

From: Dragon Symphony ()

You Suck. Please TRY to delete this story, you are a shame to all Harry Potter Fans, Stay away from Fanfiction.

How many books have you read yet? 1 maybe 2??

Go home

Do not reply to this email. If the review is signed, use reply link provided above.

Messaging Service

Now while not a vindictive person..... he made me think otherwise in his case!

Here is the link to his own fanfic section:

.NET/u/1128456/Dragon_Symphony

(just add the www and fanfiction bits, and then send him a few messages – if you do, I'll see my way to getting Chapter 32 written and released before Christmas Day. If you send me a copy of your messages – I'll get it doen in three days.

Regards;

Pixel

Getting Back At Umbridge

The moment Harry, Hannah, Luna, Hermione and Neville returned to Hogwarts, they went straight to the common room in Harry's shared tower. Harry's mind was buzzing with ideas on how to get Susan released ranging from an all out assault on the ministry (well if Voldemort can do it), to getting in touch with Griphook and bribing the Goblin guards to look the other way and break Susan out.

"I can't believe she did that" Hermione said disbelieving her memory. "I know that she hates you, but to arrest Susan..... that's just downright evil" and the rest agreed.

"What are you going to do?" asked Hannah, and Harry looked puzzled for a while until she added "It's nearly time for lunch" but Harry shook his head.

"I'm not hungry" he muttered.

"You won't be any good to Susan if you've not had anything to eat" Luna pointed out, and she held Harry's gaze, until he gave in.

"Let's go then, but I doubt I'll be eating anything" he said, and he led the way back out of common room and through the various corridors, down towards the great hall. He didn't know what he told the rest of Hannah and Susan's house of Susan's arrest. Perhaps one of them might be able to help him out by having some information that would be useful. He sat down at the Hufflepuff table to the stares of the entire table, and Harry just looked down at the table and grabbed a couple of simple cheese sandwiches.

"Is Susan alright?" asked Ernie as he spotted her absence from the group, and Harry didn't reply at first. "Is she ill or something?" Ernie pressed.

"Worse than that" Hannah answered for him. She looked at Harry for permission to tell Ernie – and by extension the rest of the Hufflepuffs – what fate had occurred to Susan. Harry looked thoughtful for a few moments and then nodded slowly. "She's been arrested" and then

Hannah added, "By Umbridge" and the looks of dumb surprise on peoples faces showed the disbelief that was still instilled in Harry's mind.

"What for?" sputtered Ernie.

"Some Death Eaters attacked us and Umbridge thinks Susan used an Unforgivable on purpose, so she was taken away, and in chains I might add" Luna said before Hannah could say anything else. Harry had finished his sandwiches and got up from the table.

"I'm going to see McGonagall" Harry began, but was interrupted by the arrival of Dobby. The pop caused many students to become a little bit startled.

"Dobby has a message for Harry Potter" the elf said, and Harry noticed the elf's ears were only half raised.

"What is the message, and who is it from?" asked Harry trying to ignore the stares from various students.

"It is from Misses Tonkses" Dobby said, and handed over a small envelope. Harry took it, and Dobby vanished from sight. Harry looked at the letter, and decided to read it out loud to the entire table, so they knew as much as he did.

Harry

Susan has been taken to the cells and been chained to the floor like the old times.

I swear I would have had done something about it, but this is out of my control as Minister. Susan is alright though, but she is crying all the time and Umbridge is taunting her. I have though had Aurors Grint and Radcliffe replace Tumshie and Benners on guard duty, but they can't interfere with the cell, however I've told them to make sure the cell is kept warm through warming charms – but that's the limit of my involvement. I'll see what I can do about getting Susan's trial moved up as soon as possible.

Tonks

All sound on the ceased as Harry's hands shook in anger, and all in the hall could see the emotion build in the Gryffindor.

"I'm going to see McGonagall" Harry said, and he dropped the letter and stormed from the hall with Hannah, Luna and Neville by his side. Ernie looked at his fellow housemates, from the first years right upto the seventh years, and all nodded at his unspoken question.

"HUFFLEPUFFS TO ME!" Ernie shouted, and as one collective body the entire table rose, arranged itself into a line, and marched out of the hall and turned towards the Headmistress's office. Hufflepuffs remained loyal to those of their house, and though it took them a long time to get angry, the news of their own getting arrested made them bypass the normal attitudes of the house.

#

Harry reached the office and knocked on the door. When he heard the reply, he opened the door and the four walked in to face a puzzled McGonagall.

"Can I help you?" she asked slowly.

"Susan has been arrested" Harry said.

"I'm sorry could you repeat that please?" she asked completely baffled and Harry repeated himself. He told McGonagall everything that he knew and McGonagall went absolutely furious. "I knew that Umbridge was capable of a lot of things, but never something like this" she turned to look at Harry. "What are you planning to do?" she asked.

"I'm going to plan on how to get Susan released" Harry said simply. "And I am not prepared to attend lessons until she has been released" and McGonagall had to agree that it might be for the best if Harry didn't attend lessons.

"I will notify your teachers of the circumstances concerning your absence" she said and was then interrupted by a knocking on the door. "Come in" she called and the door opened to reveal Professor Sprout and the entire complement of Hufflepuff house. "Pomona?" McGonagall asked puzzled at the number of people stood outside her door.

"I wish to protest Susan's imprisonment" Professor Sprout sounded well and truly pissed. Outside, the Hufflepuffs nodded agreement with their Head of House's statement.

"I share your sentiments, but there is nothing I can do" McGonagall said.

"You could protest the fact" Hannah said, looking around.

"But what good would that do?"

"It might do something" Luna said, and more murmurings came from the Hufflepuffs outside.

"I think that you had better go to your lessons" McGonagall said, and the students dispersed reluctantly.

"Where is Harry?" asked Neville, and everyone looked around and found that Harry could not be found anywhere in the room.

"He was here a minute ago" McGonagall said.

"Headmistress?"

"Yes, Philius?" she said turning to one of the portraits.

"Mr Potter left for the Ministry" the portrait informed the room.

"Great" Hannah said rolling her eyes. "I really need to get some sleep" she added trying to keep a yawn from escaping.

"That would be for the best" Professor Sprout said managing a smile despite the situation.

Nodded tiredly, Hannah left the room followed by Luna and Neville. As she walked through the corridors to their tower, Hannah wondered what Harry was going to do at the Ministry. She hoped it was nothing too dramatic that Harry would end up in a cell as well. The group walked in silence as they approached the door and Luna opened it with a flick of her wand allowing them to enter.

"Hi Susan" Hannah said. She stopped as she realised what she said. "What in Merlin's name are you doing here?" she asked as she gave Susan a massive bear hug.

"Harry came to the Ministry and convinced them to let me go, as long as I wore this" and Susan shifted one of her legs to show a small box on her left ankle. It had a timer that was counting down. "He managed to get me two hours out of the cell, and then I get automatically returned to my cell" Susan explained.

"Whats it like?" Luna asked.

"Well it was very cold and bare" Susan began. "But Harry argued that as I had come willingly, that I should be given a better cell" and Susan looked a little better then when Hannah had last seen her.

"How long do you have left?" asked Neville.

"About an hour and forty five minutes" Susan replied after checking the timer. "So I guess I could get some of my clothes before I go" but then she looked utterly confused as she saw Harry's face light up in surprise. "What?" she asked.

"Nothing" Harry smiled. "Dobby!" he called, and the hyper active elf came into sight.

"Harry Potter needs something from Dobby?" enquired the elf.

"I want you to get enough food and drink for the five of us for the next three days. Pack it into my Bottomless bag and then bring it here" Harry instructed, and Dobby left to carry out his orders.

"What you doing?" asked Susan.

"If one goes, then we all go" Harry said simply.

"That's right" chorused Luna and Neville.

"Sounds good" said Hannah.

"We better get some clothes together" Harry reminded them, and they scrambled to dorms.

"How did you know that we would agree?" asked Neville as he grabbed clothes and jammed them into his trunk.

"I didn't" Harry admitted as he did the same thing.

"Well you must have been lucky" Neville said as he finished loading up his trunk.

"Yeah" Harry replied, and then he chuckled.

"What?" asked Neville surprised.

"Imagine the look on Umbridge's face when she sees all five of us in here!" Harry burst into laughter and was joined by Neville, as well as the girls when Harry told them.

They waited in the sitting room, until it was nearly time for Susan's automatic Apparater to activate and return her to her cell. They took hold of her hand while at the same time holding onto their trunks as they were transported from Hogwarts to the Ministry. Harry wondered how it had happened as Hogwarts was supposed to have wards set up to prevent that sort of thing, but he put it from his mind. He looked around the cell that Susan had been given and he gave a low whistle.

"So this is home?" he asked.

"No!" Susan spoke quietly. "My home is with you" and she hugged Harry tightly. "Theres only one thing that makes me uneasy" she added.

"Whats that?" asked Hannah as she and Luna moved the trunks to the edge of the cell, against the wall and out of the way.

"I can't feel my magic" Susan told her. "It's scary and creepy" and Harry could understand how she felt. There had been times when he couldn't feel his magic either, so he knew what she was going through.

"What shall we do first?" asked Luna.

"First thing we do is to make this place warmer" Harry said, and gave a flick of his wand towards the door of the cell. The metal bars expanded and closed so the cold draft didn't hit them anymore. With Hannah's help he built a fire and then to cheer up Susan, he put several pictures of Umbridge onto the flames. "That should do for now" he muttered.

He watched as Luna started attacking the walls with a cleaning charm to remove the dirt from them, and Neville began putting up some pictures he had grabbed. Hannah was unpacking the trunks and putting the girl's clothes into a wardrobe that Harry had brought on one of his shopping trips during the summer. When she was done, she put Harry's and Neville's into their own wardrobe and then shrunk and lightened the trunks and levitated them to the top of the wardrobes where she stored them. Harry had taken several items out of his pockets and began to re-size them back to normal size and shape. While they had waited for the counter to run out he had shrunk a lot of the furniture so he could take them with him and he set them up in places that gave them enough space to move around. When he was finished, they gathered together to act the final part of the master plan.

"Now you can remember how it goes?" asked Harry, and everyone nodded. "Okay then. One, Two, Three and....." the sounds of whistling filled the cell and the corridor outside, and it confused both Grint and Radcliffe who stood on duty.

The two Aurors looked at each other and then proceeded to walk towards the cell Susan was in. When they reached the cell door they found it different then they had last seen it.

“Perhaps we should call for back up” suggested Grint.

“Yeah, never know if this is a trick” remarked Radcliffe, and both Aurors hurried to get some help. They returned several minutes later with Tonks and Umbridge with all four looking confused by the sounds coming from Susan’s cell.

“What is the meaning of this?” asked Umbridge when she saw the door. “Have you altered her cell in any way?” she demanded.

“No, Madam Umbridge” Radcliffe said.

“We had just left the door to check the wards, when we heard the noise. When we saw the new door, we came straight for help” Grint said, indignant that Umbridge was imply he and Radcliffe where both lying.

“Perhaps we should take a look at who is inside” Tonks suggested as she gestured at the little window in the door. Tonks opened it up herself and peered in, and the moment she did she started to laugh her head off.

“What is so funny?” asked Umbridge furious that Tonks seemed to be enjoying herself.

“Look yourself” Tonks said and moved aside for Umbridge to peer through the window.

Umbridge turned a shade of red that was off the colour chart as she looked at what was in the cell. Harry, Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville sat on a sofa whistling the Colonel Bogey March song and above them was a banner reading “Sod Off Umbridge!”. The five friends sat in a line on the extended sofa with the biggest smiles possible and waved at Umbridge.

"How dare they?!" Umbridge was in a complete rage as she spat curse after curse, much to amusement of Tonks, Grint and Radcliffe. "I'm going to wipe the smile off their faces" she turned to the two Aurors. "Keep them in there until her trial. That should stop their amusement. The authority to do that is....."

"Mine" Tonks interrupted. "I'm going to give her some freedom" she added.

"You can not do that!" shrieked Umbridge, absolutely livid that she seemed to be losing control of the situation. "Don't do what she says" she bellowed at the guards.

"Aurors? You will obey my orders" Tonks said, completely ignoring Umbridge. "If Miss Bones and her friends wish to leave to go out somewhere, you will allow them to leave" and Umbridge just stormed away muttering about the wrong choice being made.

"Can we come out now?" asked Harry, as the whistling stopped.

"Sure" Tonks smiled, and Harry opened the door to the cell. "You've pissed off Umbridge" she added.

"Wouldn't be the first time" came the reply. "So, what happens now?" he asked wondering what would take place.

"I'm letting you, Susan and the others leave the cell, but you can only go as far as Diagon Alley. Anymore, and Umbridge will be calling for my head" Tonks put simply.

"What about the Leaky Cauldron?" Luna enquired.

"Oh, okay then. As far as there then" Tonks conceded. She gave a few flicks of her wand. "I've altered the settings of the Automatic Apparater to give you some freedom, but please try to stay within the boundaries" she requested.

"We'll try" Susan said, and Tonks looked at the newly converted cell.

"I love what you've done with the place" she commented.

“Cheers” Hannah said.

“Can I come in?” asked Tonks.

“Sure, all three of you are welcome” and the group let Tonks and the two Aurors enter the cell.

While waiting for Umbridge to arrive, Harry had done a bit more to the room in terms of decorating. Cream wallpaper hung on the walls, a thick brown carpet lay on the floor, and portraits of the group hung on walls giving the place a homey feel. He and Neville had set up screens that were slightly ajar, and Tonks could see three beds beyond each screen. One for Luna, one for Neville which meant.....

“Planning on sleeping together??” asked Tonks as she winked and made her hair go a brilliant shade of pink, before returning to a light brown.

“Anything wrong with that?” asked Harry, going the same shade of pink.

“No” said Tonks. “Just remember to put a good muffling charm on the doors and the screen will you? You’ll keep the whole ministry up!” and Harry, Hannah and Susan went as red as the radish earrings Luna was wearing.

“Moving on.....” Harry said after regaining some dignity, “Have you been able to move up Susan’s trial yet?” he asked keenly.

“I managed to get it heard in three days time – Wednesday afternoon at 2 pm” Tonks informed them. She took a massive mouthful of the tea Luna had made for her and the two Aurors.

“Will it be the same format as Dumbledore’s trial?” asked Hannah.

“More or less” came the reply from Auror Grint.

“Well we have quite a few character witnesses” Harry informed the three visitors.

“How many is “a few?” I caught you the transcript the last time you said a few” Radcliffe said smiling.

“Hundred and fifty do you?” asked Harry, and he was perfectly serious about it.

“Never do anything by halves do you?” asked Tonks rhetorically, and the five friends shook their collective heads. They talked for some length until Susan gave a big yawn. “We had better let you go to sleep” Tonks said getting up from her chair, with the Aurors doing the same. After bidding the group pleasant dreams, they walked out the door.

“I’m going to sleep right now” Luna declared, and she went straight behind one of the screens and closed and locked it with a charm, or possibly she just used the old fashioned muggle style bolt.

“Yeah..... I think that’s a good idea” Neville said, and he too went to bed.

“That just leaves us” said Hannah and Susan in perfect harmony as they lay on the only remaining bed. Harry turned off all the lights, save for two small lamps, and joined his wives in bed after getting undressed of course.

“Now” Harry purred, where were we?” he asked as he stroked Susan’s breast.

#

“Your report?”

“It’s done”

“Very Good”

“Always Master”

“Execute Plan”

#

A/N:

So, theres a lot of things going on in this Chapter! McGonagall nearly faces a revolt of the entire Hufflepuff house plus the Head of House to boot!

Moving to better news, Harry and the group are back together and are now planning on getting Susan out. A few things to comment on in this chapter. The number of 150 Hufflepuffs is accurate because I counted heads on their table from scenes in the great hall, so that's a rough guess at the number of students in that house. The tune: "Colonel Bogey March" is real and is featured in the famous film "Bridge over the River Kwai" and seems to fit the attitude Harry has, as well as his sense of humour!

If anyone can guess the little part at the end with regards to the two speakers, please have a guess – let me see if you are right.

As a side note – and following on to Dragon Symphony's little rant, a lot of you have sent Pm's to him and I thank you. Below are all of the copies I was sent either in a review or as a Pm sent to me.

Draghknar 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

Re:

The following review has been submitted to: Harry Potter True Friends

Chapter: 29

From: Dragon Symphony ()

You Suck. Please TRY to delete this story, you are a shame to all Harry Potter Fans, Stay away from Fanfiction.

How many books have you read yet? 1 maybe 2??

Go home

so, i have to wonder, i really do...has this moron completely forgotten that this is FAN FICTION not ROWLING INC?

so anyways, I have been enjoying the story, and if the above mentioned Jack -a\$\$ hasn't, then all he/she has to do is...try reading something else.

if something is not liked by someone, then that person should not read it...although, i have to say, if Dragon Symphony is that upset, and feels that he/she kows more, then maybe he/she possibly it? should try writing a story, and sharing it with us. i am going to look up dragon symphony, and see if there is a story written by such a person, if not, then my advice would be: TELL HIM/HER TO SHUT THEIR HOLE.

keep writing, alot more of us like you, than like dragon. :D
(feel free to post this if you want, i would love for Dragon to read it and know how important his/her review really was.
james.

budrick1701e 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

you have got to make this toads biggest mistake and add to the fact that she was just there at the right moment is very peculiar , what you up to ??

hpnut1 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

I liked the chapter and I hope Harry gets Susan back soon! I don't think this Dragon Symphony has read very many fan fiction stories!

Durvish 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

I find only one weakness in your fic in that this chapter comes close to mimicking another story that being Not the only redhead

and i am not sure if it was intentional or not so i am not going to blast you on it just pointing out

rellenh 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

I would've ignored such reviews and yes, I'm also a writer. Encouraging others to send insults back to the one who first insulted you is extremely petty and childish. I don't know if you're a teen or an adult but you're not acting your true age if you continue this. Take the high road and let the jerk stew.

darkloki85 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

hey,
i like stories that are both in the book way of doing everything and then the complete opposite. i have found a few that are like that. ive been reading this storie scince u started. i like it and little bitch with out anystories is prob 6 years old. and a mamma's boy. i could never finish a storie due to the military and other options that block my life. ur doing good. take care and keep writing.

Loki

zeropolis79 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

Good chapter - I hope you make sure Umbitch gets what she deserves..

Dont' listen to that idiot - I've got a few like it for my stuff.. Just ignore it.

JWOHPfan 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

Great chapter! I love your story, don't listen to him, he's most likely jealous that you're a better writer than he is. I look forward to the next chapter whenever you post it.

ROBERT-19588 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

Why was Umbridge's people the only ones to scan Susan's wand?

Why did Harry or Tonks not check Susan's wand?

Just Me 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

sorry that this anominious (i don't think i spelt that right)but i don't have an account. I enjoy your story very much, I hope that you don't listen to what dragon_symphony says. It is refreshing to find story that veer far from the books. It gives a sense of what could have been other possibilities for Harry and the others. I can't wait for the next chapter, this one was too short for me! ^^

phantombrick 2008-12-19 . chapter 31

First great job with the story. The whole point of fanfiction is to have fun and put your ideas into play. Do not listen to this gut. I did not see a single story on his profile. here is the copy you have asked for.

Phantombrick

You have received a private message from:

Name: phantombrick

Profile: /u/1242171/

I just rear what you sent to a writer in a review. Let me give you my opinion. This writer is doing a great job with this story. Your opinion is yours to have but who has given you the right to tell someone they should leave fanfiction alone. I don't see any stories under this pen name. If you don't like the story fine you don't have to read it. You need to keep the immature comments like the one you sent to yourself. All of us here write for fun no one is making money off of it. So please grow up.

Phantombrick

-

Do not reply to this email. Visit member's profile to reply back.

You can disable the private messaging feature via account settings.

Messaging Service

Name: 77draco

Here's a copy of the message I sent Dragon Symphony: This is a reply to the flame you sent to Pixel and Stephanie Forever, the author of Harry Potter true friends. You have no right to complain, you don't have any stories to your credit. Also if you hate the story, DON'T READ IT YOU BLOODY GIT. At least Pixel actually has a good head on their shoulders, and not one that's a mirror or worse of their arse.

Name: queenofspades19

YOU SUCK CAUSE YOU CAN'T EVEN WRITE! LEAVE THE CRITICING TO THE PROFESSIONALS
YOU BRAIN MALFUNCTIONING TWIT! OR ARE YOU SUCH A HALFWIT THAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT MALFUCTIONING MEANS?!

Name: MagZ86

Hi Robert,

LOL!

I did read it and I thought pushing the asshole through the veil was very fitting! Very fitting indeed. Erase the person from existence, that'll solve most any problems.

I really didn't get that person. I mean, has he read any fanon fics at all?
What did he think people writing fanfic did when there weren't seven books?

Why'd he even come to this website is beyond me! If he wants to read a canon story, he'd be best going to another website! There is so much on here that just isn't!

I've thought about the AK competition but I don't really know. I've got a small thought but its not enough to guess. Sorry :)

Magz

Including the fanfic content, the A/N's and the copies of reviews and Pm's the word count is a staggering 4,429 words.

Regards

Pixel

Dumping Death Eater Delores

The next few days were allocated to the rescue of Susan from the possible sentence of being sent to Azkaban. Several Hufflepuffs had sent messages to the group offering their support or tactical assistance to break her out of the magical prison if Susan had got the wrong sentence. Wednesday eventually arrived and with it came the trial they had been waiting for. They had all got up early and by noon Harry believed that he had a cast iron case for Susan, it meant that they had nothing to do by the time the Aurors came to tell them everything was ready for the trial to begin. They walked to the courtroom full of hope, and even Umbridge's presence couldn't change that.

"If we are all here" Said Diggle from the bench, "Then we will begin" and the case began with Umbridge giving an opening statement.

"Members of the bench, Minister and members of the public, we are here today for you to ensure justice is done" Umbridge began with all the bitter sweetness she could muster. She went on for at least another ten solid minutes, and then it was Harry's turn to have an opening statement.

"I'm not one for speeches, so I'll sit back down again" Harry simply said, and ripples of amusement drifted across the courtroom.

"Madam Umbridge" Diggle said. "Because you have listed nobody as a witness on your part, I'm allowing Mr Potter and party to start on their extensive list of people. You may begin" he added, turning to Harry and the Susan Bones Freedom Group – and all of those people who would be witnesses for Susan, wore robes with logo emblazoned on the back and front which annoyed Umbridge and that made the SBFG very happy.

"I call James T Kirk to the stand" Harry called, and a tall blonde/brown haired wizard took the stand. "Mr Kirk, tell the court what you did Saturday please?" Harry asked. "And also what your job is please" he added.

“Certainly” the wizards replied. “I work as the manager of Flourish and Blots in Diagon Alley. On the Saturday in question, I was in the shop itself stocking the shelves with new books we had ordered”.

“Does this happen every Saturday?” Harry asked.

“Yes” replied Kirk. “Normally, it would have been done before the time the shop opened, but we got a larger than normal order that day”.

“What was your first reaction when you heard loud noises?” Harry pressed on.

“My first reaction was that it was some kind of accident from Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes” Kirk said grimacing, and several members of the jury and the public gave small little laughs.

“What made you believe otherwise?” asked Harry.

“The fact that I saw Death Eaters attacking several students, the general public and one or two shops” Kirk said.

“OBJECTION!” cried Umbridge. “How does the Witness know Death Eaters attacked?”.

“I read the report that you filed with the Daily Prophet” Kirk said smiling as sweet as any that Umbridge gave, and she paled.

“Overruled” Diggle said.

“No further questions” Harry said, and he sat down and went into a huddle with the other four.

Umbridge questioned Kirk, and many others on a great deal of questions – some of them nothing to do with the trial – and they had been in session for nearly a hour and a half (and it seemed to be going quite badly for them with Umbridge already signing the transfer papers), when both of the rear doors banged open, and two lines of people came walking into the courtroom.

“Here comes the cavalry!” came a male voice, and all heads turned to see Ernie McMillan lead every single member of Hufflepuff house into the courtroom, as well as the senior Gryffindor Quidditch team. “Sorry we’re late” Ernie said, “Only some idiot put two trolls on the corridor end to stop us getting in” and he put his wand away. “Wingardium Leviosa” he added sighing, “What would we do without it?” he asked nobody and he took his seat and didn’t speak any further.

“Objection!” cried Umbridge jumping to her feet. “Chief Warlock, I protest – this is most disrespectful to the court and to yourself”.

“Counter-Objection!” Harry said, jumping to his feet.

“On what grounds?” asked Diggle.

“Umbridge is an ugly toad” Harry said with a perfectly straight face.

“I DEMAND THAT HE IS REMOVED FROM THE COURTROOM” Umbridge screamed as she turned bright red.

“Objection.....sustained” Diggle said trying very hard not to laugh. “The court orders that Madam Umbridge seeks treatment for her..... ugliness. Next witness please” he called, and Harry got to his feet, playing his trump card that he had planned.

“I call Percival Ignatius Weasley to the stand as a hostile witness” he called, and all talking dropped to silence as one of the Weasley family was called to take the stand. “Please tell me what your current job is, and what it involves” Harry said firmly.

“I currently work for Madam Umbridge as her personal assistant. I take care of all her appointments, deal with her post, and do anything else that she wants me to do” Percy said grandly.

“Are you a member of the Auror Corps?” Harry asked.

“What?” Percy gawped in surprise.

“Are you a member of the Auror Corps?” Harry asked again.

“No” Percy said.

“I see” Harry said, and his eyes narrowed. “Are you a member of the Misuse of Magic office, perhaps? Or a member of the DMLE?” Harry asked and he got closer to Percy.

“What does that have to do with the matter?” Percy said turning to look at Diggle.

“I want to know that” Diggle said, as curious as anyone else. “Answer the question please” he directed.

“No” Percy eventually said, “I’m employed by the Ministry in a civilian role” and Harry suddenly beamed the biggest smile ever recorded.

“Who asked you to scan Susan’s wand?” he asked.

“Madame Umbridge ordered me to do it” Percy said, not knowing the damage he had just caused with that little revelation.

“Final question,” Harry said. “Is that normal for a civilian to do a wand scan?” he asked.

“No, it is against our rules for that to happen” Percy said.

“Thank you” Harry said pleasantly, and he sat down as Percy left the stand and took his seat once more.

“Do you have any more people to call?” asked Diggle. ‘Merlin!’ he thought. ‘Theres never a boring trial when Harry Potter attends’ and Diggle smiled inside himself.

“I have one last person I wish to call to the stand” Harry said as he had something whispered into his ear by Hannah. “I call Delores Jane Umbridge to the stand as a hostile witness” and after much argument Umbridge took the stand and Harry noticed that Hannah was correct about Umbridge scratching her right arm.

“I have only one question” Harry said. He turned and walked slowly away from the stand as if thinking of the question he wanted to ask.

Then almost as if he was on a Firebolt, he spun to face the woman who caused so much pain to him last school year. "How long have you been a Death Eater?" he asked and there was the biggest gasp from the viewing public, and practically everyone in the room had jaws dropped.

Umbridge's eyes widened in horror and she jumped over the top of the witness stand and made a mad dash for the nearest door, only to find it blocked by some of the Hufflepuffs. She turned to run but the other door was blocked by the other Hufflepuffs with Ernie at the head. As a last hope, she ran towards the door that Susan, Harry and the others had entered, but she was stopped by Harry blocking her way.

"Incarcious!" several people bellowed, and Umbridge was tied up like a mummy.

"If you want proof" Harry said, "Look at her arm" and Diggle looked utterly confused by the turn in events. He gestured for someone to do it, but Harry was there first and in a show of strength ripped the sleeve of the robes Umbridge wore – the symbol of Voldemort glowing a deep black. The noise from everybody talking at once caused Diggle to bang his gavel several times just to get order restored.

"Aurors? Take Miss Umbridge, place her under arrest and take her to Azkaban. The case against Miss Bones is dismissed and the magical suppressor to be removed from her this minute" and at Diggle's words the talking turned into cheers as Hufflepuff house celebrated the release of one of their own. Tonks removed the suppressor herself, and Harry handed Susan her wand back, and the moment she touched it, it emitted a large shower of multi coloured stars and sparks.

"I'm so happy!" Susan sobbed as she hugged Harry tightly and they were joined by Hannah, Luna and Neville. Hufflepuffs crowded round the group and offered their congratulations, and it took some time for them all to leave the Ministry and they found themselves standing in Diagon Alley and people looked in amazement at the number of students who had suddenly appeared.

“What shall we do now?” asked a forth year, and as always Harry had the answer.

“Drinks at the Leaky Cauldron” he called and he led the group towards the magical pub where they spent several hours in having a good time celebrating Susan’s release.

They returned to Hogwarts by a combination of Floo Power and Dobby, who was pleased to serve Harry. The students split up into smaller groups and returned to the Hufflepuff common room. Harry, Hannah, a teary Susan, Luna and Neville decided to go back to their tower and have a quiet night inside it and just have a nice time. Dobby had brought back all of the furniture and had set every piece back where it had been. The last time he popped into sight Dobby brought some snacks and butterbeer and vanished, and they settled down to watch a movie – The Titfield Thunderbolt. Harry sat in the middle of the sofa and had Hannah and Susan curled beside him, heads touching his shoulder, while Luna and Neville sat on the small armchairs. When the film was finished, they slowly dragged their bodies to bed and Harry’s last thought before sleep claimed another victim that night was of the damage Umbridge had caused at the Ministry. Add the fact that she used that Merlin Damned quill on him, and she was going to be spending a long time in Azkaban.

Luna's Thoughts

Things started to get back to normal and Harry found he preferred the boredom to the excitement of the last few weeks. Harry and the group sat in the Transfiguration class room and attempted to change a mouse into a teacup. After that came potions and they had to make a sleeping draught, and then test it out on their partner. They made the stuff very carefully, and then put it into a goblet.

"Now" Professor Sharpe said, "Give your partner the goblet and take theirs and drink from them please. I will revive those falling asleep" and the Hufflepuffs, plus Harry, Luna and Neville swapped goblets and drank. Harry's next clear memory was of being woken by Sharpe and he stumbled into a sitting position on a soft white set of sheets.

"Guess it worked then" he said sleepily.

"Yeah" Neville grinned. "There was a slight problem with that potion" and Harry wondered what the problem was. He rubbed his eyes, and looked around.

"I'm glad to see you are awake, Mr Potter" said Pomfrey, as she came out her office and came towards them.

"What am I doing here?" he asked.

"Neville made a slight mis-calculation on the mixture" Hannah said from Harry's left.

"At least he got it almost right" said Susan from his right.

"Good point" said Luna.

"Can I go then?" asked Harry to Pomfrey.

"Of course" she smiled.

"Thanks" Harry smiled. He hopped off the bed and he left the hospital wing and as he did so, he looked at his watch. "FIVE HOURS?" he exclaimed.

“Okay, so I did it bit longer then was asked for; at least you missed out on History of Magic” Neville said.

“Oh dear” Harry said rolling his eyes.

“But we got your homework” Hannah said tossing Harry’s bag at him.

“Thank you” he sarcastically, and they made their way to the great hall to catch the last half hour of dinner. Harry ate a large serving of Chicken Kiev and listened to the talking of the Hufflepuffs as they discussed what had happened over the day.

“Erm... Harry?” began Neville.

“Yeah?” Harry said finishing a mouthful of Kiev.

“Not going to need me tonight are you?” Neville asked, “For Quidditch I mean” he added when he saw Harry’s puzzled look.

“Don’t think so” Harry said. He looked at his best male friend. “Why?” he asked.

“I want to get some practice in” Neville said, and as he spoke, Harry could see Luna looking red in the face.

“Nah, you get the practice in” Harry said, then decided to get his own back on Neville for making him sleep five hours. “Be careful” he warned darkly.

“What for?” asked Neville, alarmed at the tone Harry was using.

“If you do it to much you won’t have the strength to hold your broomstick” Harry deadpanned and managing to keep a straight face.

“Harry Potter!” Neville spluttered. “I can not believe you said that” and Neville red every shade of red that was possible with using charms or other spell work.

“You earned that” Harry reminded him.

"Whats the line up for the match tomorrow?" Neville enquired, trying to change the subject.

"Same as always" Harry said. "I just hope the packages get here in time" and he said no more about these mysterious packages.

"Luna doesn't know what to do" Neville said glancing at Luna who was engaged in conversation with Hannah and Susan.

"Huh?"

"She is a Ravenclaw, but dating a Gryffindor" Neville said quietly, so as not to be overheard. "She doesn't know if she should support her house or the team of her boyfriend" he told Harry.

"She'll make the right choice" Harry assured him. "She always does" and Harry looked at the table for another few kieve, but the platters lay empty. "Bugger" he swore softly, "Only one way to solve that" he added and called Dobby's name. The appearance of the elf startled a lot of people, particularly the first and second years who had never seen him or any house elf before.

"Harry Potter needs something of Dobby?" squeaked the elf.

"Can you get me a few more kieve? Just two please as well as some roast potatoes please" and Dobby clicked his fingers and the requested food appeared on Harry's plate. "Thanks" Harry said, and Dobby gave a deep and respectful bow and vanished from view with only the faintest pop. "You just got to love that house elf" Harry commented and then the Raven haired boy commenced battle with the plate of food that kept re-supplying itself. Harry was sure it was Dobby's doing.

When they had finished, they returned to their tower where Luna and Neville left for a little walk. McGonagall had long since given up hope of stopping Harry from breaking the curfew, and she had extended this to the others as well. At the wedding, she had jokingly referred to it as her wedding gift, and they all took the joke well. Harry did his homework, but he couldn't get his head round the subject of the latest

piece though with Hannah and Susan's help he thought it might get a pass at least. When he had finished it was getting late and Harry went off to bed after getting kisses from both of his wives.

#

"Not cold are you?" asked Neville as him and Luna sat by the lake, watching as the moonlight hit the water's surface and turned it into a silver carpet.

"A bit" Luna admitted, and Neville did a little warming charm on them both that would last around an hour or so. Luna had her head resting lightly on his shoulder and he had his arm around her shoulders.

"What do you think is going to happen?" he asked

"Mmmm?"

"To Umbridge" Neville said. "The dragon dung is going to hit the ceiling when her trial starts" he said knowing what Harry was going to do. Unlike the last three times he had attended court, Harry was not going to be prosecuting Umbridge, but was going to allow the ministry to do it themselves, assuming they could find someone. The attack on the ministry had left gaps in its ranks. To solve the Auror shortage, Tonks had had to resort to the re-hiring of retired Aurors, and was considering asking the security goblins to remain for a little while longer until more Aurors could be graduated.

"I expect she will be punished" Luna said dreamily. She really enjoyed spending time with Neville, just as much as she enjoyed spending time with Harry, Hannah and Susan.

"Well that's an obvious thing" Neville smiled, and then his face dropped to one of seriousness. "I'm worried" he said, and Luna took her head off his shoulders and looked into his eyes.

"About what?" she asked.

"I'm worried that Voldemort will attack the school tomorrow during the match" Neville said simply.

"I doubt it" Luna said, still staring into Neville's eyes. "He has lost a large amount of his top Death Eaters and he needs time to rebuild, and that gives us the time we need to complete our mission" she told him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"We have to find the remaining Horcruxes and destroy them" Luna said, and she sounded as if she was unafraid of that fact. "Hermione told me that she thinks she knows another one and it's here in the school" Luna added. "She thinks there could be another one here and then we find the others, even if it means we have to skip lessons".

"Why do I have the suspicion you're holding something from me?" Neville asked, and he knew he was right when Luna looked over towards the lake and gazed at the silver surface for several seconds not speaking a word, then she turned to Neville once again.

"Hermione thinks that Harry could be one himself" she said slowly.

"Merlin's beard!" Neville exclaimed. "What does Harry think of this?" he asked.

"Harry doesn't know" Luna said.

"What? Is Hermione telling him now?" he asked.

"Harry doesn't know" Luna repeated "And he doesn't need to" she said firmly. "At least not yet" she conceded.

"What makes you think that?" Neville said a little defensive of his fellow Gryffindor.

"He has his school life ahead of him and he also has other responsibilities as well" Luna told him.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

“He has responsibilities to Hannah and Susan as well as us. Harry has the rest of this year to finish and the year after that and then his entire life ahead of him. If he knows that he has a part of Voldemort’s soul inside himself, then he is going to go after Voldemort and kill him. Then he’ll kill himself to ensure Voldemort can never return” Luna finished her little speech.

“That’s some stuff” Neville admitted.

“That’s Harry” Luna replied looking at the lake and the forbidden forest both cast in silvery light. Silence reigned over the pair for several minutes as they both worried about Harry greatly a lot of the time, and it stayed that way until Neville looked down at Luna who was peering into the lake.

“What are you thinking of?” he asked.

“Thinking of how far we have come as children, yet how far we still have to go as adults” Luna said deeply.

“Sounds like something Professor Trelawney would say” Neville said.

“I wasn’t joking” Luna said indignantly.

“Sorry” Neville apologised. “It’s just that you sound different then normal when you speak like that” he smiled.

“That’s alright” Luan said. “I might have to punish you” she said darkly.

“Can we negotiate on that?” he asked.

“I’ll settle for a kiss” Luna replied slyly, and Neville leaned inwards to pay his punishment. “Now that’s settled” Luna said, “We have to decide when the right is right” she muttered.

“Time is right for what?” Neville asked.

“The time to tell Harry, silly” Luna smiled.

“I’d tell him after the Quidditch match” her boyfriend advised, and it earned him the privilege of being smacked by Luna by way of her hitting him on the arm.

“Of course after then” Luna said, and then she looked at her watch. “I think we should be going back now” she added, and the two set off from the lakes edge and returned to their shared tower.

After a quick mug of Cocoa, courtesy of Dobby, they climbed the stairs to their respective beds. Neville went to sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, but Luna lay awake for some time staring at the top of her bed’s ceiling and her mind turned over the events that had recently taken place. She cared for Harry in a strong way and it was as strong as the way how she felt for Neville, though perhaps it was a little bit stronger. She and Harry shared a common thing in that they were both orphans, who had found themselves this family. She had told only Harry about the contents of the letter she had received that morning via the morning owls. It was from the Ministry – from Tonks herself – telling her of the death of her father, and to her credit she had not cried or given any indication of the contents, but Harry had known something was wrong and had asked her what the matter was. After promising to jump off his broom from a height of 25,000ft, Harry was told of the contents. Tears ensued and Harry comforted Luna and again promised to keep her secret for as long as she asked him to. She remembered the talk they had had the day of the leaving feast last term about the afterlife, how she saw and believed in it but Luna didn’t believe in it anymore. She didn’t know what might happen, but she took comfort that her family would rally round and protect her.

“Oh who the fuck cares about Loony Lovegood?” Luna swore, and she threw the bed covers off herself and Luna left the tower, closing the door to the tower leaving her wand behind as she wouldn’t be needing it where she was going to go.

A/N:

And theres the shock in the chapter!

Well I'm going to take a nice long break of at least two days (before I go totally mad), and not do anything to do with this fanfic, so yah boo sucks!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I will be completing some other projects to do with , and hope to resume normal service soon.

Regards

Pixel

Champion Broomstick Racer

Holder of the Order of Merlin 1st Class

Holder of Witch Weekly's Best Smile award (three years running).

Lakeside Luna

Luna had a change of mind and returned to the common room to write a few notes out to Harry, Hannah, Susan and the others. While she felt she could slip away from them, Luna decided that she owed them an explanation as to why she had done what she was going to do. She spent the best part of an hour writing out the goodbye messages and each more or less the same.

Dear Harry

I know that by the time you get this, I will be long gone.

I know you promised to keep my secret but as I'm not going to be around anymore, that doesn't matter. Please tell everyone so they know it wasn't a Death Eater who caught and killed me.

I know I said I would be alright when we talked yesterday morning, but I can not live with the pain of losing both of my parents so early on. I guess the advantage of me doing this, is the fact I'll be getting to see my mother so it can't be that bad. I'm honoured to have been your friend and I want you to know that it made me happy when you would all stand up for me when I was being picked on, and thank you for letting me be a part of the DA. When you find my body, can you please bury me in the grounds of the school? That way I can watch the Snorkacks and keep them safe by telling them when hunters come looking for them.

Please be supporting to Neville as much as he will be supporting you. Both of you are special to me in ways that you both know very well.

Please know that I am doing this out of my own free will.

Your Friend

Luna Lovegood.

Dear Hannah

I know that by the time you get this, I will be long gone.

I can not live with the pain of losing both of my parents so early on. I guess the advantage of me doing this, is the fact I'll be getting to see my mother so it can't be that bad. I'm honoured to have been your friend and I want you to know that it made me happy when you would all stand up for me when I was being picked on. When you find my body, can you please bury me in the grounds of the school? That way I can watch the Snorkacks and keep them safe by telling them when hunters come looking for them.

Please be supporting to Neville as he will be needing all the help he can get, over the next few days

Please know that I am doing this out of my own free will.

Your Friend

Luna Lovegood.

Dear Susan

I know that by the time you get this, I will be long gone.

I can not live with the pain of losing both of my parents so early on. I guess the advantage of me doing this, is the fact I'll be getting to see my mother so it can't be that bad. I'm honoured to have been your friend and I want you to know that it made me happy when you would all stand up for me when I was being picked on. When you find my body, can you please bury me in the grounds of the school? That way I can watch the Snorkacks and keep them safe by telling them when hunters come looking for them.

Please be supporting to Neville as he will be needing all the help he can get, over the next few days

Please know that I am doing this out of my own free will.

Your Friend

Luna Lovegood.

Dear Neville

I know that by the time you get this, I will be long gone.

I can not live with the pain of losing both of my parents so early on. I guess the advantage of me doing this, is the fact I'll be getting to see my mother so it can't be that bad. I'm honoured to have been your friend and I want you to know that it made me happy when you would all stand up for me when I was being picked on. When you find my body, can you please bury me in the grounds of the school? That way I can watch the Snorkacks and keep them safe by telling them when hunters come looking for them.

I know it might seem a little bit selfish to you, but it is the better way because if I do this at night, then you can not be accused of doing it. I want to say how much I have talking to you about everything, and I am honoured to have called myself your girlfriend. Please know that I'll be watching over you, to keep you safe and I'll try to pop in and see you from time to time.

Please know that I am doing this out of my own free will.

Your Friend

Luna Lovegood.

Luna sealed each letter up into his own envelope and placed them on the mantle above the fire. As she did so, she felt her nightdress slip and she decided that if she was going to die, then she would do so with dignity. She crept up to the girls dorm and changed into her school robes and put her pointed hat on for good measure. With her knowledge of the secret passages, she managed to slip out of the castle made her way down towards the lake. It still had it's silvery blanket from the moon, and Luna gave a moment to curse the fact that she was named after the moon. Dismissing it from her mind, she turned to look at the distant castle where some lights still shone brightly against the night. She turned her back to it so she faced the lake and she reached the waters edge. Because she wore her school robes, she could feel the coldness of the night air hit her body and

she absently thought about the fact her body was about to get a lot colder. Luna stopped as her shoes touched the lapping water, and she let tears begin to fall down her face and fall onto her cheeks and her robes. Pausing only to mentally say goodbye to her friends, Luna took a deep breath and walked into the lake until the water came up to her waist. The water took a lot of the heat from her body as it flooded around her causing her robes to billow round her like a fan. Luna stood in the freezing cold lake as she felt the curious sensations and then she began to walk forward deep into the lake. She guessed that in around five to ten feet she would no longer touching the lake bed and at that point Luna was going to turn round after taking several mouthfuls of the water, and then to lay back on the water so she floated face up which would allow her to see the stars she loved one last time before death came to take her. Luna wondered if she could wandlessly cut her wrists open, so she could go quicker.

“Funny time for a night time swim” came a students voice, and Luna could tell it was a male student, but her mind was busy preparing for her death, and Luna knew she was ready. “And you’re not even wearing the right clothes for it” added the mystery voice.

“Go away” Luna said abruptly. “I want to be alone” she added.

“No you don’t. What you need is someone to talk to” said the voice.

“I don’t want anything, except that I want to die” Luna said sadly, and she moved forwards slightly so the surface of the water came up to the bottom of her breasts.

“Why’s that?” asked the voice.

“My father has been killed, and my mother died years ago, so you see I have nothing to live for” Luna explained, and the girl felt the icy water washing over her chest and right over the part where her internal organs could be found. Indeed, she could feel her body start to shut down, and she wished this person would go so she could die in peace.

“But you have your friends” the voice said, “How are they going to feel?” he/it? asked.

"I left them all letters" Luna said her teeth beginning to chatter with the coldness which infected every part of her body.

"That's going to help" the voice said sarcastically. "You know something?"

"What?" asked Luna, and the girl was ready to go now.

"I'm going to miss you, Hannah is going to miss you, Susan is going to miss you Merlin alone knows what Neville is going to do when you leave" and Luna heard the voice getting closer, and she also noticed that she could hear splashes in the water as it got closer. She forced herself to turn around, and she found herself staring into the eyes of Harry Potter.

"Harry?" she asked confused. "What are you doing here?"

"Saving you" he said simply, and he took her hands in his and led her back to shore. Once on dry land, Harry led her to the large beech tree he often sat under, and Harry sat Luna sat down and she allowed her head to rest on his shoulder. "Why did you want to kill yourself?" he asked as gently as he could.

"I don't have any parents left now and I wanted to be with my mother and father again" Luna said sadly.

"I know how you feel" Harry told her, and Luna lifted her head and looked at Harry in surprise. "When Sirius died, I thought exactly the same thing as you did. I wanted to be with my parents and him no matter what it took, but talking to you and Hannah, Susan and Neville helped me to get over that" he explained. "You are going to cry a lot, I know, but I'm going to help and I know the others are going to help. You'll have to tell the others about your dad, but I know we're going to stick by you no matter what" and he gave Luna a tight hug which seemed to comfort the girl.

"Thank you" Luna mumbled, and Harry could feel the fact she shivered in the cold night air because it hitting her soaking wet

clothes. Then Luna sneezed and Harry decided that he'd better get Luna sorted.

"Dobby?" he called, and the elf appeared.

"Yes Harry Potter sir?" he asked.

"I want you to send both me and Luna to the hospital wing" Harry said.

"Does Harry Potter want me to get the nurse?" Dobby enquired.

"No one is to come, and nobody is to be told" Harry said.

"Yes, Harry Potter" Dobby squeaked, and clicked his fingers and the pair disappeared and they found themselves in the hospital wing. Harry took a look around and saw that the hospital wing was indeed deserted of life. He led Luna towards the nearest bed and sat her down.

"Accio screen" he said pointing his wand at a screen which rushed towards them. He sat them up around the bed that Luna sat on. "I'm going to Pomfrey's office and find the right potion or something or other to get you better. While I'm gone, take those wet things off and throw them on the next bed and I'll dry them for you when I get back" Harry promised and he closed the screen and went into Pomfrey's office, flicking his wand at a couple of torches above Luna's bed.

He spent a good twenty five minutes hunting around the office hunting for a potion to make Luna better. He finally found the right one, and he went back to Luna hold a vial with a strange brown coloured liquid inside it. As he got near the screened off bed, Harry could see a pile of wet clothing.

"Luna?" he called out, and Luna opened the screen and came out dressed only in one of the bed's blankets which was wrapped around her body, the top came just under her chin. He handed her the vial which she drank which a grimace at the taste and then stood and watched silently as Harry untangled the clothing pile into its separate components.

“Theres some delicate things in there” she said eventually.

“Huh?” asked Harry, and at that moment, he discovered both what Luna meant, and why she had the blanket so high over her body, and Harry blushed which was understandable.

“Sorry” Luna said, “I should have warned you sooner” she apologised.

“Doesn’t matter” Harry shrugged off, and he proceeded to dry Luna’s robes as well as a set of striking blue underwear. When he was done, he passed the clothes back to the girl and Luna went behind the screens to dress, coming out with her hat under her right arm. “Let’s go back” Harry said and together they walked back to their tower, and Harry lit the fire and made it hot so he could get the temperature back to a better level in Luna. He simply held her until she had finished crying, and then he simply held her and didn’t know what to do. They spent some of the remaining hours before dawn talking – mostly it was about all the things Luna’s father did – and then they watched dawn break together.

“Morning Harry” Susan said as she padded down the stairs. Then she took sight of Luna in her robes. “”A little bit early this morning, Luna!” she joked.

“Couldn’t sleep” Luna said dreamily. Harry knew she was making up the lie, but it seemed to pass Susan’s inspection.

The day began properly and everyone got prepared for the upcoming match. Harry was faced with the huge problem of keeping Luna’s two biggest secrets. They went down to the great hall and grabbed some breakfast. Harry kept an eye on Luna while he ate, but got distracted by the owls which carried the morning mail. One of the owls (a ministry one – Harry could tell because he had cause for knowing a lot of them), came and sat on the table next to Luna and held out its small letter from its leg. Luna accepted its charge and the owl flew away, leaving Luna to read the contents. Harry looked up from his letter from the makers of the Firebolt to see look at his friend.

“Oh my” Luna exclaimed and she went several different colours as she dropped the letter onto the toast she had been eating.

“Whats the matter?” asked Harry.

“My daddy” she whispered and passed the letter to Harry.

Dear Luna,

Your father is still alive but has been captured by a group of Death Eaters. We think that the Death Eaters sent you that letter so that you would either die, or turn yourself over to them. Rest assured that we will do everything possible to save and rescue your father.

Tonks.

“That’s great news” said Harry, and Luna nodded slowly.

A/N:

Well Luna had an extremely dark moment, one that could happen to anybody. I did relent on Mr Lovegood’s death, and turned it into a tactic used by the Death Eaters. However..... there is something even better then that! Something to do with Neville, but I’m not going to tell anybody what.

One little grouch I have with my readers. I only got FOUR reviews for Chapter 34 which sort of peeved me off. I hope that I get better this chapter.

Next Chapter: Ravenclaw vs Gryffindor plus a little bit of happiness for Neville.

A little clue? Oay then; think what Bellatrix did to his parents..... now you get it.

Regards

Pixel

Ravenclaw vs Gryffindor

The group headed towards the Quidditch pitch where Hannah and Susan gave Harry a kiss for good luck and Luna did the same for Neville. The pair went into the changing rooms and Harry saw a large box on the floor, of which he knew the contents.

“Right, this is going to be a tough match” Harry said as he began his pre-match speech. “Their keepers a bit tough to beat, so chasers lets be a little bit more trying” and Dean, Neville and Seamus nodded. “Their chasers are almost as good as us, so a little bit of a concentrated effort please from the beaters in disrupting their attacks, but please keep it clean. I don’t want anybody being sent off” and Rafael and Parvatti nodded in agreement. “Any questions?” Harry asked, and Dean raised his hand. “Yeah?” he asked.

“What is in the box?” he asked.

“Oh I nearly forgot” Harry said dramatically. He crossed over to the box and kicked it open but the team could see what was inside just yet. “You won’t need those brooms of yours” he said.

“And how we are going to play?” asked Seamus.

“By using these instead” Harry said, and with a wave of his hand Harry sent five long and thin packages towards his team members. Lavender, Parvatti, Rafael, Dean and Seamus put down the brooms they held and unwrapped each package and they stared down at the gold plated Firebolts.

“How did you get these?” stammered Dean, as he looked at his broom in amazement. Each broom had a little shield on the tip of the handle showing a little picture that was relevant to each player. Parvatti had a little picture of the goddess Shiva, Seamus had a Lepicorn on his, Lavender had a picture of lavenders on hers, Rafael had a Mexican flag on his while Dean had a small shield baring the logo of West Ham Football Club – the team he supported.

“Well I am the richest person in the magical world” Harry said. “It was really no trouble at all” he explained.

“How much did they cost?” asked Parvatti.

“Actually nothing at all” Harry said. “All I have to do is endorse the new Firebolt range for a few years and they agreed to everything I asked for free of charge. They even added the gold plating and the little shields for nothing” Harry sighed mockingly. “It pays to be me sometimes” he said, and everybody muttered their thanks to Harry who dismissed it with a wave of his hand.

“Harry?” began Seamus. “Why isn’t yours gold?” he asked.

“I’m rather attached to this one” he said. Harry had had the Firebolt since his third year, after the incident where his faithful Nimbus 2000 had been destroyed by the Whomping Willow, well after he had got the Firebolt back from Flitwick. Hermione had insisted it had been sent by Sirius Black (she was right of course). He still had the pieces and often wondered if he could find a spell to repair it, though he knew it would be slower than most of the other brooms out on the pitch.

The doors leading to the pitch opened up, and the team mounted their brooms and zoomed out of the doors and into the air and the Quidditch pitch. The Ravensclaws had already taken their places and their faces dropped when they saw the Gryffindors appear on identical brooms, and they knew that they had no chance of winning the match. The fastest broom they had amongst the team was a Cleansweep Nine, the others being Nimbus 2005’s and a Nimbus 2004. It was like having a race between a broomstick user and a walking person – the Firebolt had yet to be beaten by anybody in a Quidditch match.

“Good Morning one and all, to the Ravenclaw vs Gryffindor Quidditch match” Lupin was doing the commentary once again. “The Gryffindors make no changes since their dramatic win over Slytherin and appear to have upgraded their brooms” and he let that bit of news run around the stadium like wildfire. “Ravenclaw have also made no changes to their line up so it looks a lively match for all of us. Now Madam Hooch comes onto the pitch to begin the game” and the

flying teacher walked onto the pitch and opened the trunk that contained the Quaffle, the two bludgers and the snitch.

“I want a nice clean game, from all of you” Hooch said looking at both of the teams. She unstrapped the snitch and the bludgers which flew into the air.

“The bludgers are released..... followed by the snitch” Lupin’s voice said, and Hooch threw the Quaffle into the air. “The Quaffle is released and the game begins” Lupin said.

With the Firebolts it wasn’t a very hard match and in just ten minutes the score was 20 – 0 in Gryffindor’s favour. Harry was having a good time doing some aerobatics to keep the crowd happy and at one point did a series of spins and high speed turns. One or two times he had seen the snitch but it had evaded his reach. He was wondering if the snitch was getting some kind of payback for the occasions he had caught it. Harry wouldn’t be surprised with anything that happened in the magical world anymore. A tremendous roar made him look down to the celebrations of the crowd, and he heard Lupin’s voice as he announced yet another Gryffindor goal.

“And Thomas scores yet another goal for Gryffindor with a beautiful pass from Longbottom” and Harry could see Dean doing barrel rolls and then zoom off in pursuit of the Quaffle, and Harry was happy to see his friend enjoying himself so much.

As he surveyed the grandstands, he noticed a distinct lack of Gryffindor students and Harry wondered what was going on with his house. Surely they didn’t think he caused the Battle of the Ministry? Harry knew that Ginny could have stirred up trouble for him, but Dean, Seamus or any of the others would have told him if that had happened. Harry actually couldn’t see anybody who was in the stands, so he made a lazy dive downwards towards the Gryffindor stand and was amazed to see that only a few first years sat in the House stands. He could see Hermione sitting with Hannah, Susan and Luna watching Harry from the Hufflepuff stands, and he made a note to talk to Luna after the match. He made his stately way around the stands avoiding the balls of parchment thrown half heartedly from the Ravensclaws. This earned them all a 1 point deduction as it was

impossible to prove who had thrown the parchment. Harry spiralled upwards and back into the game which Gryffindor was now winning 100 – 0. He was tempted to have Lavender let the Ravensclaws get one or two goals in, when he saw a flash of gold and he set off in pursuit of the snitch while followed by the Ravenclaw seeker – Cho Chang. Harry was desperate to win the game but it meant cutting across Cho's patch, and Harry was too much of a gentleman to do that and so urged his broom forward and it outstripped Cho and Harry spun lazily to his right and leaned over the top of his broom to get hold of the snitch, and that was that.

"Harry Potter takes hold of the snitch, and scores a hundred and fifty points and wins the game in favour of Gryffindor" Lupin was announcing the score to the students. "The final score is thus: Gryffindor 190 – Ravenclaw 10" and Lupin sound privately pleased that Gryffindor had won.

"Well that has to be the shortest game I have played in" Harry said turning to shake hands with Cho, but she seemed Disappointed and Harry instantly knew the reason. It was Cho's final year at Hogwarts and she wanted to leave after winning the Quidditch trophy. Harry flew alongside her, and tried to apologise but she simply said it was not her fault.

"That was bloody brilliant" exclaimed Seamus the moment he got close to Harry.

"It was like zooming through space" Dean confirmed, and everybody else said the same thing. Harry acknowledged them with only half his mind on them. The other half was looking at McGonagall as she came running as fast as she could – and this was the fastest he had ever seen her run – brushing student out of the way.

"What is the matter Professor?" he asked she raced up to them.

"Where is Neville?" she asked panting.

"Here" Neville said moving closer to the out of breath teacher. "Whats wrong?" he asked.

"It's your parents" she forced out.

"What about them?" Neville said, full of dread.

"I got a message from St Mungos" McGonagall wheezed. "They would like to see you" and she watched as Harry caught a freshly fainted Neville.

A/N:

A Little bit short, but that's just me.

So Harry has gone and re-equipped the Gryffindor team with Firebolts, but the best bit is Neville learning his parents want to see him (when he comes round of course).

Trivia notes

Several bits of trivia here include:

Harry's Nimbus 2000 and its destruction by the Whomping Willow.

Dean's supporting of West Ham football club.

Hermione insisting the Firebolt had been sent by Sirius (and being right again)

Oh and there went my break.....

Regards;

Pixel

Harry? You're a Horcrux

Harry, Hannah, Susan and Luna where sat in their common room waiting for Neville to return from St Mungos. McGonagall had suggested that only Neville go this time, and then they could go and see Neville's parents another time. According to the Headmistress, Neville's Gran had much the same reaction as he had.

"Neville looked so happy" said Hannah.

"I wonder why his parents have suddenly become better" said Luna said, puzzled at the turn of events. She was back to her normal self after the news her father was not dead.

"Might have something to do with the fact Bellatrix is dead" Harry told her. "It might have something to do with the fact the caster of the spells was still alive. Now she is dead, the magic is cancelled out" he said.

"Well, I'm glad his parents are better" Susan said, smiling.

"Yeah" agreed Harry, "I've seen them before though" he said.

"What?" asked Hannah.

"When Arthur Weasley was in St Mungos, I saw Neville's parents in there" Harry said, remembering the entire event.

"I wonder what time he will be back" Luna said looking at the clock which displayed the time. "It's nearly eight as it is" she added.

"I don't know, and I don't care" Harry said. "As long as Neville is happy, I don't think McGonagall will mind" he added, then he saw concern on the three girls faces. "What?" he asked.

"Theres something we need to tell you" Hannah began slowly.

"It's not anything good either" added Susan.

“I’ll go and get Hermione” said Luna and went out the tower, to fetch Hermione and returning several minutes later.

“I guess they’ve told you they have to tell you about something” Hermione said when she saw the look on Harry’s face.

“Something along those lines” Harry said, and she detected traces of anger, but at that moment Neville came through the door with the biggest smile on his face anybody had ever seen. Harry silently told the group that he would talk to them later about what they were going to tell him.

“How did it go?” asked Luna to a still smiling Neville.

“It was fantastic!” exclaimed Neville. “It took a few moments for them to get to know me, but I don’t mind. Gran told them about everything I’ve done like winning the House Cup for Gryffindor. She told them all about my membership of the DA last year, and they were both happy to see that I had taken part to defeat them, and to honour them” Neville seemed both happy and also on the verge of tears, and Luna sided up to him and put her arm around his waist.

“I’m really happy for you” said Harry, and Hannah and Susan agreed.

“There’s something else my Gran told them” Neville said. “She told them that I was friends with you, and they want to meet you to thank you for being a friend to me, and also for looking out for me” and Harry was surprised that Neville’s parents wanted to see him.

“We can go tomorrow” he said. “I’m sure that McGonagall will let us have at least a day off” and Harry was certain of the fact the Professor would allow their request.

“It’s not just you, it’s everyone” Neville said.

“They want to see us?” asked Hannah astonished.

“My mum wanted to see all my friends” and Neville looked sideward at Luna, “Especially you” he said.

“Really?” Luna blushed.

“Well..... you are more than just a normal friend to me” Neville said, going as red as Luna’s earrings.

“So what are we then?” huffed Hannah, Harry and Susan at the same time.

“You know what I mean” said Neville chuckling.

“I know” giggled Susan, and then she smiled at Neville.

“It was really amazing to see my parents so full of life” he said. “I’ve been used to them being nothing more than breathing husks, and now.....” he left the rest unsaid as he began to sob into Luna’s shoulder.

“We should get some sleep” Harry suggested, “If we don’t then we won’t be able to be awake in time for visiting hours” and the others agreed that it would be a good idea if they had an early night. Harry walked Hermione back to Gryffindor tower because he wanted to talk to her concerning the subject the others wanted to discuss.

“Whats going on?” he asked when they were in a quiet bit of corridor.

“It’s something that we should talk about tomorrow” Hermione said, and she had the look on her face that said she wasn’t going to speak about the subject anymore. This was the one look that really annoyed Harry, because he knew it was impossible to get Hermione to change her mind. “It’s important though” she added.

“Important enough for you not to tell me now?” Harry asked, and Hermione could tell Harry was annoyed. She knew that she as well as Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville should wait for a later time to tell Harry what she had discovered. Hermione sighed inside herself – she owed too much to Harry, and Hermione decided that she was not going to hold anything back from him. Harry had done so much and indeed had placed himself in mortal peril to save her, and she was going to repay that trust and not to betray it.

“Can we go somewhere quieter?” she asked, and Harry was surprised at the low voice she used.

“Room of Requirement do you?” he asked in reply, and Hermione nodded and the two walked towards the Room of Requirement. After walking past a blank bit of wall three times, Harry and Hermione went inside to see the room had turned itself stone room with just two arm chairs. They sat down and Hermione looked at Harry and was thoughtful for a moment as if thinking of what she would say.

“Theres no easy way to say this to you, but you’re a Horcrux” Hermione said, and she was slightly fearful of Harry’s reaction – and she had good reason.

“What?” asked Harry, and Hermione was thankful that he had his emoticons and his magic in check.

“I promise this isn’t a joke or anything like that” Hermione said, watching her friend go extremely red. “I was reading more of the books I found in the restricted section, and one described the fact that living people have been known to be used as vessels for others souls” and Harry narrowed his eyes at her.

“And what makes you certain I’m a Horcrux?” he asked.

“It’s the symptoms – if that’s the best word for it” Hermione said leaning back in her chair. “You have a connection to Voldemort and you can feel whenever he is angry. I’m sorry” she said, “But it’s the truth” Hermione finished lamely.

“And the others know?” Harry asked.

“Yes” Hermione said simply.

“So how do we get this thing out of me? Harry said with venom lacing the entire sentence.

“The only way is to destroy it” Hermione said almost as a whisper.

"You mean I have to die?" Harry almost shouted. "That's not an option" he said.

"I know that" Hermione said hotly. "If I knew of another way then I would say so!" she shouted back. Harry calmed down and apologised to her.

"I'm sorry" he said. "It's just that I was beginning to enjoy life. Dumbledore isn't meddling in it anymore, I'm the richest person in the magical world, I'm married to the two most beautiful women in the entire known universe, Gryffindor are on course to win the House Cup again, and we are going to win the Quidditch cup as well" Harry looked down and shook his head. When he looked up, he saw Hermione quickly avert her gaze so she didn't have to look at him in the eye. "You're not telling me something are you?" he asked.

"No" Hermione admitted. "I think Voldemort probably knows it as well" and this time Harry didn't explode.

"What can I do then?" Harry asked.

"Keep your mental shields up" Hermione said.

"Thought it might be something like that" Harry muttered very darkly. He didn't feel like continuing the subject anymore, and he said he would finish walking Hermione back to the tower.

A/N:

A Little bit of a short chapter, but there you go!

The thing is that I've been on a massive bout of chapter writing and so I'm sorry about the abruptness. I'm going to skip the actual visit of the group to Neville's parents, and instead skip ahead several weeks because of something much more important.

With Regards

Pixel

Long Live Longbottoms

The next morning the group got up incredibly early, and dressed and showered before most of the castle was awake. After grabbing a quick breakfast they went to see McGonagall in her office, but she was not there yet. A note lay on the table along with a pot of Floo Powder.

Please use this to go to St Mungos.

There is enough powder to get you all there and to get you safely back. Don't mis-use it and I wish Mr Longbottom all the joy to see his parents again.

McGonagall

"Nice woman" Harry muttered, and picked up the pot and gave each person Floo Powder. As she was the nearest, Luna went first, and she disappeared into the flames. She was followed by Hannah and Susan leaving only Harry and Neville to travel, and Neville gave Harry the honour of going first, and one after the other, they went to the magical hospital. The others were waiting for them, and after brushing the ash from his clothes, Neville lead the way past the welcome witch and towards the lift. He didn't select the Permanent Spell Damage floor, and instead they travelled to a floor that was decorated in nice pastel colours. Neville opened a nearby door, and they trooped in.

"Hi, Mom, Hi Dad" he said.

"Neville!" came a female voice.

"Son" came a male one. "How are you?" asked Neville's dad.

"I'm good" Neville replied meekly.

"Who are these people?" asked his mother, and Neville introduced his friends one by one.

"This is Hannah Abbot" he began, pointing at Hannah.

“Hello Mr and Mrs Longbottom” Hannah said. “It’s a pleasure to meet you” she added.

“The pleasure is mine” Frank Longbottom said as he leaned over and kissed Hannah’s hand causing her to giggle.

“This is Susan Bones” Neville said, pointing to Susan.

“Are you related to Ami?” asked Frank, using the shortened version of Susan’s Aunt’s name.

“In a sense” she said, and then Susan looked at her feet.

“What?” asked Frank.

“Susan’s mother and Aunt died in an attack on her house” Neville explained, and his father looked very sorry and indeed apologised.

“Who are you?” Alice Longbottom asked, looking at Luna.

“Luna Lovegood” Neville said and he went slightly red.

“I’m his girlfriend” Luna volunteered when Neville didn’t reveal their relationship.

“My son has been lucky” Frank said.

“Thank you” smiled Luna.

“So.... You must be the great Harry Potter” Alice said.

“I am” Harry said and he shook hands with both of Neville’s parents.

“Neville has told us all about you” Frank said.

“Only the good stuff I hope” joked Harry and there was a burst of laughter.

“We’re sorry to hear about your parents” Frank said. “Lilly and James were great friends and colleagues and we’ll miss them” he added sadly.

“Thank you” Harry replied.

“We want to say thank you for keeping our only son safe” Alice said, sounding every bit as grateful as Harry thought she might.

“It was nothing” Harry said dismissingly, and then everybody began to talk about how Harry had fought Voldemort in every year of his school life except his third.

“We heard that there was an attack on the Ministry” Frank said during a pause, “What exactly happened?” he asked.

“Death Eaters attacked the Ministry, and killed pretty much all of the Aurors and several innocent people” Hannah said.

“Who is in charge?” asked Frank.

“Nymphadora Tonks, the senior surviving Auror and now Minister for Magic” Harry said, and he and the others explained more about the various changes in the magical world and both adults were surprised to hear that Dumbledore was now in Azkaban – but they agreed that he deserved it.

“What are you going to do when you leave here?” asked Luna.

“We plan to get a lot of rest and then rejoin the Auror corps” Frank said.

“Are you sure?” asked Neville concerned. “You’ve only just…… recovered” he pointed out.

“Well we’ve been lying around for a long time” his mother pointed out, “We just want to get out and about” she told him.

“I don’t want anything to happen to you that’s all” Neville said, and he hugged his mother tightly.

“Oh we’ll be careful alright” his father told him, “As long as I can get a shot at Voldemort” he chuckled, and at that moment the door opened and in came a Medi-Witch.

“I’m afraid that you will have to leave now” she said. “Visiting time is over, and I have to do tests on my patients” and gave them a firm look as if to say she wouldn’t budge.

“I’ll come and see you tomorrow” Neville called as he said goodbye to his parents.

“See you tomorrow then” Frank called as the Medi-Witch closed the door in their faces.

“Well that was rude” Harry said. “I guess we where longer then we thought” he added.

“Guess so” Neville replied. “Let’s go home” he added and the went to the nearest fireplace and used the Floo network to return to Hogwarts.

A/N:

Part of a two chapter release so that’s the reason its short.

Unexpected Joys and Unwanted News

Life wasn't so bad after all, Harry thought. They did their various lessons, and began to revise for the practice NEWTs they would take in the next year for real. Neville would go and see his parents every other day. One Tuesday morning found the group waiting for Hannah to come out of the bathroom after running in there half an hour earlier with her hand over her mouth.

"Think she's going to be alright?" asked a concerned Harry.

"Oh I should think so" smirked Susan, and she refused to say a word on the subject. Attempts to question Luna was met by equal opposition and Harry was beginning to think all three girls were against him when Hannah came out of the bathroom wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"I'm going to see Pomfrey" she said as they left the tower and Hannah turned towards the hospital wing and walked away.

"Whats up with her?" Harry wondered. "Must be that time of the month" he said after a while.

"I don't think so" Susan sang in a light voice, and further refused to say anything else on the subject.

#

Hannah was absent from all of the mornings lessons, and Harry paced round every inch of the tower.

"You're going to wear out the stones" Luna said.

"To hell with this" Harry stormed, and he was heading towards the door when he saw it open by itself and Hannah appeared with the biggest smile on her face Harry had ever seen. "Did Pomfrey find what is wrong with you?" he asked, curious as to the reason behind the smile.

"Yep" Hannah said, "She even found out the reason why I put on a little bit of weight as well".

"And?" Harry pressed, suddenly feeling the need to find a chair as soon as possible.

"I'm pregnant" and Harry fell backwards into the seat.

"Pregnant? How? When?" Harry spoke incoherently.

"Well it was either with somebody other than you, or it was the Immaculate Conception" Hannah said giggling. "It's yours, you silly twit" and Hannah crossed the room to sit on Harry's knee, but Harry was already flying around the Quidditch pitch.

"I'M GOING TO BE A DADDY" they heard him yelling. "I'M GOING TO BE A DADDY!" and his shouting caused several students in the greenhouses and having a Care of Magical Creatures to look up at Harry zooming around the Quidditch pitch

"Slight problem" Luna said, and Susan saw what it was.

"Harry's left his broomstick behind" Susan in surprise, and Harry's Firebolt was propped up next to the mantelpiece.

"Oh that man!" puffed Hannah, and she and the others waited for Harry to return. When he did, she held out his broom and looked at her astonished husband's face which tried to comprehend what he had just done.

"I flew without a broom stick?" he managed to splutter. Harry sat on a chair and Hannah sat on his lap. "What did Pomfrey say about the baby?" he asked putting his hand on Hannah's stomach. "Mention what it was going to be?" he added.

"It's going to be a boy" Hannah said snuggling into Harry.

"I'm going to have a son" Harry whispered. He was amazed that he was going to become a father, and Harry hoped that he would be a good one. He was determined to make sure that he would not want

for anything and would spend a lot of money to ensure his son had a good life. A small pop was heard and Harry looked up to see Dobby with an unreadable look on his face. "Whats the matter, Dobby?" he asked.

"Headmistress wants to see Harry Potter sir" the elf said.

"When?" asked Harry.

"Now" replied Dobby. "She only wants to see you" he added, and Harry got up and kissed Hannah on the lips.

"I'll be back soon" he promised, and Dobby cracked his fingers and the pair disappeared from the room to the puzzlement of the others.

#

"Thank you for seeing me so quickly" McGonagall said the second Harry appeared in her office. Harry could see Tonks standing in front of him and to his right.

"Whats going on?" he asked as Dobby vanished.

"A member of Slytherin wishes to talk to you" McGonagall said. "One of those who are sealed in the tower" she added as a body appeared in the tall leather chair in front of McGonagall's desk.

"What do you want?" hissed Harry at the Slytherin.

"I have information for you" Daphne Greengrass said calmly.

"What do you possibly have to say that I would find interesting?" Harry demanded.

"The Dark Lord is planning an assault on Hogwarts" Daphne said, "And he wants to get one of two targets" she said looking at Harry who could tell she meant every word.

"Who?" he asked, and then before she could answer, Harry knew what she would say.

“Your wives” Daphne said confirming his fears.

“When?” whispered Harry. At that exact moment there was the sound of spells being fired and alarms started to sound throughout the office.

“Now” the Slytherin said redundantly.

“Shit” Harry swore and this time McGonagall didn’t bother to scold him for it.

“What can we do?” the headmistress asked, looking at Tonks in despair. Tonks gave a few motions of her wand and shook her head when a cloud of black smoke came out of the end.

“They’ve put up an Anti Apparition shield” she said. “Theres not enough time to send for the Aurors, we’ll just have to fight this one ourselves” Tonks said.

“I’ll have the students returned to their common rooms at once” McGonagall said getting up to make the announcement, but Harry stopped her.

“We need to get everyone we can” he said. “Let those who are of age fight. It’s their choice to make” he said, and McGonagall knew that he was making the right choices – even if it was the hardest ones to make. They all stood up and made to leave the room and join the fight, when Daphne spoke.

“I want to help” she requested. “I only had the dark mark put on my arm because of my parents. I don’t believe in their ideals or in his” and Daphne’s voice told that she was telling the truth.

‘Accio Daphne Greengrass’s wand’ Harry said and a solitary wand came out from a large cabinet and the Slytherin girl caught it in her left hand, plucking it out of the air.

“Thank you” she said formally, and the two raced out of the room and down towards the grass.

"I have just one question" Harry panted as they dodged round a bunch of bewildered Hufflepuffs. Those that where of age understood what was happening, and detached themselves from their house, and set off to join the battle.

"What is it?" Daphne asked as they ran down the stairs two at a time.

"Why?" Harry asked as they reached the corridor at the bottom. "Why go against the other Slytherins?"

"Some things transcend the service of ones house... or family" Daphne said. They reached the end of the corridor near the great hall and burst out of the main doors, with the older Hufflepuffs in close pursuit. They saw the older students standing outside waiting for someone to tell them what to do. Harry pushed his way to the front and found Susan, Luna and Neville apparently waiting for him to arrive. Murmurs from the back of the Hufflepuffs told Harry that the older Ravenclaws had arrived also.

"What is she doing here?" came several calls from the assembled mass after seeing a Slytherin amongst them.

"Daphne alerted McGonagall to plans of the attack at risk to her own self" Harry said, voice raised so he could reach those at the back. "Now we have to counter attack what ever Voldemort has sent here. McGonagall has gone to organise the teachers and what defences the school has and so hasn't got time to give us orders. You've never fought him – but I have" and Harry let that rest on the minds of everybody present. "Will you do what I tell you?" he asked, and there was a resounding yes from everybody. Thank you" Harry said. "We don't have much time so this is what we will do. Half of Ravenclaw and half of Hufflepuff is to stay here, and defend the castle should anybody get close. If that happens, then you are our last line of defence because it means that we have failed to stop them. The other half of each house will pair off – one Ravenclaw to one Hufflepuff and each pair will take up position and attack until we either win or" and Harry let the other outcome be unspoken. "I'm sorry for it to be like this everybody, but that's how it is" and Harry could see determined looks on every single persons face.

"Not late are we?" came Seamus's warm brogue as he and the other Gryffindor senior team members landed on the ground.

"What are you doing here?" Harry said. "You shouldn't be here" he insisted.

"According to the law of averages, neither should you" pointed out Dean.

"We came to help because you've done much for us" Lavender said.

"The fact is that we are loyal members of Hogwarts, and we fight to have the right to enjoy that" Parvatti said.

"Let's get those bastards" came Rafael's simple offering.

"Thank you" Harry repeated once again. "How did you get out of the tower?" he asked. "McGonagall would have set up wards to stop you leaving".

"We did a Harry Potter and broke a window and left that way" Dean said smiling slightly. Harry's quick thinking mind came up with an idea on how the new arrivals could help out.

"Can you guys fly on your brooms above what ever Voldemort has sent us?" he asked, and when they nodded he turned to the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws. "I want some volunteers to ride on the back of the brooms and fire spells off in order to bombard the Death Eaters and company from the air" and Harry explained that each person would face backwards and be attached firmly to the broom with a sticking charm that could be cancelled when needed. Several people did volunteer and Harry repaired up the odd students. Harry took one look at the assembled students, and then took out his wand. "FOR HOGWARTS!" he roared, and it was echoed by every single person. "Let's do it" he said and the students dispersed to take up positions.

"Where do I go?" asked Daphne to Harry.

“For risking your life, you can stick with us” he replied. “If we both make it out of this, then I’ll ask McGonagall if you can join us in our tower” and he gave the girl a smile.

“Thanks Pott...” Daphne began, then corrected herself. “Thank you Harry” and she sounded grateful, and after a nod they resumed racing towards the spot where Death Eaters could be seen attempting to shoot down the aerial attackers.

“Where’s Hannah?” Harry asked.

“She went to the Hospital wing to help Pomfrey prepare for casualties” Neville said. Harry knew that Hannah always helped others when in trouble, so it was natural for her to help the school nurse to get ready to treat those who would no doubt get injured or worse in the upcoming battle.

“As long as she is safe” Harry said.

They reached the edge of the battle zone and Harry saw that the Death Eaters had brought friends along. Dementors, Werewolves and Giants came up in groups alongside the robed followers of Voldemort, and Harry could see that the Dementors would be the first to reach them as they floated above the ground. Indeed, the small party could feel the air getting colder and Harry pointed his wand at the Dementors.

“Think of the happiest thought you have ever had, then recite the spell Expecto Patronum” he told Daphne who nodded.

“Ready when you are” she said.

“However this goes, I want to say that it will be an honour to fight alongside all of you” Harry said. Mom? Dad? Sirius? Please look down and protect us. Harry took a deep breath - then bellowed the spell he was thinking and holding on his tongue. “EXPECTO PATRONUM”.

A/N:

What is going to happen, and who out of the main characters will die? Some of you will be able to guess. But lets see how many are going to get it right, and this time the death can not be reversed so it make sit sadder.

Regards;

Pixel

Battle

A silver stag burst from the end of Harry's wand and began to assault the Dementors, joined by a Rabbit, a Gazelle, a Swan and a Fox. All five Patronises darted round and harried the Dementors with so much force that they actually destroyed them.

"Wow" Neville said.

"They just vanished" Harry said. He had fought Dementors on several occasions, but never had they simply "died" and Harry filed that away for next time he faced them. The group could hear the sounds of battle drift across the grounds and they looked at each other.

"Where do we go? Battle slobbering killing animals or battle 50ft killing giants?" Harry asked.

"The giants are nearer" Susan said.

"But theres more Death Eaters" Luna said as she pointed out the hooded and robed figures battling Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws. Harry could see brooms in the air and the spells rain down on the giants.

"The giants are being taken care of, and the wolves can wait for the moment" he said. "We'll go after the Death Eaters" and they ran towards them and joined in with the melee.

"Glad you could join us" grunted Ernie.

"Had some trouble" Susan said, and she fired a severing spell which took a Death Eater's left arm off at the shoulder.

"Nice one" Harry said, as he stunned several Death Eaters at once.

Minutes passed as they fought against the massed ranks of Voldemort's followers. It seemed as if they kept replicating themselves after being knocked out. The Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws and Harry's small group battled relentlessly against the odds but kept facing the enemy with no possible way of winning, until Harry had an idea on how to deal with the attackers. Diving from a rock that had

been created by the defenders, he rolled to his left and sent a jet of pure energy and it sped towards the Death Eaters and hit the ground in front of them. At that exact moment, the ground heaved up in a tremendous explosion as the spell opened up and blew the Death Eaters to whoever ruled the next world – something Harry wasn't planning on finding out for some time.

"That was flaming brilliant" Neville said, brushing bits of grass, soil and roasted dead person off his robes. The air reeked of smell burnt flesh and it made several students turn away and brings up their breakfasts.

"It was just something that suddenly came to mind" Harry said, as he looked around the students. Several of them bore deep cuts to various parts of their bodies, but every single one of them looked eager to start on the next order of business.

"Potter!" Daphne said, more out of habit than anything. "There's some Werewolves moving towards the greenhouses" she told him pointing out the movement to him. Harry looked at the wolves and then at the students' faces and he made a decision.

"These bastards are hard to kill" he said. "I'm going to go after them, but I'm not going to force you to come with me. If any of you want to come with me, then you are more than welcome" and Harry spun to watch the wolves progress up the grounds.

"Ready when you are" came an unfamiliar voice, and Harry turned to see that every single one of them had stood up and clutched wands in hands.

"Thank you for all wanting to come, but some of you need to get treated for your injuries, so those injured help the worse to the hospital wing, then get back to the entrance and explain that we need fresh fighters, and you will take their place" Harry said, and the crowd nodded and they split and helped each other. The only problem he faced was the fact the injured students outnumbered those who had no injuries.

“Not enough numbers” Daphne said, understanding the look on Harry’s face.

“Looks like it’s going to be a close thing” Neville added as they watched several of the “bombers” wheel away from a very large giant as he/she took a swing at them. In fact it looked as if most of them were returning to the castle, and the group could only wonder as to why.

“We can’t wait for replacements” Harry said. “We’ll have to go now, and hope that they get to us in time” and without another word he dashed over the ground, avoiding the large crater that had taken out the Death Eaters, and hurried over to where the werewolves headed and the party followed him. Because they ran rather than walked, they managed to get to the greenhouses before the enemy, and it gave Harry time to think on an idea that had raced round his head. “Does anyone know what a gun is?” he asked.

“I do” said Ernie, and quite a few others also gave affirmative answers.

“I happen to have one in the tower I live” Harry said, and he pulled out the rifle from inside his robes. He had shrunk it down and kept it on him more as a good luck charm more than anything. Harry loaded and primed the rifle then placed it on the ground.

“What are you doing?” asked Luna who had conjured the strongest shield she could.

“I’m giving us an even chance” replied Harry and he finished muttering a multiplying spell, and handed each student – including Daphne Greengrass – a rifle. All you have to do is to aim at the werewolf’s heart and pull the stick and that will kill them” Harry said. He made a quick count of those not injured and reached a total of fifteen which gave him a better idea of what to do next. “Get into three ranks of five and face them quickly – one rank behind the other” and in next to no time he had a small rifle company.

“Is this going to work?” asked Susan. She was feeling slightly sick at the feeling of taking a life, but she knew what she had got herself into and she would do anything for Harry.

“Erm..... maybe” Harry said weakly. “The truth is that I don’t know if it will. If it doesn’t, then we drop the rifles and stun the bastards”

“And if it does work?” Susan asked.

“Then we drop the rifles, cut the heads off of them, and then stop the giants” Harry replied glancing at the huge monsters who seemed to have nobody attacking them. Either the tail gunners on the brooms had been stunned or everyone had been knocked out of the skies. He turned to look at the advancing wolves, and he thought he could smell blood already. “They really need to get a good dental plan” he muttered, causing a bit of much needed relief to ripple throughout the group of students. “Each rank will fire when I tell them to, and not before” Harry said. “Wait for it...wait for it.....” he called. They held their breath until Harry judged them to be at a range where nobody could miss. “FIRST RANK – FIRE!” he yelled, and five guns opened fire in perfect timing, and five of the wolves went down twitching for a moment then going still. “FIRST RANK DOWN! SECOND RANK – FIRE!” and the first rank fell down and the second file of people shot over their heads, and another five went down. “SECOND RANK DOWN! THIRD RANK – FIRE!” Harry yelled, and this was the signal for Susan, Luna, Neville and Daphne to fire at the same time as he did, and they took out the last five. Yells of joy came from several students, then surprised as the duplicated rifles disappeared from sight, but the smell of the smoke and gun powder still remained.

“Shit on a stick of French bread!” Neville cursed and Harry followed his gaze. The wolves had been a shield for the massive group of Death Eaters that followed.

“Split up and pick a target” Harry commanded, knowing that it would help to save their lives.

He picked the nearest target and sent a cutting charm and neatly chopped off both of the Death Eaters legs above the knee, and he or she fell to the ground with a loud thump. He looked around and saw

that the rest of the fight was under control as far as the local area was concerned; now he had to take care of the giants. But even as he watched, the reinforcements arrived and they all sent the same stunner at the nearest one and twenty beams intersected and found their target and actually threw him backwards several yards into the great lake with a wave the threatened to swamp the students if Harry hadn't cast a shield charm to save them from drowning. Not making a sound, he slipped away and joined the group in order to find the answer out to something he wanted to know.

"How is Hannah?" he asked Justin Finch Fletchly.

"She's in the hospital wing helping to take care of the wounded" the boy replied, and Harry dreaded the next question.

"Have we lost anybody?" he asked.

"Nobody is dead, but some have terrible scars" Justin said, then ducked as a curse came their way. It was so close to hitting him that it grazed his hair and Harry could smell burning of Justin's hair.

"Pomfrey can take care of that" Harry said as he crated a shield to protect them and the group as a whole.

"My hair or those with scars?" was Justin's reply.

"I think the hair is a terminal curse" Harry said with a straight face. They managed to deal with the giants in short order mainly because of Harry seeming to have the extra power that was needed, and they looked around to see who was going to be the next contestants to receive a good thrashing. Spells and curses lit up the darkening sky and despite the situation Harry suddenly realised something. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "You're not of age" and Justin laughed at Harry's confusion.

"He's not going to make a destination when it comes to age will he?" Justin said referring to Voldemort.

"I guess not" Harry said. The sounds of spells began to diminish as Death Eaters, giants and the rest of Voldemort's forces began to

disengage from fighting and cross the school gates and apparate away.

“What the hell is going on?” asked Neville as he, Susan, Luna and Daphne came over running as fast as they could. They helped to crate shields which joined the sides of the next one along, so it crated a rather effective bubble.

“They’re all leaving” Susan said, and then frowned as Harry used several obscene words – making up two new ones at the same time.

“The bastard was giving us a warning” he said.

“Warning?” asked Luna.

“He was letting us know about the power he has at his command” Harry spat. He looked at the group that sheltered under the combined shields and he saw tired, bruised, bloody but triumphant faces. He saw Daphne nurse what appeared to be a broken right arm. “How did you get that?” he asked her.

“Had an encounter with my parents” she said looking down at the ground. “I took them both on at the same time and I managed to knock out my mother, but then they just turned away, and ran off with shields cast behind them” and Daphne had an unreadable look on her face.

“I think that’s that” Ernie said as he came rolling up to the group. One of the shields dropped long enough to admit him and a few others as they also came to take shelter.

“Not entirely” Harry said, and he pointed at a lonely figure standing in the middle of the grounds.

“Voldemort” hissed Daphne, and in a flash of the moment she pushed over a Ravenclaw student causing the shield to drop and she fired a stunner that scored a direct hit on the Dark Lord.

“Got him” she said, but Voldemort simply stood as if nothing had happened. “What the fuck?” she exclaimed.

“Let’s get him” Neville said.

“No!” shouted Harry. “This is something I have to deal with myself” and it took time for people to nod in agreement. If anyone else tried to take on Voldemort, then that person or persons would die.

“What do we do then?” enquired Luna.

“Get back to the castle” Harry ordered, and then thought of something better. “Better yet, go and get the students who can make it back and help them inside and help them to the hospital wing. If you call for Dobby, then he will help you” and Harry and the group stood up. “Good luck he said.

“Same to you” came the multiple replies, and Harry felt a soft wetness on his both his cheeks.

“What was that for?” he asked.

“For luck” Susan and Luna parroted in perfect harmony, and then the group turned away and began Search and Rescue operations. Harry looked around at the surrounding area and he saw a figure darting amongst the fallen and giving aid to various students, but Harry couldn’t tell who it was.

“Let’s get this show on the road” he said to the air around him, and then taking a breath, he went to meet his nemesis.

“Harry Potter!” Voldemort hissed. “Do you like my little display? I’ve been planning this for sometime and this is only the beginning of what will happen when I am fully ready” he gave a high pitched and cruel laugh.

“That will never happen” Harry said.

“We are at the dawn of a new age for Magical Kind. No longer will we have to be so secretive anymore – for we shall be the rulers of this land and soon the world will be mine for the taking” Voldemort declared.

“Thinking a bit big aren’t we Tom?” he asked.

“NEVER CALL ME BY THAT MUDBLOOD NAME” Voldemort shouted, “YOU HAVE NO RIGHT!”.

“I have always been fair” Harry said, pointing his wand at Voldemort who did the exact same thing. “So I will do this. Give yourself up, and I promise to get you a fair trial” and Voldemort laughed.

“You expect me to hand myself over to you and face trial?” Voldemort laughed the question out.

“I’d prefer you to die” Harry said. As fast as he could, Harry brought his wand up and to bear on Voldemort. ‘EXPELLIARMUS’, and the spell shot off towards Voldemort but it bounced off the shield that he lazily flicked into existence. The pair battled well in to the night, with the magic flowing between them until Voldemort got lucky and he sent Harry spinning into the tree beside the lake and his fell out of his hand.

“And so ends the mighty Harry Potter!” Voldemort seemed to be enjoying himself. Harry watched through his slightly painful head as Voldemort pointed his wand at him. “You where an almost worthy opponent. Adavra Kadavra” and Harry watched as the green colour jet of energy came running towards him.

“HARRRRRRYYYYYYYYYYYYY!” came an almighty yell and somebody placed themselves in front of the spell, and took the full blast. Harry heard the crack of Voldemort apperating away. As the body was jerked like a puppet into the air, Harry detected all life leaving the body and he could also tell that it would be no good trying to use his magical energy to bring this person – whoever it was – back to life.

“Are you alright?” asked Susan as she came running towards Harry. She had Neville and Luna running after her.

Harry went over to the body as it landed with a hard thump and looked at who it was. When he looked at the face, Harry’s body

temperature dropped by several hundred thousand degrees. He couldn't believe who was dead –

Hannah Abbott

A/N:

Well I told you the fight would be dramatic, and it has certainly had a dramatic ending!!!!

Two bits of movie reference:

A)The part where Harry and a group of students fire rifles into Werewolves is taken from Sharpe's Siege – the bit when the French try to storm the castle.

B) Susan and Luna kiss Harry and say "For Luck" – a reference to Star Wars IV.

I'm going to do something different for the next chapter, so wait to see what I come up with next.

Well, I hope you like the chapter, and can't wait for your Reviews and Private Messages

With Regards

Pixel

AKA

Robert

Taking Hannah's Place

“Oh no...” whispered Susan as she looked at the fallen body. Harry dropped to his knees and crawled over to Hannah. But the moment he reached the body something totally unexpected happened.

“That hurt” Hannah said as she got up and brushed the grass from her robes – this effect had everyone opening and closing the mouths like fish out of water.

“Your alive” Harry managed to get out, and Hannah smiled and laughed at the groups expressions.

“I know I am” Hannah replied.

“How?”

“I knew that the love that gave you protection would give me the same thing” and understanding dawned. “I have you inside me” Hannah added.

“The baby?” Harry asked, and then panicked as he remembered that one of his wives was carrying his child. The child must be containing some of Harry’s magic, and that was what had saved Hannah and the baby. “Are you okay?” he asked.

“We’re both fine” she replied then staggered as Harry took her in his arms and hugged her tightly.

“I thought I’d lost you” he said.

“I’m hard to get rid of” Hannah laughed. Susan looked at the pair, then at Luna and Neville who looked back at her.

“Group hug?” she asked.

“Group hug” the other two agreed, and they joined in. After what seemed like ten lifetimes they broke apart, and they made their way slowly to the school.

"Whats the damage?" asked Harry.

"Nobody is dead" Hannah said. "In fact the biggest injuries seem to be those with broken arms, legs and other bones. I think that was just a warning to us" she added.

"That's what we think" said McGonagall as they entered the castle, and the five turned around to see her hobbling up to them helped by Professor Sharpe. McGonagall looked at their faces with concern until she realised what they seemed so worried about. "It's just a sprained ankle" she told them

"Good to hear it wasn't anything serious" Hannah said.

"I suggest that you go and get some sleep" Sharpe said. "You could certainly do with it" she added.

"We can talk about Voldemort later" came Tonks from behind them.

"Right" Harry said simply, and they turned and headed towards some well earned rest. Along the way, they passed several students who where staggering to their dorm rooms. "Where is Daphne?" Harry asked as he realised that the Slytherin was nowhere near them.

"Gone to see Pomfrey" Susan sighed tiredly. "She said her arm was hurting her"

"Having it broken will cause it to hurt" Harry said. "Where is she going to stay?" he asked. Even after being exhausted by all the fighting, Harry still wondered about the Slytherin that had gone against her house and her parents.

"McGonagall is going to put her in one of the visitor rooms" Luna said. "Do you think that anybody else will come to our side?" she asked.

"I don't know" Harry admitted. It was something he was thinking about in the back of his mind. "Certainly the younger ones...but as for the others I can't think of anyone else" and Harry leaned back into the deep welcoming arms of one of the armchairs.

“I think that anybody over that would have had the mark, and we can't trust anybody that has one of those” Hannah said, offering her view. Then she noticed that Harry wasn't listening. In fact he had got up and was just heading out of the door and the remaining four simply looked at each other before standing and running after Harry's retreating figure.

He had started walking quickly, but this had developed into a brisk jog as he hurried along the corridors. Harry seemed to be heading towards the great hall, but he passed that without so much as stopping, and it made Hannah wonder what the destination was going to be. She and the others had to run as Harry had increased his speed and was now running very fast and when ever he encountered students, Harry simply gave a flick of his wand and they seemingly threw themselves towards the walls.

“POTTER!” bellowed Filch. “NO MAGIC IN THE CORRI.....” he was cut off as Harry rammed his shoulder into the caretaker's chest and the man simply crumpled to the floor.

“MAKE A HOLE!” Harry shouted. “GET OUT OF MY WAY – EMERGENCY” and the students (those who had time to register the shout and to take action based upon it) dived towards the corridor walls to move out of the speeding raven haired boy's ways. The unlucky ones got the full force of the Gryffindor seeker slammed into them, and several unlucky ones actually skidded on the floor. Harry ran up more steps four at a time, and by the time his friends reached the top, he was already at the other end of the corridor that led to the Hospital Wing. When he reached the doors Harry didn't stop at all and he burst through them, causing them to shatter. Considering these doors were made from solid oak – to be broken by simply crashing into them was a statement of either Harry's strength or something else.

“Whats going on?” asked Susan as they reached the Hospital wing and passed through the broken doors.

“I don't know” said Neville, who was looking at the sight of several of the teaching staff, McGonagall, Pomfrey, Hagrid and Tonks gathered around one of the beds.

"You think someone was badly injured?" Hannah wondered aloud. "Somebody I didn't see?" she added quietly. She turned as she heard Luna give a low groan and looked through the gap in the mass.

"Shit" swore the Ravenclaw, and the other three looked through the gap as well and saw the reason for so many people to be gathered in one place. On the bed lay Hermione and she wasn't moving one little bit and Harry was sitting on the bedside chair holding her hand. The others made their way closer to the bed, and could hear Pomfrey as she spoke.

"...ished when I saw two students carrying Miss Granger in, and put her on a bed. I immediately began to diagnose the problem when I discovered the extent of her injuries. I tried my best and even summoned all of you in the hopes you could help..... but clearly it was magic beyond anything we can do. Not even Mr Potter could do anything with his magical core" Pomfrey finished speaking.

"Nothing?" Harry asked, holding Hermione's hand tightly in his own hands and looking at Hermione.

"Mr Potter.....Harry. The spell hit her and sent very powerful and dark magic directly to her heart. The moment it reached it, the heart exploded and the rest of the organs shut down including the brain." Pomfrey said. "The only reason why she is breathing at the moment is because I charmed her body to do so. I believe the muggles call it life support" and Pomfrey took a small handkerchief from her apron and dabbed her tear filled eyes with it.

"So she's dead?" whispered Harry.

"I'm afraid so" McGonagall said.

"What will happen?" asked Hannah slowly. "How long will she breathe for once you end the charm?" she asked.

"The moment the spell is cancelled, death will be almost instantaneous" Pomfrey said.

“And she won’t feel any pain?” said Harry.

“None” confirmed the Medi-witch. “Shall I.....?” and Pomfrey let the question go unasked. Harry released one of his hands and gently brushed Hermione’s hair into place, then looked up at the surrounding people watching. He met Pomfrey’s eyes and nodded clearly just the once. Pomfrey waved her wand over Hermione once and cancelled the charm. The moment she stopped the movement, soft chimes started to sound which almost instantly changed into a long dull tone. “Noooooooooo” Harry yelled, and at that exact precise moment all hell broke loose. Every single glass bottle smashed sending fragments flying into the air, along with all the windows. All the hospital beds, the chairs, the doors to the hospital wing and pretty much all of the fittings destroyed themselves in a release of pure magic. Outside the castle, the skies darkened, lightning flashed and the deep rumblings of thunder sounded. The people who had crowded round the bed were all thrown across the room and landed in a heap on the opposite wall. The only things unaffected by this incredible and intense display were Harry and Hermione along with the bed and chair respectively. It was several minutes until everything began to calm down and people began to untangle themselves and they got up to their feet.

“What in the name of Merlin was that?” asked Tonks as she shakily got to her feet.

“That was a pure release of magic” McGonagall said.

“Harry’s done that before” Hannah said.

“The first time Hermione died” added Susan.

“Whats wrong?” asked Neville as he saw Luna looking at Hermione’s still form, lying on the bed totally unaffected by what just happened.

“Harry’s fallen over and isn’t moving” she said rushing to his side. The others followed in close pursuit and saw that Harry was on his side on the stone floor.

“Wingardium Leviosa” muttered Hannah and Harry rose into the air, while Susan conjured a table to put him on. They would have used a bed, but they had all turned into twisted lumps of scrap metal.

“Is he going to be alright, Poppy?” McGonagall asked Pomfrey.

“I don’t know” she said as she waved her wand over Harry’s form. “He’s suffered a lot of trauma to his mind, and his magical core..... Merlin’s beard!” she exclaimed.

“What?” asked everyone else in the room.

“He doesn’t have one” said the school’s ever present nurse. Hannah and Susan dropped their jaws at the same time as they realised at the same time that Harry could have possibly lost the use of magic forever.

“What does that mean in english?” asked Luna.

“In muggle terms Harry..... just exploded” Lupin said.

“Is he alive?” asked Neville.

“Yes... and he is going to make a full recovery. The only problem is that his magic may never return” Pomfrey said, then stopped as she stared at Harry. Against the odds he was beginning to stir, and in less than two minutes he was up and talking.

“Sorry about that” he apologised. “I got a bit carried away” he added when he saw the devastation around him.

“It’s perfectly understandable” McGonagall said. “We must forget about this little incident and take care of arrangements for Miss Granger. Her parents have to be informed of her death and we’ll make arrangements for her funeral” and Harry looked at a piece of parchment which was sticking out of Hermione’s robe pocket

“I’ll prepare a magical tomb” Tonks said.

“No” Harry said, and everybody looked at him. He was looking at the parchment and he began to cry as he looked at what was written.

“What is it?” asked Hannah.

“It’s Hermione’s will” Harry replied as tears ran down his face.

“What does it say?” asked McGonagall.

“I’ll read it out loud” Harry said, then wiping the tears from his eyes he began to read.

‘THE LAST WILL AND TESTIMENT OF HERMIONE JANE GRANGER

I, Hermione Jane Granger, being of sound mind and judgement do hereby make my will concerning the final disposition of my belongings.

All of my school books are to be given to Harry James Potter so he can use them however he so wishes.

My cat (Crookshanks) is to be given to the care of Luna Lovegood.

My personal collection of books is to be given to the Hogwarts library for students to use studying.

My notes made during school lessons are to be given jointly to Hannah Abbot and Susan Bones

Professor Minerva McGonagall is to be given anything she wishes to take as a memento, and the same applies to Nymphadora Tonks.

In the event that I die before I can inform the above people, my Gringotts account is to be split and given in equal parts to the above people.

I would like my body (or remains) to be returned to my parents, and to be buried in the Granger family plot – so I may rest in piece. Should it be wanted a magical memorial service may be held in my honour.

Signed

Hermione Jane Granger

“What does that mean?” asked Tonks.

“It meant she knew she was going to die” Harry said quietly.

“You mean.....” McGonagall’s voice trailed off as she tried to come to terms with her favourite student’s death.

“Hermione never got over what Ron did to her” Harry said. “Parvatti and Lavender told me she kept crying every night..... I can’t begin to imagine what she went through” and Harry shook his head at the death of one of his oldest friends.

“I can’t believe that she knew or wanted to die” Pomfrey said.

“She was brave though” Neville said. “She decided to die but take some Death Eaters with her” and Neville had made a point.

“I’ll contact her parents so they can arrange to collect her body in the morning” McGonagall said, but was stopped from leaving by a question from Hannah.

“Is there some kind of preserving spell we can place on her body?” she asked.

“I was going to say the same thing” said Susan.

“I don’t like the thought of her slowly.....” Luna said.

“Me neither” said Neville, while Harry simply nodded his agreement. Harry had so much to say, but had somehow lost the power of speech for the time.

“Of course” the headmistress replied, and she took out her wand made several long and slow motions over Hermione’s body and there was a brief glow of blue light and then it was gone. “That should do it”

she said, then turned and left the devastated hospital wing with the teaching staff following behind her.

“Where shall we take Hermione?” asked Hannah.

“We could leave her here” Susan said, “She’ll be safe here”.

“She doesn’t deserve to be here” Luna said. “Not amongst this” she added, sniffing at the tears running on the end of her nose.

“No” agreed Neville.

“Tonks?” asked Harry, and the Minister looked at him. “When you passed, was the great hall empty?” and Tonks frowned for a few moments as she thought, then nodded. “In that case lets take her there so students can say goodbye before tomorrow” and everybody agreed that it was a good idea. Tonks made to get her wand but Harry held up his hand to stop her. “No magic” he said.

“But...”

“No magic” Harry repeated, and at a look at his friends, they each took a careful hold of Hermione, but Hannah noticed something, and mentioned it to thoughtful Harry.

“We’re one person short” she said, and Harry gave that fact some thought and then came up with an answer.

“Dobby” Harry called and the elf appeared with the return of the crack that had previously signalled his arrival. Dobby looked for Harry then ran across and flung his arms around Harry’s waist.

“Harry Potter, Sir!” the diminutive elf wailed, as he cried.

“I know” Harry said understandable at Dobby’s distress. Dobby always took the clothes that Hermione knitted and was the only house elf at Hogwarts to wear them. “Dobby, we’re taking Hermione to the great hall. Will you help us?” he asked.

“Dobby would be honoured” he said, and took a deep bow and then stood between Luna and Tonks. Everyone took a careful hold of Hermione and they lifted her into the air and balanced her on their shoulders (Dobby hovering in the air to maintain the height level), and then they slowly walked away from the bed she had been lying on and began their slow and stately walk towards the great hall.

A/N:

Well I promised that it would be a good chapter, and I always deliver on my promises!

A lot of you where expecting Hannah to die and those people where totally and utterly WRONG! For Hannah to survive somebody else had to die, and I made it Hermione for reasons that where partly explained here – and in upcoming chapters.

A Massive thanks to queenofspades19, who pushed me over the 300 reviews limit.

I hope you like this chapter, and can't wait to see what you all think.

Regards;

Pixel

Deceit / Crossing Boundaries

A sudden cold spell had hit the grounds for several days after Hermione's death, and it was the general assumption that Harry was responsible. He hadn't the strength to go to Hermione's funeral and Harry decided to have a good long walk around the castle while the others attended. He had asked that they pass on his condolences and to give Hermione's parents their daughter's school trunk. After much soul searching Harry and friends had decided to take only the books that would help them in any fight against Voldemort. Luna had taken Crookshanks because she didn't know if Hermione's parents could cope with the cat on their own. Harry and Neville had packed the trunk carefully and without magic as if it was their own tribute to their friend. Harry had just reached the corner of a corridor (the one containing the room the good Slytherins), when he heard voices. He stopped, pressed his body to the wall and listened to what was being said.

"They brought the entire story" said a female voice.

"And the Granger Mudblood is dead?" asked a male voice.

"Yes, Master. I killed her myself, and Potter and his foolish friends believe that I have turned myself over to their side" and Harry was certain that he knew that voice.

"How did you kill her?" asked the male voice.

"I sent a curse along her veins and blew apart her heart" came the reply.

"You have served me well, Daphne Greengrass" and Harry swung round the corner of the corridor to confront the Slytherin, making a noise as he did so.

"Hi Harry" she greeted, stuffing the mirror she was talking into, inside her robes.

"Don't! You! Hi! Harry! Me!" he spat out every word and he grabbed his wand and called for Dobby.

“Dobby is wanted?” the elf said.

“Dobby, go and get Professor McGonagall. This order can not be superseded” Harry said.

“Shall Dobby give Headmistress a message?” Dobby enquired.

“Yes” Harry said, not taking his gaze or aim from Daphne. “Tell her that I have found Hermione Granger’s murderer” and Dobby’s eyes widened in horror as he took that news in then vanished, only to re-appear several seconds later with McGonagall Lupin and Flitwick in tow.

“Dobby has told us of your discovery” McGonagall said. She turned her gaze towards the Slytherin. “Daphne Greengrass” she began “I am expelling you from Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry for the murder of Hermione Granger. You will be taken from here to the dungeons and tied up until you can be placed in the custody of the Ministry” and McGonagall looked at Lupin and Flitwick and nodded. Daphne spun right around and began to run away as fast as she could, and Harry couldn’t get a shot off.

“We must go get her” Lupin said.

“I’ll get her” Harry said, “One way or another. Dobby, you’re with me” and with that the unlikely pair ran after the escaping criminal, and ran they did. The pair ran after Daphne, not bothering to use magic to catch her. They ran along corridors and passage ways ending up near the hall, where some students were going inside to get an early lunch. Harry could see Dean Thomas, Seamus Finnegan and Ernie McMillan talking about something or other. “STOP HER!” Harry yelled, and Ernie whipped out his wand but was flung into the giant oak doors by the fleeing Slytherin.

“Double team?” Dean asked Seamus.

“Double team” the other Gryffindor confirmed, and they stood either side of the corridor and acted on Harry’s order. Seamus stuck out his

foot and tripped her up while Dean swung his fist into her face and Daphne Greengrass went down hard and skidded for several metres.

“Dobby” Harry said as the pair got up to the crumpled form of Hermione's murderer. “Go to Gringotts and find Griphook and bring him back with a couple of Goblin guards. If anybody tries to stop you... you have my permission to stun them” and Dobby nodded, and snapping his fingers at Daphne he disappeared.

Harry looked to see what Dobby had done, and inwardly grinned when he saw that the elf has set fire to her robes and Harry put them out. He didn't want to, but she had to face trial for what she had done. A small pop alerted him to the return of Dobby along with the goblins. Footsteps from behind him also let him know that McGonagall, Lupin and Flitwick had arrived and Harry spun to see that Tonks was hurrying behind them.

“Take her to the Dungeons” McGonagall commanded, Griphook translated the request and the guards grabbed Daphne off the floor and roughly dragged her off in the direction of the dungeons.

“Just a minute” Harry called, and the guards stopped. Harry crossed the distance and rammed his hands into Daphne's robes and he pulled out her wand and dropped it on the floor. He raised his foot and Harry slammed it down and the piece of wood and it shattered into tiny fragments and Daphne struggled against the grip of the goblins.

“Fuck you Potter!” she screamed.

“Fuck this” Harry said, and then slammed his fist into her stomach. “Take her away” he spat out and the Slytherin was dragged away by the guards.

“I'll have Vellouette and Radcliffe here in the morning to take her to Azkaban” Tonks said. “Can you keep her here?” she asked McGonagall.

"We can certainly do that" she replied. "I'm worried about him though" McGonagall added pointing at Harry's form lying down on the stairs. Harry had his eyes closed and it appeared he was sleeping.

"Dobby?" Lupin said as he leaned down. "Can you take Harry back to his room?" and Dobby nodded and they vanished.

"A student murdering another" Flitwick said shaking his head. "I don't believe it" he muttered.

"It's happened before" McGonagall said.

"Great Merlin's Ghost" said Flitwick, and the tiny wizard paled very much. "I need a drink" and Tonks nodded.

"I think we all need one" she said, and they left the stunned students and went to McGonagall's office, leaving Ernie to go to Pomfrey to get some treatment for the large bump and bruise forming on his head.

#

Harry woke to darkness outside the window and concluded that it was night. He could hear Neville's snoring on the other bed, and Harry turned to look out of the window and saw the stars shining as they always did. As his mind came back to full working order he thought he could see a new star in the night sky and he could only think that Hermione was looking down and watching over him. Then his mood darkened as he thought of how she had died at Daphne Greengrass's hands, and Harry swore to make the Slytherin pay for what she had done. He slowly got up out of bed, so as not to wake Neville and he dressed and crept downstairs and called Dobby.

"Dobby is wanted?" the elf said as he greeted Harry.

"Take me to the dungeons" Harry said simply.

"Dobby must not do that" Dobby said. "Headmistress said that the dungeons are off limits to students" and Dobby eyed Harry with a slight sense of fear.

“Dobby, I want to go to the dungeons..... and I want to go now” Harry said more forcibly. This gave Dobby a puzzle to solve, and it was one that needed careful thinking about. Should he follow the headmistress’s orders, or should he do what Harry had asked him to do.

“Dobby will take you to the dungeons” the elf said after several moments of thought.

“Thank you” said Harry, and with a crack they disappeared and reappeared in the corridor outside the dungeon Daphne was being held in.

“Who are you?” asked a low voice.

“I’m Harry Potter” Harry replied.

“How do we know that?” asked the voice.

“I will send my house elf to get somebody who can verify my identity” Harry said to the goblins. He leant down to Dobby and gave the elf a few words and Dobby vanished with a pop, and the guards and Harry waited for the return.

“What can I do for you at this hour of the night?” asked Griphook as he and Dobby came into sight.

“Can you verify my identity please?” Harry said, and Griphook nodded in the pale moonlight and turned to the guards and spoke rapid Gobbledegook, and the guards suddenly sprung to attention and gave the goblin salute.

“What is it you wish to do?” asked Griphook asked, looking at Harry intently.

“I want to talk to the prisoner” Harry said.

"I'm afraid that the headmistress left instructions that nobody except her, the school nurse the teaching staff and ministry officials where to be given access beyond the doors" the goblin said.

"I want to see her" Harry said.

"I can not allow that" Griphook said, and Harry began to wonder if the world was against him.

"Griphook" Harry said, "Hermione was my friend and she died at that bitches hands. I want to know why she did it... and I want her to feel the same kind of pain that I have been put through" and Griphook stared at Harry over the glasses perched on the goblin's long nose. Griphook's expression was unreadable, but he turned to the guards and they parted and aloud passage to the dungeon beyond.

"Thank you" Harry said, then looked down at the waiting Dobby. "Dobby, come with me" and the pair walked towards the door, leaving Griphook to stand watching the vanishing figures go through the doorway, and then the goblin ran as fast as he could to catch up.

"I am coming with you" the goblin said, and Harry just nodded and together the three walked down the steps to face the murderer of Hermione. Their footsteps echoed on the stone stairs as they descended into the darker depths of Hogwarts.

"Come to take me away?" asked Daphne as she saw the three stand on front of her. she was chained to the wall by her arms and legs and she couldn't move one bit.

"No" said Harry. "I am in fact your worst nightmare, and I have come to give you the same pain that you gave to Hermione" and Daphne laughed at his wards.

"And how do you propose to do that?" she asked.

"By doing this my way" Harry said and he pointed his wand at Daphne and blasted a jet of water at her for several seconds.

“Is that the best you can do?” she said, laughing through the wetness of her hair.

“I can go better” Harry said, and he blasted a jet of pure red energy towards the girl and she jerked in agony as she was hit with the full force of an ‘Expelliarmus’ spell. As she was chained to the wall, she received the full power force, and Harry looked at Dobby and Griphook to see them looking straight back at him. “Got a problem?” he asked.

“No” they both replied at the same time.

“Good” Harry said and turned his attention to back to the chained Slytherin. He walked slowly up to her and Harry looked into her eyes.

“You’re a Death Eater? Well.... eat this!” Harry said and slammed his fist into her stomach repeatedly. Harry pummelled and pummelled her body all over for so long and hard that bruises began to form on all the visible parts of Daphne’s skin. It was a good fifteen minutes before he stopped and looked at her. Blood poured from her nose which had been broken, and her jaw seemed to be broken.

“Is that the best you can do?” she said and spat out two of her teeth.

“You just wait” Harry said darkly, then turned to his two companions. “I don’t want you to say a word to anybody about what I am about to do” and Harry said this in the most threatening manner he could produce. Dobby and Griphook looked at each other and then nodded at Harry.

“What are you going to do now?” Daphne asked as she leaned as far forward as the chains would allow. “Rape me?” and Harry shook his head, pointed his wand at her and muttered a spell he had only ever used once before.

“Crucio”.

A/N:

Another chapter (and one that is only 24 hours after the previous one!), and we find out that Hermione was killed by Daphne Greengrass.

A shock ending, but its what you could understand Harry doing to exact some kind of revenge, or just to vent his anger. Lets see what you make of this chapter in reviews and please send me a PM if you can guess what is going to happen in Chapter 43.

I have begun chapter 43, but I am going to go and have a little bit of a break from writing this, as I am totally exhausted and I really need a break. I will respond to any and all Reviews and PM that I get if you have any questions that you want to ask. I expect to start writing again on the fanfic again in about two day's time (if you are lucky enough).

There is also a little message to Lientjuhh :- Please give me a longer review then just good chapter. You have sent the same review for the last 10 chapters, so something a little bit longer would be nice.

With Regards

Pixel

President of the Slytherin Torturers Club

Harry Potter

Harry resumed using Crucio as he had stopped to forcibly take the memories of Hermione's death from Daphne. He poured all the evil he felt for her into his magic, and he didn't care one bit about Daphne, as long as it made him feel better, then it was perfectly understandable. Dobby and Griphook stood in pure shock – what Harry was doing was wrong, but neither of them dared to stop him. They had both heard about the power that Harry could command, and they didn't want to get on the wrong side of that. The door burst open with a muffled bang, and running footsteps came hurrying down the stairs as McGonagall came rushing down with Lupin and Tonks right on her heels, and all three had their wands drawn.

“Mr Potter!” McGonagall said. “Stop what you are doing this minute” she ordered.

“I cant, Professor” Harry replied, as Daphne's cries filled the room and drifted out into the corridors.

“Harry, please stop it” Lupin begged.

“Don't make me arrest you” Tonks said, sounding relieved that this wasn't another escape attempt. Harry kept the spell going for several minutes then cancelled it, and turned away from the battered and torn Daphne Greengrass who was moaning in agony. He looked at the three newcomers for the first time, tears running down his face in a constant stream.

“Why?” asked McGonagall.

“She killed Hermione” Harry said, through the tears and he began to sob as he sat on the bottom steps.

“That was no reason to use an unforgivable” Lupin said gently, as Dobby and Griphook watched the unfolding drama.

“She has to face a fair trial for what she did” Tonks said. “It isn't your job to stop people, and you don't have a reason to use Crucio on her”

and Harry's head snapped up so fast that it nearly broke the light speed barrier.

"NO REASON?" he yelled. "NO REASON? THAT BITCH, THAT FUCKING PIECE OF HUMANITY KILLED ONE OF MY FRIENDS – AND HERMIONE'S DEATH ISN'T A GOOD REASON?" and everybody (not counting Daphne) took several steps back from Harry. "SHE DESERVES TO DIE" Harry went on, and at that moment he jumped to his feet and held his wand in front of him. "MERLIN'S BEARD! I'LL DO IT MYSELF!" and he advanced on Daphne's chained and prostrate form. He had got three feet from her when Dobby slapped the wand from his hand.

"Harry Potter shouldn't kill defenceless people" the elf declared. "Harry Potter is good and just, even to his enemies" and Harry looked down at the elf in surprise. He picked up his wand, and then said "Take me home" and he and Dobby vanished from view.

#

Harry attended his lessons that day, but didn't speak to anybody unless it concerned the subject. The first time he spoke since he had asked Dobby to take him "back home" was at the end of lunch when he asked Neville to gather the Quidditch team and bring them to the Room of Requirement, in order for him to inform them of a decision he had made. It took about a good while as some had lessons straight after lunch, but a little mention of an emergency team meeting called by Harry was enough to allow them 10 minutes away from class and not a minute more.

"Thank you for coming" Harry said as Neville came with the last few students – predictably Dean and Seamus.

"What's the big problem then?" asked Rafael as he shifted to make room on the large sofa he was sitting on.

"No doubt you've heard about Miss Daphne Greengrass and how she killed Hermione" and they nodded, so Harry continued. "Last night, I went to pay her a little visit, and I got a little carried away" and Harry looked at the stares that all intersected on him.

“What do you mean by that, Harry?” asked Dean.

“I used an Unforgivable” and there was a very loud gasp from the entire team. “As a result” Harry continued “I will most likely be facing a trial very soon, and I wanted to get something sorted out first. I’m not in the mood for training with the team at the moment, and that’s why I have made a difficult decision” and Harry paused so he could consider his next choice of words.

“Are you quitting the team?” asked Seamus.

“No” replied Harry, secretly glad that somebody had brought that up instead of him. “I am handing over the position of Gryffindor Quidditch team Captain to somebody else..... Until I feel ready to come back again” and Harry saw the various students look around at each other wondering who was going to be the new , albeit temporary captain.

“Who is it going to be?” asked Lavender and Parvatti at the same time.

“Dean” Harry said simply, and Dean was shocked at the fact he was going to be the temporary captain. Seamus was the first to congratulate him, and then the rest gathered to add their own support.

“Why me?” Dean asked.

“You understand football and you can use the tactics to good effect in the training” Harry said, then watched as people gathered round Dean, and Harry managed to slip out of the Room of Requirement with not a soul noticing his departure. Harry quickly left the room and used secret passages to get to his tower, and he walked through the door to find Hannah, Susan and Luna waiting for him on the sofa.

“We’ve been waiting for you” Hannah said.

“Why?” Harry asked, but he knew the answer even as he asked the question.

“Dobby told us everything that happened” Susan said.

"What? How?" Harry asked. "He promised to tell nobody".

"We managed to convince him that you were hurt, and that if he didn't tell us then you would be hurt even more" Luna explained, and Harry understood that his wives and Luna wanted to help him. He slumped down into the nearest chair, and he poured out his version of events.

"I wanted to hurt her so badly, and I just couldn't help it" Harry said as he held his hands. "I just feel as bad as she is" he added looking up.

"You're not evil" Susan said, crossing to Harry's side and put an arm around him and hugged him.

"Aren't I?" he asked.

"Of course not" Hannah said taking Harry's other side. Both girls sat on the arm rest as they tried to make Harry's mood positive. "I'm sure that people will understand that you were grieving and filled with hate by Hermione's death" and Harry understood what Hannah was trying to say to him. When it was time for Defence against the Dark Arts, they trooped down to Lupin's lesson and the girls talked about anything to keep Harry's mind off the fact he had used an Unforgivable on Daphne.

"It's good to see you all today" Lupin greeted as he stood in the doorway.

"Afternoon, Professor" Luna greeted as they passed him.

"Hello you three" Lupin replied to Hannah, Susan and Luna and then looked at Harry. "Professor McGonagall wishes to see you in her office at once" and Harry nodded and walked away, doom filling his every move. It didn't take him long to get to her office, and Harry stood outside her door, and knocked on the door.

"Come in" McGonagall said from the other side, and Harry walked inside and saw that she was joined by Tonks and Moody. "Sit down please" she told Harry, and he had the feeling that this wasn't going

to be an ordinary run of the mill meeting, that he had come to be used to.

“What is this about?” he asked McGonagall, using the respectful tone he had used whenever she had been in Umbridge’s presence last year.

“This concerns the actions you took this morning” McGonagall said, giving Harry a stare that made him uneasy. “You disobeyed the instructions I gave, and that will result in two days of detention” and Harry simply nodded at the punishment he had been given. He thought that McGonagall would start to speak, but it surprised him that Tonks took over.

“More important is your use of the Unforgivable, and I’m afraid that we will have to hold a trial” and Harry’s neck snapped round to look at her.

“It’s nothing we can keep quiet” Moody said from his seat. “The alarms went off in the Auror office and were noticed by Rowling. If nobody had been there then we might have been able to sweep this under the carpet” and Harry nodded his understanding.

“So what happens to me now?” he asked, and the three older people exchanged looks at each other before Tonks answered.

“We will be holding a trial inside the next two weeks, and you can call on any witnesses you wish of course” Tonks said, and then it was Moody’s turn.

“Normally, we would take you to either Azkaban or to the ministry, but we’ll change that for this occasion” the grizzled man said, his magical eye spinning in all directions.

“Where am I going then?” asked Harry.

“You will stay here at the school and keep your wand” Tonks said. “There are a few conditions though” she added.

“Such as?” Harry asked.

"You can not leave the school grounds to go anywhere" Moody said, and Harry nodded again.

"I can live with that" he said, then frowned as he found a small problem. "What about Quidditch?" he asked.

"You can still play" McGonagall said, "But I've already had a mass protest from Misters Finnegan, Longbottom and Thomas about your sudden resignation as captain. Can you explain why?" she asked and Harry nodded.

"I've too much on my mind at the moment" Harry said. "I've not quit fully, I just want some time to deal with what has happened. I didn't want to let down the team before our final game" he went on.

"The final game is three months away" McGonagall said in surprise. Her face glazed for a few moments to dwell on Harry. "Very well" she at last, "You may leave and finish today....." her voice trailed off as she looked at the clock. "Well as you would have had a free period anyway, you may go" McGonagall said looking at the clock.

"Thank you" Harry said politely, and after bidding Tonks and Moody farewell, he left the office and began to walk back to his tower. His mind raced with thoughts of the recent battle and his inability to be everywhere at once. He needed to get the fury out of his system, and Harry knew the best way to do it.

"Dobby is wanted?" asked the elf when he was called. Strangely he was looking down at the floor and not at Harry. He knew that Dobby felt he had been hurting Harry, but decided to not press the point further.

"Dobby, I want you to take a message to a certain set of red haired twins, and wait there until they give you a package. You will find me outside the Come – and – Go room" Harry wrote a few quick note, gave it to Dobby then walked up to the Room of Requirement hearing Dobby vanish with a sharp crack.

#

“Dobby has returned, Harry Potter Sir” said the elf as a loud crack echoed in the corridor. He handed over a large thin package and asked Harry if there was anything else.

“Dobby, I do not want you to tell anybody where I am, where you have gone to, what you took, or anything about what you where doing” Harry said. “Do you understand me?” he asked, but Dobby seemed troubled.

“What about if Harry Potter’s friends ask?” enquired the elf.

“Listen very carefully” Harry said. “Nobody is to know where I am, or anything about the little mission I sent you on – get it?” he asked, and Dobby nodded. “Only tell people if one of two things happens. Either the ozone layer has fallen apart and we have ten minutes to live, or Voldemort has suddenly declared peace and drinking tea in the Ministry atrium”.

“Yes, Harry Potter, Sir!” Dobby squeaked.

“If anybody does find out from you” Harry said darkly, lowering the tone of his voice, “I will tell every single student and member of staff what you did with Winky on New Years Eve” and Dobby suddenly blushed a bright red and vanished without a word. “I looooooooooooooooooove being me” Harry said to the empty corridor. He went inside the Room of Requirement, (he had already asked for what he wanted), and unwrapped the long thin package.

Out came a gleaming sword, and Harry saw that it was the exact one he had sent Dobby to get and once again Godric Gryffindor’s sword appeared at Hogwarts. The note had asked that the twins go to Gringotts and have Griphook remove the sword from his vault (Griphook having moved it to Harry’s from Dumbledore’s), get it cleaned and give it Dobby, so the elf could return to the school and pass it on to Harry. The room detected that Harry was ready, and began to send multiple targets of Death Eaters at him, Harry had requested that the Death Eaters used swords as well, and he began to fight in a replica of the school grounds. No matter how hard he tried he just couldn’t control the numbers coming towards him, and he

found himself up against a stone wall. In the back of his mind, he knew this is what was called a "Last Stand" moment in the films he watched.

"Come on then" he said, "COME ON!" he yelled, then swung his sword and began to attack the multitude of robed and hooded figures advancing on him.

#

Loud explosions could be heard throughout Azkaban, and Dumbledore hoped it was what he had been waiting for. The heavy steel door was blasted off its hinges, and Dumbledore struggled to see a shadow moving through the smoke and dust. When he saw the shadows owner, he dropped to his knees and bowed his head.

"Are you ready to leave this place?" asked the tall, pale faced man.

"Yes, Master" Dumbledore said, and the figure indicated for him to stand up.

"Call me Tom" Voldemort said.

A/N:

That ha that ha that ha That's All Folks! (sorry for the Porky Pig impression, and I apologise to all my Yank cousins across on the other side of The Pond for that.

Well, Harry went mental and might face a punishment for it, and look what happened at the end! There's never a dull moment in my fanfic is there?

As you can guess, I'll be looking forward to what you think of the chapter and the MASSIVE twist at the end of it. Oh yes..... have a guess as to what Harry meant by this

"If anybody does find out from you" Harry said darkly, lowering the tone of his voice, "I will tell every single student and member of staff

what you did with Winky on New Years Eve” and Dobby suddenly blushed a bright red and vanished without a word.

If anyone can guess, then PM me, and the first five can cameo as jurors in the trial.

Regards;

Pixel

X

Surprises

It was almost seven in the evening when Harry left the Room of Requirement and he was surprised that he been so long inside. Several cuts lay on his forearms and a gash ran across his cheek, but strangely enough Harry didn't feel any of the pain but he was aware of the throbbing sensation. The first thing he did after leaving the room was to create himself a belt and scabbard so he could walk with it close to his body. Harry began to walk along the corridor away from the room, with his cloak open, so that the sword was visible to everybody and anybody who happened to encounter Harry. His first thought after reaching the fifth floor was that he was very late for dinner and had in fact missed it. Harry didn't want to go to the kitchens and so he began the long walk home. People stopped and stared as they saw Harry walking through Hogwarts with a very large and highly polished sword swinging in the scabbard on his waist.

"Where did you get that?" asked Ernie McMillan, when Harry found him near the Hufflepuff common room.

"Dumbledore gave me it" Harry said, taking the sword out of its scabbard, and letting the light glimmer and gleam on its surface. Harry swung the sword round in an arc a few times. "Whats the matter?" he asked when he saw Ernie's face go as white as Peeves.

"You've not heard?" Ernie almost demanded from Harry.

"Heard what?" Harry said as he put the sword back into the scabbard.

"Not here," the Hufflepuff hissed as a group of Slytherins came towards them. He grabbed Harry's arm and dragged him inside the Hufflepuff common room. Nobody seemed surprised to see the Gryffindor intrude on their room, as Harry, Neville and Luna (a Ravenclaw) had often visited when Hannah and Susan went to see friends. Ernie dragged Harry up to the sixth year boys dorm and closed the door when both boys where inside.

"Where in hell have you been?" demanded an angry Hannah.

“Anger Management lesson” Harry said, and he unclipped the scabbard from his belt and laid the sword on one of the beds, sitting down next to it. Hannah was momentarily confused until she saw the sword and Hannah twigged what Harry meant and didn’t say anything about it.

“I take it that Ernie told you the news” Susan said.

“He hasn’t told me anything” Harry said, as Ernie sat on the other side of the sword, reached for the bedside table and grabbed a copy of the Evening Prophet, and passed it to Harry.

“Read it” he said, and Harry looked down at the paper in his hands, and he felt sick the moment he began reading.

Albus Dumbledore Escapes

In a dramatic assault on Azkaban prison this afternoon Albus Dumbledore, former Hogwarts headmaster, former Supreme Mugwump and former Chief Warlock, was taken from his cell by people later confirmed as followers of You-Know-Who. According to the only witness to the entire thing, You-Know-Who himself was present, and that Dumbledore had been waiting for his arrival and it seems as if Dumbledore has become, or always was, a follower of You-Know-Who.

For the full report, please turn to pages 2 through 10.

“Damn” Harry swore quietly.

“That wasn’t our reaction” Hannah said, smiling despite the situation.

“This changes things” Harry said, looking at the newspaper again.

“McGonagall is in a right state” Susan said, and Harry looked at her.

“What for?”.

“Dumbledore knew some very powerful magic, and she fears that he will use it against the school” one of the three Hufflepuffs said.

"You mean that he knows how to break down the wards?" Harry said.

"He lost that information when he was jailed" Neville said from the bed across the room. Harry hadn't noticed him or Luna sitting on an opposite bed, and both seemed to be as concerned as he was about the recent newsbreak.

"What do you think will happen, Harry?" asked Luna.

"Under normal circumstances, I expect that a large contingent of Aurors would be now standing guard in, and around the grounds and patrolling Hogsmeade. But as the Aurors are less than full strength, I honestly don't know what will happen" Harry said.

"There was something we wanted to talk to you about" Hannah said, and she sounded a bit hesitant about her next few words.

"Are you pregnant?" Harry asked, and everyone laughed at the suggestion.

"Nothing as bad as that" Hannah said. "We wanted to know if you would consider reforming the DA" and she seemed very sincere about it.

"I knew you was going to say that" Harry said, and he gave serious thought to the idea. While he didn't want to get anymore students hurt or worse, it would be a good idea if some students were trained to a level that could delay the final assault in order to allow help to arrive. "Oh very well" he said in a manner that reminded him of McGonagall.

"We knew you would agree" Hannah said jumping onto Harry and kissing him.

"Who do you think will join, this time around?" he asked, thinking hard about those from last year, and who would rejoin the club.

"Well we will join" said Hannah, Susan, Neville and Luna at the same time.

“Add me to that” Ernie said. “I’ll bet that almost everyone from last years group, and quite a few more, will be going to join. Everyone who saw the battle and had some participation in it will want to” he added.

“You think?” Harry asked.

“We know it” Susan said, to the nodding of the others.

“Best go and see McGonagall then” Harry said. He got up and left the dorm, and Harry was surprised to see hear numerous footsteps behind him. ‘I wouldn’t be surprised if they’ve all come’ he thought. They left the common room and headed towards McGonagall’s office. He didn’t know what her reaction would be when he requested permission, but then again she seemed fair and he hoped she would agree.

“Come in” McGonagall’s voice said from behind her office door, and they all walked inside.

“Good evening, Professor” Harry said.

“What can I do for you all?” she asked. She looked up from the pile of papers she had to mark for forth year transfiguration class.

“We wanted to ask your permission to reform the DA” Hannah said, and McGonagall decided to save time and waved her wand over the papers to give everyone A in homework.

“I see” she said carefully. She had been expecting this since the attack, and she had already decided to give her agreement to the plan. “You of course have it” she said. “I assume that Harry will be teaching the class again?” and Harry nodded.

“It’s about time we began to train, because Voldemort is going to do something over the summer” Harry said. He dropped down into one of the large armchairs, and the cloak opened and revealed the sword that Harry had put back on while the group walked here. McGonagall wisely decided to say or do nothing about it, and simply nodded her agreement with what Harry said.

"There will be a few conditions though" she said.

"Such as?" asked Harry.

"Make it open to anybody that wishes to join, and train them right" McGonagall smiled at the second condition.

"Everybody?" Harry asked. "So if a Slytherin comes up to me and asks to join, I should just let them join?" he said jokingly.

"We will of course make careful checks to ensure we don't have another Daphne Greengrass" and McGonagall immediately regretted her choice of words, but Harry didn't seem affected by it.

"We could give them a dose of truth potion" Harry said, and the older witch could tell he was being serious.

"We would have to get the Minister Tonks's approval for that" she began, and there was a flash from the fireplace and Tonks stepped into the office.

"Anybody call my name?" she asked laughing.

"Can you get us a batch of truth serum?" Harry asked, getting down to business as normal.

"I guess it's another round of 'Slytherin Splitting'?" and Tonks sighed. "I can give you a batch in the next week or so, but I was planning on coming to see you today. Your trial will be tomorrow in You guessed it! Courtroom Ten" and Harry rolled his eyes in imitated annoyance.

"I'm going to end up living there" he said, much to the amusement of the others. Harry righted his head, and looked at Tonks. "What is the likely outcome?" he asked.

"You get found not guilty" Tonks replied to puzzled looks. "I put Daphne Greengrass's trial before yours, and as she was the only

admissible witness – one that will be found guilty – she can't testify against you" and Harry was ever so grateful.

"How can I repay you?" he asked.

"Kick Voldie's arse for us" Tonks smiled.

"Now that that is settled" McGonagall said, "I have matters of importance to discuss with you, Harry" and she looked at the other students in front of her. "Your friends can stay, but Mr McMillan..."

"Is a friend and I won't keep secrets from him" Harry said interrupting the headmistress. Ernie looked across at him and flashed a smile of thanks, and Harry returned it. It had turned out that the Hufflepuff boy had put himself in the line of danger to protect Susan while Harry had gone after Voldemort, and for that Harry was truly grateful. As if to confirm that view, Ernie was pushed into one of the other armchairs by both Hufflepuff girls, and McGonagall gave up trying to argue with Harry.

"The main point is this" she began, leaning forward slightly as if to emphasise the seriousness of the issue. "I assume that you know of Albus Dumbledore's escape from Azkaban?" and they nodded. "Well although he has lost knowledge of how to bring down the wards around Hogwarts, he still knows about those that he himself put up and we need to get those down, and new ones cast in their place" and McGonagall hoped that Harry would catch onto what she was saying.

"What does that have to do with me, Professor?" he asked.

"You are one of the most powerful wizards both of your age, and possibly of history as well. We wanted your help to place the new wards around the castle" and Harry instantly agreed.

"Anything to defeat that bastard" and Harry regretted swearing in front of the head. "Sorry, Professor" he apologised.

"I quite understand" McGonagall said. "The bigger issue is that we need your permission to do so. Dumbledore had us believe that he

owned the castle, but as you own it we need the owner's permission before we attempt any spell work on such a large scale" and she sounded as if Harry might actually refuse. She didn't have to worry about it though.

"You've got it" Harry said, and then he yawned as the hours he had been venting his anger out in the Room of Requirement and the pure exhaustion finally kicked in. For the last hour or so, he had been running on pure adrenaline, and even Harry would agree that that wasn't good for him, well under normal circumstances he thought.

"I suggest that you return to your tower and get some sleep for what appears to be the shortest trial in history" and McGonagall indicated that they could leave. After goodbyes the group stood and left, and just as the door closed Harry caught a snippet of a conversation between McGonagall and Tonks. "Have you asked him yet?" McGonagall asked.

"I don't know what to say, and afraid what Lu...." Tonks's reply was cut off as the door swung shut.

"Thanks for what you said back there" Ernie said.

"It was nothing" Harry shrugged off, as he adjusted the way the sword hung off his belt. "You put yourself in harms way to try and save Susan, and I'm grateful for that" and they continued to walk down the corridor.

"Student out of bed!" Filch said as he rounded a corner. "Student out of bed!" he repeated. Filch didn't bother with Harry, Hannah, Susan, Luna or Neville and instead was looking at Ernie.

"We are taking him back to his common room" Luna said, and she said it in a way that actually managed to get Filch even angrier.

"I'll slap you all with detentions" he said, forgetting that he didn't have the authority to give them out in the first place.

"Excuse me" Harry said, and he opened his robes to allow the sword to be visible. He slowly pulled it out of the scabbard, and Filch

opened and shut his mouth several times and then turned and ran off, with Mrs Norris in hot pursuit.

“Nice one” Neville said, and they resumed their journey. It was a few moments before Ernie noticed that they seemed to be heading away from the Hufflepuff dorms.

“We’ve taken a wrong turn” he said.

“You can spend the night with us” Harry said. “Dobby can get your stuff for you in the morning” and Ernie was thankful. “Filch might try to get you later on if you’re on your own” and Harry opened the door to the tower as they had reached it.

“Night” the girls said and they made a dash for their room.

“Have one of these” said Harry, passing Ernie a butterbeer from where he normally kept them. Harry got one for himself, and passed Neville one as well.

“Thanks” Ernie said, and took a look at the common/sitting room. “Nice place you have got here” he added as he looked on the walls and noticed a few posters of some machine he had never seen in muggle studies before. He drank from his bottle of butterbeer, and found himself amazed at the ease Harry seemed to slip into. Ernie could understand it in some ways, because war didn’t happen here just good fun. A few bottles later, it was time for them to head off to bed. Ernie got up and walked up the staircase, not hearing the warnings from Harry and Neville.

“GET OUT” came a collection of girlish screams, and Ernie ran down again followed by various shoes as they were thrown out the door.

“Not that then” he smiled

A/N:

That’s all.

The Sneak Attack

Purely out of habit, Harry was the first to rise followed by Ernie. Harry used one of the showers, while Ernie used the second “magic” bathroom and they met up in the sitting room.

“How are the bruises?” asked Harry with an almost straight face.

“I haven’t got any” Ernie said laughing as the pair watched Dobby potter his way around the room cleaning up. “I cast a shield charm when they threw the high heels” he added, then called the elf over to him.

“Dobby is wanted?” the elf said, bowing to the new entry to the tower.

“Can you go to my room, and get me my best set of robes, please?” Ernie asked, and Dobby glanced at Harry.

“His name is Ernie McMillan and a Hufflepuff” Harry said, and the elf vanish from view.

“When did you get him?” asked Ernie.

“I didn’t get him, he sort of adopted me!” Harry joked, and he explained the ways that Dobby served him. Dobby came back with Ernie’s best robes, and passed them to their owner.

“Thank you” Ernie said, then reached into a pocket and gave the elf two sickles. Dobby instantly had tears in his eyes, and after accepting the coins, vanished from view.

“Why did you give him two Sickles?” Harry enquired.

“He got the creases and the stains out” Ernie said, and held up the robes as if to prove the point.

“We better get sorted. Tonks said that my trial would start after Daphne’s, and I want to be there for it because I want to give some very good evidence to send her to hell on a one way ticket” Harry said, and Ernie didn’t doubt him on little bit.

"I'll be five minutes" Ernie said.

"One... two ... three" Harry began to count, and Ernie made a bee line for the upstairs bathroom.

Neville and Luna came down at the same time, followed by Hannah with Susan being the last to rise. They all had breakfast while waiting for Ernie to come back, and the Hufflepuff came back to the sitting room slightly red faced. Harry tapped his watch and said it was longer than five minutes, and Ernie took the joke in good measure and helped himself to a great big pile of pancakes with what seemed to be fifty thousand tons of maple syrup.

"How are we getting to the Ministry?" asked Hannah.

"If we leave now, then we can go to the muggle train station and take the train" Harry said.

"I thought you said it was going to be an early trial" Susan said, as she cast a charm that stopped people seeing the small bump that Hannah had already begun to show. McGonagall had been told by Pomfrey, and the headmistress had informed Hannah's head of house and Professor Sprout was overjoyed at the important news that she had been told about.

"It is only half past five" Harry said casually, and everyone else saw that Harry's statement was true.

"It's still night!", Hannah protested.

"But if we leave now then we can have a nice ride on the train, with the bonus of not getting you sick" Harry said, and Hannah had to admit that once again, Harry was thinking about her and their unborn child.

"What time is the next train?" asked Neville.

"Dunno" Harry said, and pulled what appeared to be a train timetable out of his robe pocket.

“How long have you had that for?” Susan laughed.

“Oh I picked one up the last time we used the train” Harry said, “besides it’s forward thinking, and I was reading this book that Hermione got for me on” and his voice trailed off as he remembered one of the reasons that he was going to the ministry for. The others could detect the unhappiness that had descended upon Harry, and they tried to get rid of it by getting his mind back on the upcoming trip. It turned out that while Ernie knew what a train was, he had never actually been on one, with the exception of the old steam engine rides he had been on as a child at muggle primary school.

“You will like it” Harry assured him, and he got up and vanished up the stairs to the boys dorm, and came back a couple of minutes later with a Rememball in his hand. It was the same one that he had used to display his memory of the Gryffindor vs Slytherin match to most of the school. Harry was planning on using it at Daphne Greengrass’s trial to show the memories he had forcibly taken from her of how she killed Hermione. He had looked at the memories only once and that was at the Room of Requirement, and he was certain that it was enough to convict her of murder. As Daphne was underage, he wasn’t entirely certain what would happen to her.

“What time is the train?” asked Luna.

“Erm...” Harry looked at the timetable for a few moments. “In ten minutes, it will leave Edinburgh” and a look of general panic flashed across most faces, until Harry called for Dobby, and the elf transported them all to a quiet part of the station.

“Forgot about that for a moment” Neville said. He and Luna took a great interest in the trains, and wondered which one might be taking them to London.

“We’re not going to have enough time to go to the ticket office and get the tickets” Susan said.

“Not to worry” Harry said, and he picked up some discarded tickets off from the platform ground. “Come closer so the muggles don’t see

me doing this” and the others shielded Harry from view, and he waved his wand over each ticket and changed the date and destination to that which was printed already.

“Nice trick” Ernie commented, and they crossed the bridge and got onto the right platform with five minutes to spare. The male Hufflepuff hadn’t about the last time they had been on a train, and he was surprised that Harry had altered the tickets to show they had first class tickets. They got shown to their seats by one of the first class stewards, who looked at their (to him at least) strange dress.

“You lot wizards and witches then?” he joked, not knowing how accurate he really was.

“We’re going to a TV show convention” Harry said, and pulled out the little Tachikoma model from his pocket.

“Oh well..... That explains it then” the steward said. “We’ll be serving breakfast in around five minutes time, so let me know what you would like” and the man walked off. The interior of the carriage was just the same as the first time they had been on one, though as it was Ernie’s first time riding on one, he was asking the others a lot of questions and he found it all quite fascinating.

“This is better then muggle studies any day of the week” he said grinning at the speed they raced through the countryside at.

“Muggle studies is at least fifty to a hundred years out of date” Harry said casually. He was feeling a little bit exposed to be honest, but he was used to lots of magical people being near him, though he completely trusted the group he was with, in terms of defending themselves that was.

They gave their requests for breakfast and each person was tucking into eggs, bacon, toast and Harry had coffee, while the rest had tea. Harry would have had tea as well, but he wanted to be alert and coffee did it better. By the time Harry’s watch showed it was 7:45am, they where north of York when the trains brakes came on suddenly and the entire train – all eight coaches of it plus the engine at each end – came to a juddering stop.

"Whats going on?" asked Luna, who had taken the chance to gain a few minutes sleep.

"Probably a cow on the line or something" Neville said trying to get a view from his window.

"I don't think so" Harry said jumping up out of his seat, and pointing out of the window on his side of the train. What seemed to be a dozen or so Death Eaters had derailed the front engine, and were now making their way towards the First Class carriage. The moment they figure that they were their targets, Harry and his friends jumped out of their seats and drew wands. They didn't get noticed as the steward had gone forward to see what the problem was so there was no immediate danger of them being seen.

"Shite" somebody swore, and Harry turned to see Ernie patting his hands up and down his robes.

"What?" Harry asked. "You get hit?" and Ernie shook his head.

"I left my wand back at my dorm room at Hufflepuff tower" and Harry knew that made him as defenceless as the muggles on the train. Harry unclipped his cloak from round his neck and it fell from his shoulders, and the other did the same. Harry was wearing the sword of Gryffindor, and he drew it from the scabbard and used his wand to smash one of the windows of the train.

"Have mine" Harry said, and handed over his wand to Ernie. He had only ever given his wand to his friends, and after what Ernie had done, he now ranked him on that list.

"Thank you" Ernie spluttered out, and took the wand that was offered.

"Try to bring it back in one piece" Harry said, and Ernie didn't know whether or not he was joking. Harry turned to the broken window and helped Luna, Neville and Susan to jump out of the window. Ernie jumped out by himself, by launching himself off the table, leaving just Harry and Hannah alone.

“I’m going to fight” Hannah said, before Harry could get out the question on his lips.

“I don’t want to lose you or the baby” he said quietly.

“Well both of us are going nowhere” Hannah said, climbing over the window. “And if you die Harry Potter.... I’ll fucking kill you” and she disappeared out of sight. Harry sighed and then jumped out and joined the battle.

“Put up wards!” he shouted. “Stop them from apperating out” and several multiple coloured spells issued from the wand of Hannah, Luna and Neville. Susan and Erie shot stunners at Death Eaters, dropping two instantly.

“Whats the plan?” asked Neville, as he created a rather powerful shield in front of them, while Hannah did the same behind. This replicated the armoured shell effect that they had used when Voldemort had attacked Hogwarts, and it worked to good effect too as spells bounced off.

“Get them, and capture them” Harry said.

“And if that doesn’t work?” asked Luna.

“Then we do this” said Harry and he jumped through the shields and began to swing his sword through the air, and deflecting curse that immediately rained upon him. The light glinted as it flashed on the blade, and the shields broke apart as the rest of the friends attacked targets of their own. The muggles on the train watched as the teenagers battled the hooded figures – surely they couldn’t win. But then again it was looking like magic existed so they didn’t know what to think.

“Can’t dance now pretty” said a tall Death Eater, who tried to send a jinx at Hannah, but was jumped on by two silver stags. While ‘Expecto Patronum’ didn’t work as well without Dementors, it did the job of tripping him up.

“Harry Potter” said a much shorter Death Eater, and this one had a low voice to match, making this a male too.

“Have we met before?” he asked.

“A number of times” and the Death Eater dropped his hood and revealed his identity.

“Dawlish?” Harry said.

“Yes, and I will be the last thing that you ever see” Dawlish said, and raised his wand.

“Avada Kadavra” and the spell was aimed true, and hit Harry full on the chest and sent him tumbling to the ground. Dawlish began laughing in triumph as he saw the smoke from Harry’s robes, but then stopped as Harry got up slowly, and picked up his fallen sword and faced his attacker.

“Goblin armour” Harry said patting his smouldering robes, and a slight metallic thud rang out.

“But you should be dead” Dawlish said.

“Wrong again” Harry said, and he closed the distance until he got within five feet of the Death Eater. “You should be dead” and Harry swung the sword round the left side of his body, changing to his right as it came behind his head and then brought it back to his left hand again. This was the same thing that Harry had practiced back at Hogwarts, but there was something slightly different. Dawlish’s head came off his body and made several complete rotations before coming to rest on the trackside. Dawlish’s body stood upright for several seconds, as the heart continued to pump spurted blood out of his neck, before dropping to the ground with a thump. This was a signal for the remaining Death Eaters to make a run for it, but four of them fell to heavy stunners before the rest got past the wards and vanished from sight.

“You alright?” called Neville as he saw Harry standing alone, but Harry didn’t reply to him. He was staring at the headless body and the

head which lay on the ground a dozen feet away. Harry had had to do many things in his life up to and including fighting Death Eaters, but he had just done something that the Death Eaters did – Harry Potter had killed.

“Are you alright?” asked Susan as she came up to him. She put her body in front of him to block his view of the body and detached head.

“I’ve killed” Harry said, and it was barely audible to Susan.

“No, you defended everyone” his wife said, and gently took his hand and led him towards the four crumpled Death Eaters. “See anybody you know?” she asked, and Harry could identify at least two – Gregory Goyle and Vincent Crabbe, the other two Harry didn’t know.

“Your wand” Ernie said, and he passed Harry the wand. Harry pointed it and unstunned them, and brought them to their feet.

“Watch them” he said, and then called for Dobby. “Go to the Ministry and request that the Aurors and a couple of Obliviators get here as soon as possible” and Dobby nodded in acceptance of the order, and left to get those people. He heard a slight thump as one of the Death Eaters dropped to the ground, which was understandable when you looked at the various injuries that they had sustained.

“LOOK OUT!” Luna screamed, and Harry saw that while Hannah and Neville had collected the wands, they hadn’t thought to look for a second wand on any of them. Harry turned and looked to see that Goyle had jumped to his feet and had launched the killing curse directly at Ernie, but the spell missed because Hannah stunned Ernie so the green coloured curse breezed over his head. Harry dropped his wand and swung the sword in an arc, and yet another Death Eater gained eligibility to join the Headless Hunt.

“What in the name of Merlin is going on?” asked Tonks. She and the rest of the party had apparated next to the train. This was in full view of the muggles inside and loud discussion could be heard, and Tonks knew that her team would have their work cut out. As Minister, she didn’t have to come out to crime scenes like this but the Auror inside her demanded that she turned up as well.

“What in the name of Hogwarts, Merlin and Firewhiskey happened here?!” exclaimed Radcliffe as her eyes switched from one headless body to the other headless body. She called for her partner – an Auror called Obama – to begin the task of cleaning up.

A/N:

Well I hope that you like this chapter as it took me several days to complete, and so that must mean its good – right?

A lot of stuff happens here that will be relevant in later chapters, but which I’m not going to discuss at this time. A turning point also happens to Harry, which some will pick up on straight away – and some will not.

For fans of the British comedy show “Red Dwarf”, there is reference on one of the lines that Hannah says. As a clue the reference is from the first ever episode.

Also just wanted to add my congratulations to the newly inaugurated President Barak Obama, and to commemorate this event for our Yank friends, I added him as one of the new Aurors.

Well I can’t wait to see your reviews, and what you thought was the best bits in this chapter.

Reviews in normal manner – Questions as Pm’s

Regards;

O’ Evil One

(Casts Adavra Kadavra at budrick1701e)

Greengrass Goes

Tonks had the six teenagers sent straight to the Ministry and asked that they waited in her office. Harry looked at the train as the Aurors and Obliviators boarded and began to wipe peoples memories of the entire event. As they waited in the office, Vellouette brought them some Pumpkin juice and then left them on their own. Harry still had his sword drawn and he watched as the blood began to harden on the once stainless blade. No matter how you looked at it – Harry had killed people. One part of his brain told him that it was right and entirely justified, and that it was to protect himself, his family and friends. The other part said that he had killed, and that he was no better then those who he had killed. Harry looked at the blood as it hardened, and felt an arm go round his waist.

“Nobody will blame you for what you did” Hannah said. She was hugging Harry as close as she could with one arm, while the other was attached to something inside her robes.

“We don’t blame you” Luna added, coming up from sitting next to Neville.

“But I killed two people” Harry said, but Luna simply shook her head.

“You where faced with a split second decision, and it was logical that you came to the right decision” Luna said, and Hannah and Susan both agreed, but Harry simply disengaged himself from Hannah, and walked round the room and stopped near the door.

“Logic logic logic” Harry said quietly. “If we did this all logically, then we’d all end up dead. You’re a great one for logic...I’m a great one for rushing in where angels fear to tread. Reality’s somewhere in between” and they could tell Harry needed to think about this, so the others kept quiet on the subject. The door suddenly swung opened, and Harry spun so fast that he was a blur and brought the sword to point just a few millimetres from Tonks’s throat.

“Erm.... hi?” the Auror said.

“Sorry, Tonks” Harry said. He turned the sword away from her throat, moved out of the way and out the sword in the scabbard. Tonks came into her office followed by Moody, Radcliffe and a Healer from St Mungos. The healer treated what wounds had been sustained – not that many as it turned out – and then left as quickly as she had arrived.

“I hear you had some trouble getting here, Potter” Moody said.

“Just a bit” Harry replied, as he sat down on one of the chairs dotted around the office.

“The three surviving Death Eaters have been taken to the cells, and will be dealt with as soon as we have finished the trials for today” Radcliffe added.

“How long until Daphne Greengrass’s trial starts?” asked Luna, and Tonks looked at a sheet of parchment on her desk.

“Twenty minutes” she said after a careful study.

“How long have we been here for?” Ernie asked.

“An hour and a half” Moody said. We thought it would be best if you was to stay out of the public eye, in order that you don’t become a target for anybody” and Harry snorted.

“Fat load of good that idea is” Harry said. “Doesn’t seem to work, and every time we go out somewhere, theres a group of Death Eaters waiting to attack us” and Moody was speechless.

“We’ve taken care of that” Tonks said.

“How?” said Harry.

“We gave the three prisoners truth serum, something stronger then the normal kind we use. All three admitted to the use of an Invisibility cloak to gain information on what you where going to do” and Tonks could see that Harry was going to explode soon.

"I didn't think to detect one" he said.

"Well no harm came to you, and we found the cloak on Vincent Crabbe" the pink haired woman said.

"Whats happened to it?" asked Hannah.

"We have destroyed it" Moody said.

"That's good I suppose" Harry said, and the rest of the conversation turned into what small talk could be made. Harry spent the time either looking out of the window, or making very short replies to peoples questions. He still couldn't get over the fact that he had killed two people, but at least he could take comfort in the fact that he had only done it to protect his wives and friends. That at least helped him to begin to put it behind him.

#

"This court is now in session" said the red haired witch, sitting at the spot that Diggle normally sat in. He had been sustained severe injuries during the ministry battle, and was still in St Mungos. Harry was sat in the seating area along with the others, just waiting for his turn to stand up and give evidence.

"You alright?" asked Hannah squeezing his hand.

"Just peachy" Harry replied.

"Can the jury please give their names please" said the witch, and the jury identified themselves.

"Surak Spock"

"Leonard McCoy"

"Nyota Uhura"

"Pavel Chekov"

“Montgomery Scott”

“Hikaru Sulu”

It took Harry several seconds before he chuckled to himself, and Hannah and the rest thought that he had gone mad.

“Whats up?” Hannah asked, concerned for Harry’s mental health.

“Those people” he said, and all the bad feelings he had had concerning the killings, dissolved away.

“What about them?” pressed his wife.

“Remember the programme ‘Star Trek’?” and Hannah nodded, “Well those are the names of Captain Kirk’s senior officers” and Harry had to cast a silencing charm on himself so he didn’t interrupt the court.

“Bring in the prisoner” the chief witch said, and two guards, one Auror and one Goblin, left and came back eight minutes later with Daphne Greengrass. She had been cleaned up since the last time Harry had seen her, and she was wearing a simple set of plain robes and had chains on her hands and ankles. Daphne looked round the court to see if any of her Slytherin friends could be seen, but McGonagall had already stopped this by having a complete lock down of the Slytherins. This was to stop any chance of Daphne being rescued and taken to rejoin the Death Eaters. “We will begin the case” chief witch said, and a well built wizard stood up, and it was the same one that had represented Ron at his trial. This time though he was on the prosecuting side, which made Harry slightly uneasy.

“We are here to ensure that justice is to be done. But to do it in the fair manner that we always do this in. Hermione Granger was murdered in cold blood, and I wish to make this entirely clear to you all” and the wizard sat back down on his seat.

“Miss Greengrass is to defend herself” the chief witch said. “Lets begin” and she looked to the legal-wizard. “Call you first witness” she said. The legal-wizard stood and spoke very loud and clear so all could hear.

“I call Harry James Potter”, and there was a massive jump in the levels of speech, and the court watched as Harry walked towards the stand.

“Mr Potter, can you describe what happened on the night of Miss Granger’s murder?” he asked.

“I was involved in a fight at Hogwarts” Harry said.

“Can you describe, briefly if possible, how you became aware of Miss Grangers death?” the legal-wizard asked, and Harry nodded, though his face said that he didn’t want to do it.

“I was sitting in my private tower, when I felt her death through a connection that I had with her” Harry said.

“What connection is this?” demanded Daphne. “I wasn’t told of any of this” she spat.

“That information has been classified by the Ministry as Ultra-Secret” Tonks called out from her seat. Daphne looked at Tonks, and at that moment she knew that it wasn’t looking all that good for her.

“If I may continue?” and the chief witch nodded. “Thank you” the legal-wizard turned back to Harry. “What happened afterwards?”.

“I rushed down to the hospital wing, but upon arriving, I was told that I was too late to do anything” Harry said.

“Who told you this?”

“Madame Pomfrey” Harry replied.

“No questions” the legal-wizard said.

“I have nothing to say” Daphne said with some venom.

“You may call your second witness” the chief witch said.

“I call Hermione Jane Granger to the stand”, and there was a deathly silence as Harry retrieved the Rememball from his pocket, and set it on the stand. He activated it, then returned to his seat to watch the set of memories that was certain to send Daphne on that one way ticket that was Azkaban prison, and Daphne knew she was going to go down.

‘Greengrass? What are you doing?’ asked Memory-Hermione. The view was as if they where looking through Hermione's eyes.

‘What do you think?’ sneered the Memory-Daphne.

‘How can you support him? I thought you had come to our side!’ Memory-Hermione said.

‘That was always my master’s plan’ Memory-Daphne said.

‘Your master?’ and Memory-Hermione seemed shocked. ‘Expelliarmus’ Memory-Hermione said, Daphne managed to dodge it, and brought her wand up.

‘Microsoft’ and the spell left Memory-Daphne’s wand, and hit Hermione in the chest. The memory went dull as the spell hit Hermione, but there was just enough time to see that Memory-Daphne walk over to Memory-Hermione and kick her in the ribs. There was a brief few seconds of Memory-Daphne using her wand to break her own arm, and then the image went black and vanished. It was clear that Hermione had died at this point. The sound of uproar filled the room and it took several bangs from the Chief Witch to bring order back.

“I have no further questions” said the legal-wizard, and he leant back in his seat, with no expression on his face at all.

“Does Miss Greengrass have anything to say?” asked the Chief Witch.

“No” Daphne knew she was well and truly “screwed”, and that she had just collected her ticket to Azkaban, courtesy of Wizandgamot Airlines.

“We are now going to consider the verdict and the sentence if one is needed” the Chief Witch said, and she and the jury got up and left the room.

“Lets get out of here” said Hannah as she stood and filed out of the door.

“Out of the room?” asked Harry.

“No.... Out of the way” she said, and Hannah rushed for the nearest ‘Little Witches Room’, slamming the door shut causing people to stare.

“I think I’ll pop in and see if Hannah needs anything” said Susan, and she disappeared through the door.

“She’ll be alright” Luna said from Harry’s left.

“But get prepared for the mood swings and food cravings” Neville advised.

“That’s why I have Dobby on all night standby” Harry commented as he rolled his eyes. After a while Hannah and Susan came out, at just the same time that the court was called back into session. They filed back into the courtroom and waited as the final people sat down. Daphne stood in the middle of the room flanked by two Aurors and two goblins.

“Daphne Greengrass, on the charges concerning the murder of Hermione Jane Granger, we find you guilty” and the Chief Witch waited for the cries and shouts to die down. “Daphne Greengrass, you have been convicted of murder and the sentence is death” and this time Harry released a thundering bang to silence every other sound in the room.

“I move that the sentence of death is reduced to a sentence of being sent to Azkaban” he said, and from the looks of the jury they agreed.

“Very well” the Chief Witch said. “Take her from this place to Azkaban” and the Aurors and Goblins dragged her out.

“That was brilliant” Hannah said hugging Harry tightly.

“Thanks” he said.

“And now...” the Chief Witch began, “On to the fastest trial ever”

A/N:

Well that’s all you get for now.

As a special nod of the head to budrick1701e, I have added several references to Star Trek. Lets see if he (and the rest of you), can get them.

Reviews and PM’s in the normal manner please.

Regards;

Pixel

AKA

O’ Evil One

Tying Up Loose Ends

Harry walked up to the spot where Daphne had just been, and faced the jury, knowing full well that he was getting to get away with it.

“Harry Potter, you are charged with the use of the ‘Crucio’ curse, namely on Daphne Greengrass. How do you plead?” she asked.

“Guilty” Harry said, and this caused gasps from those people who didn’t know that Harry was on trial.

“Are there any witnesses or evidence?” the Chief Witch asked.

“Only Miss Greengrass herself” said the legal-wizard. “And we can not have evidence from a convicted Death Eater” he added.

“No we can not” the Chief Witch said. “As we have no evidence to convict you, we give you a simple fine of 1 Knut. Case Dismissed” and everybody burst into applause at the verdict. From start to finish, the case had taken just eleven seconds – talk about the fastest trial ever recorded! She and the jury were bathed in golden light, then vanished from view and Harry was hard pressed not to burst into laughter. The crowd dispersed and Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville came up to Harry and together they left the courtroom and went to go to Gringotts. Ernie decided to go back to Hogwarts, and Tonks took him to her office to use the Floo.

“What are you going there for?” asked Susan.

“Just want to talk to Griphook” Harry replied, and then stopped as he noticed something odd about the bank. It wasn’t long before he knew what it was that was so odd about the bank. “There are no guards on the door” he said eventually.

“He’s right” Susan said, as she looked at the doors it was just as Harry said.

“Wonder what’s going on” Neville said, and the group moved towards the bank. When they reached the doors they split so they were on each side, and all drew their wands, and Harry drew his sword.

“Be ready to fight” he warned, and opened one of the doors. He poked his head through the opening and he found no second set of guards. “It’s clear” he said, and motioned the others through. The same thing was repeated for the second set of doors, and Harry was amazed that the main lobby seemed deserted. They entered the lobby, and they gathered together in a huddle, with Harry in the middle.

“Where is everybody?” asked Luna. She looked around at the sight of the wizarding bank, and could not see another living soul. The torches that hung off the walls all burnt dimly, and the light that did go around the room made it resemble the Chamber of Secrets.

“I have no idea” Neville said, and they edged towards the nearest shadows.

“We better find out what has happened” Harry said, as he poked his head round a corner.

“We should tell Tonks and the Aurors” Susan said.

“They have better things to do” Hannah told her.

“Let’s make our way to the Head Teller’s stand” Harry said. “How about if we split into two groups, and we make our way up towards the front?” he suggested.

“Sounds good to me” Neville said.

“Right then. You and Luna go and take the other side and work your way forwards, we’ll do the same here” and they agreed on Harry’s plan. When Neville and Luna got into position, the two parties slowly crept up on their target, but they didn’t encounter a single person and they reconvened at the Head Teller’s desk.

“Well that was strange” Hannah remarked.

“Yeah” commented Susan.

“It looks as if Gringotts is closed” Neville said.

"It never closes" Luna said, and Harry agreed. Griphook had told him as much. He put the sword in the scabbard, and looked at the desk for some clue. It looked as it normally did, with peoples account details, important papers and other such things.

"Lets see what happens if we ring the bell" Harry said, and he pressed the bell and the sound seemed deafening in the total silence that covered the lobby. A door opened, and the sound was so loud in the quietness that all five jumped into the air.

"I'm afraid that the bank is closed for today" said a goblin as he came up to the group.

"Why?" asked Harry politely.

"We are closed" the goblin repeated firmly, then paused as he looked at Harry with more intensity. His face seemed to light up as he recognised Harry. "Oh Mr Potter, I do apologise I didn't notice you at first"

"That's fine, Griphook" Harry said.

"I will turn up the lights" and Griphook clapped his hands, and the lights returned to the normal level. "I am afraid that the head of our bank has died, and we goblins are in a period of mourning".

"I am sorry for your loss" Harry said, in Gobbledegook and it was perfect, flawless, and with no accent at all. Griphook was momentarily stunned by what Harry said – not many people could speak Gobbledegook, let alone with no accent at all.

"My compliments on your language skills" Griphook said.

"Thanks. Who is the new bank head?" asked Harry.

"You're looking at him" Griphook said, giving the best smile he could give that didn't make look like a cannibal eyeing his next meal.

"Congratulations" everyone said in perfect harmony.

“Will I be getting a new accounts manager?” Harry questioned.

“The head of the bank does not deal with accounts normally, but I will continue to do so with yours” Griphook said. He eyed the still burned robes that Harry wore. “I take it that the armour we sent you worked?”

“Still here aren’t I?” and Harry tapped the damaged armour, producing a dull twang.

“Can I help you with anything, seeing as you are here?” Griphook asked.

“I was hoping that we could talk about several things, mainly about getting planning permission to add new structures to Hogwarts” Harry said.

“I have a few hours before we enter the body into the Hallowed Vaults” Griphook said. “We can use one of the bigger conference rooms” he added, and he led the way off to the side and into a large solid oak door. The room contained a reasonable sized table, and chairs ringed it. A swish of Harry’s wand, and the fire was light and provided some much needed warmth. A small side board contained some refreshments and goblets. “So Mr Potter” Griphook began, “What sort of plans did you have in mind?” and Harry pulled out several pieces of artist’s paper. He tapped them with his wand and they magically expanded to their regular size.

“I was thinking along the lines of this for a start...” and Harry pushed one of the papers towards the goblin. Harry had had Dean knock the plans up, being as he was a good artist. After all it was Dean who had drawn the large lion for Harry’s first Gryffindor Quidditch match.

“These are certainly ambitious” Griphook said.

“What will the cost be for this?” Harry asked.

“I will have to make enquiries” the goblin said. “Have you discussed this with Professor McGonagall?” he asked.

“I will be talking to her later today” was the simple reply.

“What are the other plans?” asked Griphook.

“These are interior plans for the same building” Harry said, and he pushed two more pieces of paper towards the goblin who studied them closely.

“I will have to make enquiries for all of this” he said eventually. “What are the other buildings you wish to build?”

“This one is for a special building. I was thinking something along the lines of a muggle cinema crossed with study areas. Not for teaching, but to let the Quidditch teams to watch their practices at a later time” Harry explained, and Griphook could see the point in that. He noticed that the last remaining building plan was a simple and small building.

“What is this for?” he asked, then became puzzled as Harry’s mood became suddenly one of sadness.

“The Hermione Jane Granger memorial chapel” he said simply, and Griphook decided to not press on that subject.

“Planning permission should be easy enough to get,” he said “And it shouldn’t cost that much. How will you get enough people to build these structures?” Griphook asked.

“I’ll get the school house elves to do it” Harry said. “It’ll give them something different to do I suppose” and he managed a weak smile.

“I’m certain they will like that” the goblin said, and at that moment there was a knock at the door and a young goblin came in.

“I am sorry to interrupt, but it is time for the ceremony” he said.

“I will be there shortly” Griphook replied, and the second goblin left.

“We had better be going then” Neville said, and they left the conference room. Griphook saw them out himself, and after passing

through the doors they witnessed something that had not been seen in over two hundred years – Gringotts closed.

“What shall we do now?” asked Luna. Harry thought for a moment, and then came up with something that, though the person concerned was dead, would clear their name.

“I’m going back to the Ministry and going to see Tonks” and Harry looked at Susan. “Susan, what time does the Jedi Council clock off?” he asked. Jedi Council was Harry’s favourite term to describe the Wizarding council – the other term was not repeatable in public.

“Around half two” she replied after a few seconds careful thought. “What are you thinking of?” she asked, wondering what Harry was going to do.

“I’m going to clear Sirius’s name” Harry said, and they began the walk back to the ministry.

#

The group returned to Hogwarts late that afternoon, and Harry headed alone to meet with McGonagall to discuss the idea of adding new parts to Hogwarts. As owner of the castle, he could do what he wanted to the place, but felt he should at least inform and consult with her out of courtesy. McGonagall was actually quite supportive of the idea and she liked the first set of plans the best, but she promised to keep them a secret from everybody. The dates for constructing the new buildings were set for the Easter holidays, in order to minimise the disruption to the teaching schedule. The house elves jumped at the chance to do something different then just cooking and cleaning and they studied the plans very carefully to get things right. It was almost five in the evening when Harry returned to the company of his wives and friends, and Hannah passed him a copy of that days Evening Prophet.

Sirius Black cleared of all charges!

Sirius Black was cleared of all charges against him today, the Evening Prophet has learned. In a statement released today, the

Ministry said that Black was in fact helping to fight He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and not supporting him as it had been claimed for the last thirteen years. At the Battle of the Ministry last summer, Mr Black helped to lead a defence but lost his life at the hands of his cousin, Bellatrix Lastrange. According to the statement read out this afternoon, former Minister for Magic, Cornelius Fudge heaped blame on Black and files reveal that proper procedure was not followed at Black's trial. Minister Tonks – incidentally his cousin – announced the arrest of Fudge on charges of false imprisonment, failure to hold a proper trial, illegal sentencing and use of Azkaban, and withholding information vital to the freedom of an innocent man. Minister Tonks also awarded Mr Black the Order of Merlin First Class (Posthumously) for services in combating the Dark Lord's forces.

We at the Prophet apologise to the Ancient and Most Noble House of Black for the slander we gave to Mr Black, while he was still alive. We erroneously reported that he had committed the murder of dozens of muggles, when we now know that it was Peter Pettigrew (now dead). Once again, we apologise to the House of Black, and to the memory of Mr Black.

"How did you manage to get them to say that?" asked Hannah.

"Simple" Harry grinned, "I told them to print what I told them to, or else I would shut them down" and he smiled as he saw himself begin a fight with Tonks in the picture that was printed on the front page.

"You're bad" Susan said, poking him in the ribs.

"But you love me for it" he said rubbing his side.

"Any idea what's for dinner?" asked Luna. "I'm hungry" and her stomach made a rumbling noise. Harry and Neville looked at each other and nodded.

"ARRGGHH!" they shouted, and ran round the room. "THE NARGLES ARE ATTACKING! THE NARGLES ARE ATTACKING!" and both boys reduced the girls to fits of laughter. After stopping yelling, both boys conjured butterfly nets, and took to randomly swiping at the air in the hopes of catching a Nargle. "Come out come

out wherever you are!" they chorused, and it produced several minutes more entertainment before they collapsed onto the sofa.

"Come on you two!" protested Susan, "We want food".

"Sorry" Harry said. "But we can't move at all"

"No problem" Hannah replied with an evil smile that was worthy of a member of Slytherin. "Luna can you help me please? Susan can get the door" and her and Luna performed the same spell on the two boys. "Wingardium Leviosa" they said together, and the two boys rose into the air, and floated in front of the girls all the way to the Great Hall.

A/N:

Another exciting chapter for you all to read!

The part where the Chief Witch and the jury leave, is a reference only one or two of you might get!

Sirius gets cleared and awarded a medal, AND, the press apologise to him for what they said.

The part where Harry wishes to add to Hogwarts came to me, but I have since learned that it is in another fanfic. I would like to say that no copying was intended!

Reviews and PM's in the normal way please

Regards;

Pixel

Thoughts / Return Of The Nimbus

The house elves began work on the new buildings the very next day. Harry had asked that the large building was completed first, and they promised to have it completed by the weekend. Harry refused to say what it was for, only that it would help the fight against Voldemort. The second building to be completed was going to be the small chapel, followed by the muggle style cinema. Harry was being consulted on various items to be put inside the new building, and he asked Fred and George to liaise with the elves concerning that.

"Have you got anymore plans you want to tell us about?" Hannah asked on the Thursday.

"I don't have any other plans" Harry said. "Well I do have the plan to defeat Voldemort, but nothing else" he added, putting his hand on Hannah's stomach. At that moment Dobby cracked into the room, momentary startling the pair.

"Dobby has come to inform Harry Potter that we have finished work on the Command Centre" the elf said, diving into a very low bow.

"Already?" Harry said, amazed that it was completed at least one and three quarter days ahead of schedule.

"We worked throughout the night" Dobby said as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"I am greatly impressed by your hard work, both yours and the other elves. Please thank them for me" Harry said, and Dobby vanished from view.

"What did Dobby mean by Command Centre?" asked Hannah, looking at Harry with complete puzzlement.

"You'll see" Harry smiled. "Lets go and get the others, see if McGonagall is free, and I'll show you something that might possibly turn the fight against Voldemort" and they left the tower to grab the missing three. They had to wait for McGonagall to finish because she was in a staff meeting, but Harry asked for the staff to come as well.

They all walked down to the third floor corridor on the right where the new building was accessed. McGonagall tried to open the door, but was unable to open it and neither could anyone else.

"You got a password on this?" Susan asked, as she gave the door a kick.

"Yeah" Harry said, and he walked upto the door and faced it. "Thomas The Tank Engine" he said and the door opened wide.

"That's the best you could come up with?" Neville said.

"Well unless Voldemort watches children's programmes, it's very secure" Harry replied, and he led the way inside with the others followed. He explained that the entire building was solely dedicated to training the new DA group.

"It's certainly impressive" McGonagall said, and she looked around one of the training rooms. Various items that could help in the training sat on various shelves, and on one of them was stored a large amount of products from the Weasley twins's store.

"Let's hope it is as effective as it is impressive" Harry said, and the headmistress could only nod in agreement. Harry looked at those around him, and looked for one person in particular. "Is Madame Pomfrey here?" he asked.

"I'm here" she said. "What can I help you with?" Pomfrey asked.

"I was wondering if you could teach us some basic first aid" Harry said. "If we knew some basic stuff, then it would help to keep people in the hospital wing down and keep as many people as possible in the fight" and Pomfrey agreed that she would teach the group basic first aid when Harry thought they could spare the time.

"What are these?" asked Lupin. The Professor was looking at a row of pegs that had things on them.

"They are headsets that the twins have charmed to work inside the grounds" Harry said, and he called for his broom. "I'll prove it to you"

he added, and after giving one to Lupin and one for himself, Harry flew out of a window and hovered around fifty feet away.

"I didn't ask him how this works" Lupin said, but he didn't have to worry.

'Hi Professor Lupin. This is your friendly Gryffindor Seeker speaking to you inside your head... and no. You are not going mad!' and Lupin heard Harry laughing on the other end of the connection. He flew back inside and replaced both headsets on their respective pegs.

"If we use these then we can co-ordinate attacks anywhere in the grounds and as far away as Hogsmeade" Harry explained.

"You've thought of everything" Professor Sharpe said.

"I only wish I'd thought of this sooner, because it might have saved Hermione's life" Harry said glumly, then cheered up as he showed them round the rest of the rooms. One contained dummies that were waiting to be used, while another was set up like the front of the Three Broomsticks and a little bit of the street outside.

"When can you start training?" asked McGonagall.

"Tomorrow if you like" Harry replied being serious.

"What will you call your group?" McGonagall wondered. "No doubt you will want to rename it from 'Dumbledore's Army' after all!"

"I didn't think of a name" Harry said, suddenly realising the one thing he had forgotten.

"What about 'Harry's Army'?" suggested Hannah. "It will make Voldemort sit up and take notice that he is facing a strong group, and not some weak bunch of kids" and everyone agreed.

"What about the other two buildings?" Pomfrey said. "One is for studying, but the other is....."

“For me and me alone” Harry interrupted. “I want some place that is quiet” he said.

“Why not use the room of requirement?” asked Susan.

“Because people can ambush me by waiting in the corridor” Harry said.

“But people could get the password and come in the chapel” Neville said, but Harry shook his head.

“That’s the beauty of the place because it has no door” Harry said, then explained that you entered by apparating directly into the chapel.

#

Two months passed and Harry was involved with training the HA. He put in some appearances with the Quidditch team, but it seemed as if he was putting every spare moment into the HA.

“You’re going to burn yourself out” warned Susan.

“Am I?” asked Harry. “All I am doing is to train everyone in order to defeat that bastard” he said.

“I know that, but sometimes you have to just relax” Susan soothed. “You have to do something that relaxes you. Why not read a book or something?” she suggested, but Harry shook his head.

“Sounds like too much work” he replied. He got up from the sofa, and went to look out the window. He watched as the sun went down and reflected its last rays of light onto the surface of the lake, giving the effect of liquid gold. Even after all this time, he still felt guilty about not saving Hermione’s life and it irked him. Tomorrow would be the final Quidditch match of the season for Gryffindor and the team had wondered if Harry was going to play or not. He turned as Hannah came down from his and Neville’s room, carrying a small bundle that clattered loudly. “What you got there?” he asked.

“Top secret” Hannah said, and she left the through the door. Harry looked at Susan, but the other girl looked tight lipped. Clearly she knew something, but wasn’t going to mention what. Harry looked out the window again, then decided to go for a walk.

“You want to come?” he asked Susan who nodded. They ended up underneath the tall beech tree that sat next to the lake. Susan leaned back against the trunk, and watched as Harry looked at the water.

“Galleon for your thoughts” Susan smiled.

“I thought it was a Knut” Harry said absently.

“Share price went up” Susan joked. “But what are you thinking of?” she asked

“I was thinking of the times that Hermione and me would come down here and sit under the tree. We’d often talk about what I would do if I didn’t have to fight Voldemort – one time she tried to get me to think about a family!” and Harry let out a much needed laugh.

“With her?” Susan asked.

“Oh....no. Just with somebody” Harry said. “The problem is that I always knew that I might die in the course of fighting Voldemort, so I never made plans for after Hogwarts – I assumed I’d get killed before then” and Harry fell silent, and returned his gaze towards the water.

“Well you’ve got me and Hannah” Susan said, and she wrapped an arm around him tightly. “You’re not going anywhere” then Susan stopped speaking as she noticed that Harry was crying silently and softly. ‘How can you comfort a person who carries the entire world on their shoulders?’ she wondered.

#

Harry woke the next day and automatically dressed in his Quidditch robes, and walked down for breakfast. It was only after he had his second cup of tea that he figured what was missing – everybody else. His eyes darted towards the large grandfather clock in the corner of

the room and the time made Harry sit up and realise that he had slept in quite a long time over the normal wake up time. Harry finished his tea, then raced around the tower trying to find his broom but he couldn't find it. After his mind told him that Neville had most likely taken it to the changing room with him, Harry raced out the door and along corridors to get to the pitch. Along the way he encountered a Ravenclaw first year hurrying towards the entrance hall doors.

"Going to the match?" he asked, and the first year nodded timidly as she realised that it was the Harry Potter that was talking to her.

"Yes" she squeaked.

"I'm late as well" Harry said, as he could hear the sounds drifting across the grounds.

"I'm not going to make it" the first year said as she had to run just to keep up with Harry.

"Hang on a minute, stop where you are" Harry said, and the Ravenclaw obeyed him without question. Harry backed up a few steps, then broke into a run, picking up the startled girl under his right arm. Her head was facing the right way, and her feet stuck out behind Harry. The combination of Harry and the girl gave the impression of a muggle bomber after dropping one of its load. Harry ran as fast, but gently, as he could and dashed into the Gryffindor changing room.

"You almost missed the start" Parvatti said, then she and the team looked at the Ravenclaw that Harry was putting on her feet.

"Wrong place" Neville told her.

"I picked her up on my way over here. She not going to make it round the stadium and grab a seat is she?" Harry asked as the First year sat on the bench, and tried to go invisible.

"Glad your back" said Dean, shaking Harry's hand.

"Us too" said Seamus, indicating the rest of the team. "Kept referring to the beaters as 'defenders'!" he added shaking his head.

“Has anyone seen my Firebolt?” asked Harry.

“Back at the tower” Neville said.

“Fffffff” Harry began, then saw the first year still sat near him. “Fiddlesticks” he finished. “What am I going to use?” he asked the team. They all pointed to a long and thin bundle that was covered in a simple, plain purple fabric. Harry pulled it off and found the broom underneath fell to the ground. Harry picked it up, but when he looked at it, it wasn’t one of the school brooms. Harry looked at the entire broom, from the tail to the top of the handle. Something looked very familiar about it, but it wasn’t anything that he could put his finger on. As he was about to put it down, to do the team talk, his eyes caught a sight of gold writing on the very top of the handle – and Harry’s mouth opened in pure amazement. The writing read Nimbus 2000 – Harry’s Nimbus had returned.

A/N:

Well I hope you enjoyed this chapter, and a very old friend returns to Harry.

I’m not going to point out what the old friend is, but it was about time Harry had some happiness.

Other things that happen in this chapter include the new buildings, and the use of muggle devices to help combat Voldeshorts.

Reviews, questions and PMs in the normal manner please.

Regards;

Pixel

Chief Repairer – Nimbus Repair Section

Joy And Sadness In The Darkest Of Places

Harry's Nimbus raced round the sky as he put it through various manoeuvres, and Harry was almost as happy as the day he married Susan and Hannah. The only issue he had was that the opposition was riding a Cleansweep Eleven. This was a newer broom than the Nimbus 2000 he flew and Harry had to resort to desperate and barely legal plays to keep up. It was just like the first time he played; the speed, turning circle and reaction time all was familiar to him. After finally getting his mind on the game, he searched the sky to find the Snitch. The game was in full swing below him, and, as he watched, Neville scored a great goal and Harry heard Lupin call the score as 100 – 20 in Gryffindor's favour. Harry was on the lookout for the Snitch, when he saw a flash of gold, and he set off in pursuit, with the Ravenclaw seeker hot on Harry's tail. The chase was unequal on account of Harry's slower broom and the other seeker edged into the lead.

'Time for some Wand-Less magic, I think' Harry said in his mind, and he fixed his gaze on the Snitch as it darted around the stadium. In front, the Ravenclaw seeker came closer to winning the game. 'Accio Snitch' Harry in his mind. The Snitch suddenly turned round and zoomed towards Harry. It sped past the other seeker so fast, the Ravenclaw student had no chance of catching it and it came towards Harry who caught it.

"AND HARRY POTTER CATCHES THE SNITCH AND WINDS BOTH THE GAME AND THE CUP FOR GRYFFINDOR!" Lupin cried, and he happily kept repeating the score until his voice broke up.

"We did it!" cried Parvatti, and she and Lavender kept flying in and out of the rings at the Gryffindor end. Dean and Seamus just looked stunned while Neville looked absolutely delighted to have won something. The last thing he had won for Gryffindor was the House Cup – and he had only lost points since then.

"Well done" McGonagall said, and she carried the Quidditch Cup in her arms. Sharpe conjured a stage in the middle of the pitch and McGonagall stood on it and spoke into a magical microphone. "Congratulations to the Gryffindor team for winning this years cup. I

would ask that the team comes up here to accept the cup” and Harry led the team up the steps – thirty nine to be exact – and they lined up and waited for the award to take place.

“I hate presentations” moaned Harry to Neville.

“Just grin and bear this one” Neville replied. “After all that has happened, we need the good moments” and Harry had to agree. McGonagall called him up and presented him with the trophy, and Harry gave the look that everyone expected him to display. As he held the cup aloft for all to see, Harry caught sight of a bushy haired Gryffindor and he blinked his eyes but the girl had vanished.

‘Now I’m seeing things’ he thought to himself. Harry kept up the face that people had hoped to see, and was as happy as he could be.

#

“Try and be happy” said Hannah as Harry paced round the room.

“I’m sorry, it’s just that I don’t know how to feel” he said. Harry slumped into a chair, and he was in the middle of explaining the reason why he felt so happy, when his vision went black and he suddenly saw through Voldemort’s eyes.

“How is our guest?” asked Voldemort in his normal cold voice.

“He is alive” spat a female voice.

“That is good” Voldemort said. “Have his injuries been healed?”.

“Yes master” a male replied. Harry could tell that he was wearing a cloak with the hood being worn. “I have also used a dampening field to block his magic” and the man bowed. Voldemort was going to say something else, but at that moment he clutched his forehead... “What is the matter, Master?” asked the man

“I can sense Potte....”

“Harry? Wake Up!” Hannah said as she shook her husband by the shoulders.

“Huh?” asked Harry as he came round. As his sense came to him, he found himself on the floor, being helped up by Hannah and Susan.

“You went all funny on us” Susan answered, and Harry suddenly remembered the vision he had. His eyes darted round the room and locked onto Luna.

“I know where your father is” he said, and he jumped up and sat in the chair he had fallen out of. “I was in Voldemort’s mind and I know where he is. Voldemort has left for a while, but we need to go before he comes back” Harry said.

“I’m coming” Luna said at once.

“Same for me” Neville said.

“In for a Knut.....” Susan said. “You can count me in” she added.

“Hannah. I know you want to come, but I don’t want you or the baby hurt” Harry said.

“I know that” Hannah said, “It’s just that I want to do something”.

“You can” Harry said. “Go to McGonagall and tell her that we have left and the reason why. Then go to the Ministry and see Tonks or Moody and say the same thing. Tell them to grab as many Aurors in the Ministry as they can and to follow us to here” Harry said. He grabbed a nearby piece of parchment and a quill and wrote down the location.

“What do I do if I can’t find Tonks or Moody?” Hannah asked, as she slipped the scrap into her robes.

“Find any Auror, and they will do the rest” Harry said. He turned as Neville touched his shoulder.

“Thought you might need these” Neville said, and he handed over Harry’s Sword and Rifle. Harry thanked Neville and shrunk the rifle, and placed it in his pocket. He was about to strap the sword onto his belt, when he lay it out on the table. “Effingo” he said, pointing his wand at the sword, which was still in the scabbard. When Harry had repeated the spell two more times, four identical swords and scabbards lay on the table.

“Are these for us?” asked Susan, as Harry attached the scabbard to her.

“Of course they are” Harry said, putting his own on. “Where we are going, we may have to use non magical ways of fighting, and this is one of the best ways. Accio Rifle Ammunition” the last bit summoned the two bags that had been broken at the Christmas fight.

“Whats the plan then?” Neville asked, as they all got hold of each other.

“We rescue my father” Luna said. “It’s that simple” she added. The way Luna spoke sent a little shiver down Neville’s back.

“Hannah, go and tell McGonagall now” Harry said. After she had hugged and kissed Harry, his wife left the room. “Now it’s our time to do a disappearing trick” he muttered. He concentrated on the building that he knew Luna’s father to be in, and thought exceptionally hard on Apparating. The familiar sensation gripped him, and he left the warmth of the school and was hit by a cold wind.

“Where are we?” asked Susan as she stuck her robes to her body, and performed a warming charm.

“I don’t know” Harry said. “Somewhere in the Midlands” he shouted over the wind. He searched for cover and spotted a rocky outcropping nearby. “THIS WAY!” he shouted, and they followed him to the rocks. Once safely behind them, Harry and Neville cast shield charms on either side of the group while Susan and Luna cast ones to the front and above. Through a gap in the rocks, Harry could see the house Luna’s father was being held in. He studied it for several long seeming seconds, and then turned to the group.

"Let me guess" Susan said, "Theres a million Death Eaters waiting, and we have to get past them all?" and Harry shook his head.

"Nothing like that" he replied. "Theres a cut in the hill side and it is below the level of the house" Harry said. "If we follow the cut, it takes us to the side of the house and we wouldn't be seen" and he finished his first plan of the attack.

"How far is the house from the cut?" asked Neville.

"I'd guess it was around ten or twelve feet" Harry said. "I'll go and measure it for you" he offered, but Neville politely declined the offer.

"I trust you" he said. Neville and Harry looked at the house, and they both thought the same thing.

"Luna?" Harry asked.

"Yes?" she asked dreamily.

"You want to go first?" and the girl nodded. They went slowly to avoid making noise, and they began to get wet from the rain that had begun to pour. They got upto the door, and found it was locked, though a good 'Alohamora' charm did the trick nicely. They moved inside, and held out wands at the ready to attack anybody who came close to them. They stood in a short little corridor and with several doors leading off, and a staircase going down opposite to them.

"What shall we do?" asked Susan.

"We go through each room and clear this floor. This is a two floor building, so we have to find and secure that, before we move up and down" Harry said. The first two rooms they tried contained beds, and the third had a house elf which was hit by four stunners. They waited for Death Eaters to come bursting into the room, but nothing happened.

"That's a relief" Luna said from the doorway.

“Lets get on” Harry hissed. “We don’t have a lot of time”, and they searched the other two doors – both empty.

“I’ve find the stairs going up!” Neville whispered. The stairs where located to the left of those going up, and hidden by a turn in the wall.

“Good work” Harry said. “Now Me and Neville will go forwards, while you two walk backwards and protect out rear” and Susan sniggered.

“I’ll always protect your rear” she giggled softly.

“Now isn’t the time” Harry said. He was so red, the dark staircase didn’t need a ‘Lumos’ charm at all. They slowly made their way up the stairs and had just made it when.....

“Hey!” an angry voice called out. Spells rained onto them, and all four had to cast shield charms so they didn’t get hit.

“Stupidfy!” Harry yelled and he managed to bring down one of the Death Eaters who spun into a wall, a sickening crunch being heard when he hit.

“Diffindo” Neville shouted, and he hit the wand arm of another Death Eater, and the arm came off in a burst of guts and gore. “Take that, bastard!”.

“Language, Neville” Luna admonished. She kept up a shield charm, and moved it around to deflect incoming spells.

“Wingardium Leviosa” Susan said, and she lifted a group of Death Eaters up off the floor, and slammed them into the ceiling. When she let them down, two had oddly positioned necks. Susan clearly didn’t have any qualms on taking lives. After another five minutes they had taken care of them all, and they searched the upper floor for any remaining Death Eaters but found none. What they did find was a large amount of paperwork with plans on upcoming attacks, and also details on safe houses and other such things.

“Grab it all” Harry said urgently. “If we can get this back to Tonks and Moody, then we can do more raids then Fudge and Scrimgeour put

together” and they gathered as much of the stuff they could and burned the unimportant stuff.

“Guess it’s the basement now” Neville said, glancing at Luna.

“Yeah” Harry agreed, and he and Neville led the way down to the ground floor, and they all crouched as low as they could so they couldn’t be seen if anybody happened to be looking upwards. They cut the ‘Lumos’ on their wands, and let their eyes adjust to the darkness and then crept down the remainder of the stairs.

“Close area is clear” Susan whispered.

“Where is my father?” asked Luna quietly. Harry closed his eyes and remained silent for some time.

“This way” he said, pointing to his left. “Neville, draw your sword. When we get Luna's dad out, we’ll be going into a magic dampening field. Just want to be ready for everything” Harry said, and Neville nodded and drew his sword high into the air.

“Which door?” Luna said, her lowered voice seemingly angry. It was understandable when you was within thirty feet of your imprisoned father, but not doing anything at all.

“Voldemort wasn’t that obliging” Harry retorted. In the silence that followed, he thought he heard cracks in the area outside the house, but dismissed it from his mind and the group walked slowly down the stone basement, opening doors and checking what was inside. Luna ended up opening the last door – a large and heavy set oak one.

“DADDY!” she screamed, and she ran into the dirtiest, most foul smelling room that could ever be imagined.

“Luna!” the other three said, and they all skidded into the room to see Luna hugging her father tightly. Susan crossed over and patted her back gently, while Neville stroked her soft blonde hair and muttering soft sayings that Harry couldn’t understand. Harry managed to lean over and get a feel of Mr Lovegood’s neck and to his immense relief found a pulse.

“He’s alive, but he’s not in a good way” Harry said. “Let him have the room to breathe” and Luna was gently peeled away from her father. Harry performed a diagnostic spell on him, and found that he had suffered several broken ribs that had been healed and other such injuries. The biggest loss was the fact he seemed to be suffering from not being fed properly, and the loss of his magic affected him greatly.

“Merlin’s Beard!” Neville exclaimed, and cast a ‘Lumos Maxim’ and it filled the entire room with light, while Susan did a shield charm on the door. Harry and Luna looked to see what had caused Neville's alarm. Mr Lovegood had been chained to the wall by his hands and feet, and a metal binder came round his middle pinning him to the wall.

“Solvo Chains” Harry said, and he carefully cut the chains that bound Luna's dad.

“Harry?” Susan called.

“Yeah?”

“We’ve got company!” she said, and Harry crossed over to the doorway and saw that she was right. Several robed figures came marching down the stairs, and along the corridor.

“We’re trapped” Harry moaned. He looked around the room and took stock of the situation. If you left Luna with her father, then that left him with three fighters – himself, Susan and Neville.

“Whats the plan?” asked Neville, expectant as though he was getting an ice cream.

“We fight them” Harry said simply. “Fight them until we win, or we all die” and the pair nodded at his determination.

“They won’t take me or my daddy!” Luna said determined. “I’ll use the” she paused as she swallowed. “I’ll take both of our lives before they reach us” she said eventually. Then, rather oddly, she laughed lightly. “If we do die, then I’ll take as many as I can before the end” and she hugged her father.

“Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that” Harry thought, then turned as the first of the Death Eaters attacked. They gave as good as they gave, but this seemed to be a rallying place for them, and Harry heard more cracks outside. He was about to use an Unforgivable, when a shout could be heard.

“Aurors have arrived! Leave them here, lets get the Aurors, and come back for these kids” and most of the Death Eaters left to fight the newly arrived Aurors. Even from their underground position, the sound of Moody’s voice could be heard. It gave enough of a distraction for Susan, Neville and Harry to incapacitate the eight remaining Death Eaters, and they managed to get as far as the stairs to get back up, when Harry thought of something.

“Luna, your dad is going to slow us down” he said.

“We’re not leaving him behind!” she replied almost shouting – eyes blazing.

“I’m not saying we will, but can you grab hold of him tightly?” and Luna nodded confused at Harry’s request. “Dobby?” he called, and the elf appeared. “Dobby take Luna and her dad to the hospital wing, BUT DO NOT COME BACK” and Harry pronounced the last few words, as he was afraid the elf would do something dramatic. Dobby nodded, and took Luna and her dad away.

“Thank you” Neville said gratefully. Then nothing was said until they reached the openness of the grounds.

“Glad you decided to make it” Vellouette muttered, and she dodged a rather evil looking spell.

“Had to do some rescuing” Harry said, and then shielded two junior Aurors from attacks from behind.

“You got Xeno out then?” Vellouette asked.

“He’s at Hogwarts” Neville said, and then the three students joined in the attack. It was a no holds bared fight, and at several times, Harry

was nearly hit by the killing curse. When it looked as if magic was only holding for so long, he drew his sword.

“To hell with this!” he shouted, and jumped up from behind the rock he had used as cover, and swung the sword this way and that and dropped many of the enemy. Harry didn’t care if they were injured or dead, only that it wasn’t an Auror. His frenzied mind was fuelled by the purpose of defending Susan from harm, and Harry had taken out most of the attacking forces.

“You can stop now” Susan said in an awe filled voice. Harry stopped looking for targets to see that Aurors were arranging the care of the survivors, but Harry was secretly pleased that the good side was getting priority treatment. In the distance, he heard fighting, then before he could do anything he heard Moody shouting louder than ever before.

“COME YOU YE EVIL BASTARDS! I’LL TAKE YA ALL ON YOU SCUM” and Harry raced round the house to see what was going on, and if he could help the Master Auror. He could hear the fight before he saw that Moody was surrounded by about a dozen or so, and they all had wands pointing at his chest.

“Oh no” Harry moaned.

“If you surrender, then we will make your death almost painless. You were a good sport Alastor Moody, and to fight us was admittedly brave” and Harry was certain that he knew that male voice, but as he watched, Moody dropped his wand to his side and the Death Eaters rushed towards him.

“SEE YOU IN HELL YOU FUCKING BASTARDS!” Moody yelled, and then sent the biggest blasting hex that Harry had ever seen right at the ground. The shockwave from the explosion threw Harry and almost everybody else onto the ground, and the ground heaved and tore itself up as Moody’s spell caused total devastation where he had been. Bodies flew high into the air, and Harry could only watch as grass, soil, bodies, rocks and every other thing imaginable went everywhere. Harry cast a shield charm in front and above him and

headed towards the massive crater in the ground – Nothing remained at the epicentre.

“What happened?” asked Vellouette shocked.

“Moody was surrounded and took the bastards with him” Harry said, tears running down his face. He walked around to see if Moody was alive, but the only person alive was a tall Death Eater who had a long white beard. “Dumbledore” he hissed.

“Come to gloat?” Dumbledore asked as he coughed up blood, splattering the ground around them. “My master will come and save me, and we will defeat you and all your blood traitor friends” and Dumbledore sounded as if he was going to enjoy killing people. Harry went for his sword, but Susan made an attempt to stop him from what she feared he was going to do.

“He has to stand trial for what he has done” she pleaded. The sword was resting with the blade’s point on Dumbledore’s neck.

“That’s too kind for him” Harry said, and he swung the sword in a complete arc, and Dumbledore’s surprised head detached from it’s owners body, and was destroyed by a ‘Diffindo’ from Harry’s wand.

“You shouldn’t have done that” Vellouette said, though not with much conviction.

“Yes I should” Harry said, and then without another word, Harry passed out, and dropped to the ground.

“MEDIC!” Susan and Neville yelled at the top their voices – adding a good ‘Sonus’ to make sure that they could be heard, and sending up red sparks to display their location.

A/N:

A rather short Quidditch match, but I hope you can understand the reasons why!

There are great moments in this chapter, including the moment where Luna's dad is rescued. I have invented a new spell 'Lumos Maxim' I wanted a spell that gave light and Lumos didn't seem good enough.....

Please tell me what you think of this chapter, and of the way some characters die,

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner please.

Regards;

PixelandStephanieForever

Hermione's Return

It was several days after rescuing Luna's dad, and Harry wanted to get away from the school for some time alone. He had attended the memorial service for Moody and Harry had said the right things at the right times. His main problem was the constant stream of owls which carried letters and parcels.

"Where can I go to get away from over five hundred students, staff and assorted magical creatures?" his mind asked. He paused as he searched the outer reaches of memory, and then jumped off his bed. He closed his eyes and thought very hard about a room which had no door, no windows, was filled with dark purple wall hangings, and imagined himself there. When he opened his eyes Harry was standing in the Hermione Jane Granger Memorial Chapel. He made his way to the only piece of furniture in the room – a muggle lounger – and flopped his body down. Harry waved his hand and the room went dark except for the candles. He came here often when he wanted to relax, or just to think about what had happened so far this year. Harry started to cry unashamedly as he thought of Hermione, and how he could have done something to protect her, to save her to do something that would not have got her killed.

"There was nothing you could have done, Harry" Hermione's voice said.

"Great now I'm hearing things" he said aloud.

"Just as long as it's not Parseltounge" Hermione said, laughing. Harry sat up on the lounger and increased the level of light.

"Hermione?" he asked in a wondrous voice.

"That's me" and what appeared to be Hermione moved closer to Harry and sat down on the lounger. When her body touched it, the lounger moved and Harry could tell that there was some form to whatever was sat next to him. Without a word, Hermione held her arms open, and Harry just fell into them. The first thing he noticed was the fact that he didn't pass through her.

“You’re alive?” he whispered.

“Well the jury is still out on that one” Hermione replied. “I was dead, but.... Somebody told me that I could return to help you in the fight against Voldemort”

“Was heaven that bad?” asked Harry, and Hermione laughed.

“Not really, I spent time, if you can call it that, in a massive library. I came because I am your friend and there was no way I could take anymore of that bloody harp playing” Hermione said. She let go of Harry who conjured another lounge and Hermione lay on it.

“You said help me” Harry began, “How can you do that?” he asked.

“You are the only hope of the magical and Wizarding world. If you should fall, then Voldemort will take over. I found out information that will be quite useful to you and the HA” she told him.

“You know about that then?”

“Oh I was able to watch here and there” Hermione joked. “Actually, I was able to visit a few times and influence things now and again” and Harry looked at her shocked.

“So that’s why my nicely secured towel dropped for no reason” he said.

“I can see why Hannah and Susan have almost permanent grins on their faces” Hermione said, and Harry went every shade of colour in both the visible and infra-red spectrums.

“Sorry, Harry” and Hermione did something she never did – giggled. Harry was thoughtful about something, and then smiled. “Whats the matter?” asked Hermione with concern.

“I was thinking that we should tell McGonagall and the others about this information you have” Harry said, and explained the outline of his plan.

"I don't know everything, but I'll tell you everything that I do know" Hermione said. Harry asked her a question concerning the issue of invisibility. "I can go invisible, but why would I want to?" she asked.

"Well theres the fact that you are supposed to be dead, and the fact that people might think you are a Death Eater in disguise using Polyjuice Potion" Harry said, in a near perfect Hermione voice.

"I see your point" Hermione said, then Harry thought of a little problem.

"Can you use your magic?" he asked, and Hermione frowned.

"I don't know if I can" she said, puzzled. "I don't have my wand to try" and Harry passed her his wand then stood at the other end of the room.

"Try lifting me up off the floor" he suggested. "Oh and Hermione?" Harry called.

"Yes, Harry?" she said.

"It's 'LevioSA', not 'LevioSAAAR'" Harry joked.

"I WAS TWELVE" Hermione said indignantly, and Harry followed it up with the knock out blow.

"Just don't put somebody's eye out" and Harry doubled up in laughter.

"Wingardium Leviosa" Hermione said and lifted Harry off his feet. She held him in the air for several seconds, then dropped him to the ground. "That answer you?" she said.

"Yeah" and Harry begun reaching into his robes and searched for something.

"Got an itch I should be concerned about?" Hermione said, and the girl raised an eyebrow.

“Well I just thought that you might want this” Harry replied, and he handed over Hermione's wand.

“Thank you” she said quietly, and Harry held her as she cried for several minutes. He waited until she had finished, then dried her tears with a quick drying charm.

“Now if you can do an invisible trick, we'll go and see McGonagall” Harry said and Hermione nodded and they vanished – Hermione twice.

#

“What is the password?” Harry said.

“Try some Quidditch moves” Hermione's voice said from his left.

“Thanks” Harry said, gratefully. He turned back to the stone statue. “Potter's Missile? Sloth Grip Roll? Wronsky Feint?” but nothing seemed to work. Harry resorted to shoving his wand on the face of the gargoyle and offered to blast it apart if it didn't move aside. The gargoyle decided to not take the chance, and moved, and Harry went up the stairs, and presumably Hermione, and knocked on the door.

“Come in” McGonagall said, and Harry opened the door, then waited several seconds to allow Hermione to enter. Harry sat down on a chair and had the impression of Hermione standing next to him. “What do I owe this pleasure to?” she asked as she put down that day's copy of the Daily Prophet.

“I have information on a possible way to prepare for the final battle” Harry said, and McGonagall leant forward.

“Really?” she asked.

“Yes, but I can not divulge it before Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville get here” Harry said, and he had a message sent to the others and they waited for the four to arrive. When everyone was seated, Harry was asked to tell them where he had got the information from and the source. “From Hermione” he replied.

“From who?” asked Hannah, clearly not believing her ears.

“Hermione told me she knows stuff” Harry said quiet calmly.

“Erm.... Hermione is dead, Harry” Susan said.

“I know that, but she came to me while I was in the chapel” Harry said, and he turned to his left. “Isn’t that right?” he asked the wall.

“Mr Longbottom” McGonagall said slowly, “Would you please go and fetch Madame Pomfrey please?” and Neville nodded as he watched Harry carry out a conversation with the wall. Suddenly he turned and told Neville to wait because Hermione was about to appear to them all.

“He’s lost his mind” Luna whispered.

“I don’t think so!” Hermione laughed, and she suddenly became visible to everyone in the room.

“Miss Granger?” McGonagall exclaimed. The elderly witch fell into her chair wondering if she should take a glass of Firewhiskey.

“In the flesh” Hermione replied brightly.

“But you’re dead” Hannah said.

“Well like Harry’s History of Magic homework from first year, that’s wrong” and the bushy haired girl sat down in the chair that Harry had vacated.

“So..... What is this information you have?” McGonagall enquired. Now that the shock had passed, she decided that she really needed a drink – perhaps she should try some of “Hagrid’s Home Brew”. Certainly the drink needed to be large and strong!

“I have good and bad news” Hermione began. “The good news is that Harry is going to win this war, the bad news is that Voldemort will

take over first before Harry wins” and there was a round of shocked looks.

“And how did you find out this information?” asked Susan.

“He told me” Hermione said, looking at the ceiling.

“He?” asked Neville.

“Yeah, God can not interfere but asked me to tell you all he knows on what is to come” Hermione said.

“And what does God say that we do?” asked Hannah, McGonagall and Luna at the same time.

“Train and train hard” Hermione said. “That’s all I know, or at least all he told me” she added. Harry made for the door, opened it then turned back to the room.

“Well what are you waiting for? God’s a busy man!” and he disappeared out of the door, and began to walk towards the Command Centre.

A/N:

Soooooooooooo Hermione has returned, and seemingly as a real person!

Before you ask, It is the real Hermione but she has gone through things that she isn’t telling anybody except Harry. She has also let slip that she hasn’t experienced time as we do.....

I spent time, if you can call it that

Figure it out yourselves!

The last line is something that only budrick1701-e will get, but apart from that, theres some trivia in here for you. (See Below)

“It’s ‘LevioSA’, not ‘LevioSAAAR’” Harry joked.

“I WAS TWELVE” Hermione said indignantly, and Harry followed it up with the knock out blow.

“Just don’t put somebody’s eye out” and Harry doubled up in laughter.

Guess which book it’s in as a little trivia puzzle for you. Related to this is something that has puzzled some HP fans – Hermione's age in the books and films. For her to be in the same year as Harry and the rest, I would assume that she WAS eleven at the sorting feast, but turned twelve shortly afterwards.

Reviews in the normal manner (though both Pigeon and Owl post is acceptable)

Regards;

Pixel

Dursley Dealings

With nothing better to do, Harry and group trained in their spare time, and managed to fit in some relaxation time when they could. Luna and Susan had begun to plan Harry and Hannah's baby's shower.

"Knowing the number of people that will be coming, we better hold it in the Room of Requirement" Susan said.

"Who is on the list?" Luna asked, looking up from wrapping a small stuffed teddy bear.

"Lets me just say that there's loads" Susan replied. She was about to say more when Harry and Hannah walked into the sitting room. They had been to see Madame Pomfrey for a check-up, and also because Harry wanted some pictures to show Tonks next time they met. Susan quickly hid the lists she had been working on.

"How is the little one?" asked Neville. He was writing a letter to his parents but put it aside as Harry passed him one of the pictures.

"Pomfrey says he's alright" Hannah said. She sat down gently as by now she had just over a month to go before she was due, and the cravings had hit Hannah with a force that had to be reckoned with.

"Have you thought of a name yet?" asked Luna.

"We've come up with a few names" Harry said, then began to list them. "Jean-Luc, Benjamin, Daniel, Rupert, Sirius and James" and Harry went a little quiet on the last two names.

"You're going to use all of them?" asked Susan.

"No stupid" Hannah said, and threw a cushion at her friend. "We're going to pick a name when he's born" and then Hannah resumed eating the large bag of snacks that seemed to follow her round the castle. Actually it did after Harry had charmed the bag to do so.

"Any idea on the date?" Susan said, returning fire as she asked.

"Not really, some time in the summer she thinks" Hannah replied, then yawned as she stood up and stretched. "I'm going to have a nap. Don't wake me unless Voldemort is here and wanting to see my baby's pictures" and Hannah trudged up the stairs slamming the door to the dorm as she did so.

"Are you ready?" asked Harry, and the other three nodded keenly. "I told McGonagall what I'm doing and that you're with me" he went on as he picked up his wand from the coffee table. After putting the sword in its scabbard and attaching it to his belt, he put his wand in to the holster that Tonks had given him and the others after they had rescued Luna's dad. He seemed to be doing fine, though had had a setback when he thought an Apple Pie was actually an attempt to kill him.

"You certain we can apparate into their front room?" Luna asked.

"Very certain" Harry replied, as they snuck quietly out of the tower, and made their way to the grounds.

"Wotcha" Tonks said, as she and two Aurors waited for them. Harry handed over one of the headsets for them to listen into the upcoming confrontation, in order that Tonks and the Aurors knew when to make their appearance.

"Remember to pop in when you hear the key word" Harry said, as a trio of cracks could be heard from behind the Ministry officials. Harry peered round the side of them to see who it was. "Ah, Griphook. I'm glad you could make it before we left" and Griphook shook Harry's hand.

"After what you have done for us this is the least we can do" Griphook said, taking one of the offered headsets.

"And one, two three" Harry said, and they party left for Number 4, Privet Drive. As soon as they could, Tonks, the Aurors and the Goblins hid in the nearby bushes, while Harry, Susan, Luna and Neville completed the short hop into the front room. It caused the occupants to scream in shock, but Harry kept totally calm even with Vernon coming towards him with a look that could melt steel.

"Freak!" he thundered. "Get out of my house!" he added.

"Actually I have a message for you" Harry said, as his robes shifted to show the sword and his wand. Petunia and Dudley whimpered and hid behind the sofa with the TV bearing out loud. It was stopped by Neville blowing it up making all three muggles jump.

"I DON'T HAVE TO TALK TO YOU, YOU ARE A FREAK!" Vernon said, and actually raised a fist to him as if to hit Harry and the others.

"And you" Harry said, and he was really enjoying this next bit, "Are under arrest" and Vernon went super hot red and drew his fist back.

"I'll do it" Susan said.

"Thanks" Harry said, as he was being slowly strangled by his uncle. Luna and Neville tried to use magic, but the blood wards worked against them so they resorted to trying to prise his hands off Harry's neck.

"Babylon" Susan said into the mic on the headphone, "Repeat: Babylon" and Tonks popped into the living room.

"I suggest you unhand him" she said icily, turning her hair a vivid red. The Aurors followed the Minister seconds later. Petunia and Dudley tried to make their escape but got stopped by Vellouette and Rowling, both Aurors wearing full armour.

"That" Griphook said as he came in, "Is an excellent suggestion. It is one I suggest that you follow. I would personally let you go to prison, but my guards have other ideas I fear" he added and clicked his fingers and two Goblins in full armour came in. Each wore goblin armour, swords, a small shield, a knife, another sword and each held a long pike with a mean looking spike on the top. The effect was intimidating to all three Dursley's.

"As my Harry says, you are all under arrest" Tonks said.

“On what charges?” spluttered Vernon. His mind was racing with thoughts of what his work colleagues might say if they found out he had been arrested, or if convicted his pension might be lost. Vellouette and Rowling brought Petunia and Dudley to stand next to Vernon at wand point, and then took up position at the kitchen door and the lounge doors.

“Vernon Dursley, Petunia Dursley and Dudley Dursley, you are under arrest on the following charges: Child Neglect, Child Abuse, Theft, Fraud, Aiding and Abetting a criminal, and the most serious of all charges” Tonks said. The young woman was barely containing the fury that was building inside her.

“And what is that?” asked Petunia.

“You harmed Harry Potter” Griphook finished for Tonks.

“Teaching that..... that freak a lesson in obeying his betters is an offence?” shrilled Petunia. Tonks took some parchment out of her pocket, and signed her name at the bottom of it.

“It just became one” she smiled sweetly and calmly as anybody. “Now for the number of prisoners we have to have some more Aurors – two to a prisoner, but theres none available” Tonks said. She made a great show of patting her robes and pulled out four silver badges. Tonks looked at the teens, “Care to join?” she asked holding them out.

“Yes please” they said simultaneously, and after pinning their badges onto their robes they took the Dursley’s away to Azkaban. Using their connections, Tonks had acquired the use of a muggle police van, and the neighbours watched as the strangely dressed people put them into the van, then drive away in the van and two police cars. The neighbours assumed the reason for the strangely dressed people was down to some Anti-Terror squad, why else would you have such odd looking weapons?

Special Delivery!

It made Harry very happy to see the Dursleys experiencing the same kind of treatment that had been forced to have every year since he was discovered on their doorstep. Tonks had taken one look at Dudley and had him running the Auror running track every day until his trial and at first Dudley refused to do it and had tried to get a feel of Tonks's bottom. He got his hand on her bottom, but was stunned by around thirty stunners – the Aurors and the nearby Ministry officials owed lots to Harry and it was part of repaying an unrepayable debt. The trials had been set for the nearest weekend on account of the number of people who had to be dealt with. Apart from the Dursleys, Umbridge and Draco Malfoy also had to be dealt with, as well as some of the captured Death Eaters. Although he could give evidence on each of these trials, Harry had elected to serve on the jury on account of the fact he wanted to serve the punishments himself, and he took great pride in that.

Harry and the others were enjoying a quiet Friday afternoon after an early end to their Potions lesson. Harry's fell off its stand and spilt the contents into his lap, causing great pain in the middle of his body. After getting treated at the Hospital Wing, Harry had returned to his tower, and had been listening to some music on the WWN. The sun shone into the windows and Harry performed a simple charm that transfigured the glass into the stained type so a very colourful rainbow danced around the room. Hannah was looking out of the window, when there was a loud gushing sound that made everyone sit up and look around.

"Water" Hannah said.

"Water?" asked Harry confused.

"Yes stupid. My waters have broken!" Hannah said, and Harry quickly ran up and after her. The other three ran ahead and cleared the corridors of students by pushing them out of the way, as Harry towed the levitated Hannah towards the Hospital Wing. The doors actually survived Harry's wandless shove and Pomfrey came scurrying out of her office.

“What is going on?” she asked.

“My waters have broken” Hannah said, as Harry put her gently onto the nearest bed.

“Oh my” Pomfrey said. “It’s been a long time since I helped bring a life into the world, it makes a change from having to watch them leave” and she pulled the curtains around the bed, cutting Harry’s view out.

“How is Hannah?” asked Luna when the others arrived.

“Don’t know” Harry said. “Pomfrey just closed the curtains and put up a silencing charm” and he hoped everything was alright.

He looked at the doorway and saw that Professors McGonagall, Lupin, Sharpe, Flitwick, Hagrid, Sprout, Dobby, Ernie McMillan, Justin Finch Fletchly and several other students who had followed the teachers. The moment the Professors, Dobby and the two Hufflepuffs passed through the doors, Neville shut them tightly. There followed several long hours of waiting interspersed with periods of pacing up and down the rows of beds. The silencing wards had long since been broken by Hannah's screaming, and it left Harry wondering what the heck was going on and if all was well. The twins came in at four hours into the labour with a large bag that sounded as if it had a lot of money inside, leading them to suspect they had started a betting pool on when the baby would be born.

“Care to place your bets?” Fred asked as he looked at the assembled people. Everybody put on a bet, including Dobby and Harry, and the only ones who had not put on a bet was McGonagall.

“I’m not a betting woman” she protested.

“Ah but you once bet that Harry wouldn’t survive another encounter with Voldemort, but he survived” George countered. McGonagall looked at the others and decided that surrender would be the best option.

“Oh very well” she said, “Put me down for 8.15pm today” and handed over two Galleons.

“Thank you” the twins chorused, and George took the money while Fred noted down the time. Everybody waited for something to happen, and Harry resumed his pacing, but this time didn’t stop and only went around people who got in his way. As the sun set golden rays shone over the grounds and everything it touched turned to gold.

“!” came the biggest scream, and Harry turned from where he had stopped in his pacing (Pomfrey’s office), and ran towards the bed containing Hannah, blasting the curtains away and sending them flying away. Hannah was propped up in bed, was drinking from a very large bottle of Pepper-Up Potion, while Pomfrey was fussing over a small blanket. She turned to Harry and presented him with a very fit, very loud baby boy.

“Congratulations..... Harry” she said, and Pomfrey handed over the baby and Harry took a careful hold of his first born child. The others craned their necks to see the baby, but those who couldn’t, could certainly hear the noise it was making. Harry looked into the screwed up arms of his son, and decided that nothing could go wrong at all tonight. Take on 10,000 death eaters armed with only a cheese sandwich?, not a problem! Challenge Voldemort to an arm wrestling contest and win? EASY! He was so proud of Hannah for giving him the gift of a child, and he glanced down to look at Hannah and asked her the question everyone wanted to know.

“What shall we call him?” he asked. Hannah thought of the answer for a very long time, so long that Harry thought she might have gone to sleep. “He has to have a name” Harry said gently, and Hannah made up her mind.

“I have it” she replied at last. “Say hello to James Sirius Potter” and Harry’s eyes went a little damp round the edges as he thought of the two names.

“Hello James” Harry said, as he made shushing noises and gently rocked the baby, “I’m your daddy, and I’m going to pass you to your

mummy now” and Harry bent down slowly, and passed James to Hannah.

“I expect he’s hungry” she said, and Harry turned towards the others.

“Everybody out!” he said, and he and Pomfrey cleared the Hospital Wing of all who was not related to the family – Susan staying inside of course. As he closed the doors, Harry heard two very funny exchanges. The first was between the twins and McGonagall.

“You win” George muttered handing over the bag of coins.

“I’ve won?” she exclaimed in surprise.

“Right” said Fred. “Thirty Five Galleons, two Sickles and one Knut”

“I believe the muggle term” McGonagall said as she pocketed the coins, “is ‘Come to Momma’” and she left behind a group of laughing people.

The other was something Luna said to Neville.

“Neville Longbottom” she said, grabbing his arm and dragging him along the corridor, “My! Room! Now!” and Luna dragged Neville away.

A/N:

Well what can I say?

After all that has taken place, Harry deserves some good in his life, and look what he got!

You know what?..... Just enjoy the bloody chapter, and send your reviews..... Quite frankly after working on this, ch 53 and ch54 for a total of thirteen long hours with only four breaks..... I can not be bothered with people who send me bad reviews.

Although if our old buddy Dragon Symphony comes back... I might just give him war.

Regards;

Pixel

Nothing Doing

It was a very reluctant Harry who was dragged away from Hannah's and his son's bedside. He had the biggest smile on his face which, if tapped, could well have powered all the magical items in the castle and a fifty mile radius. Harry couldn't sleep that night and as a result, he was the first to read the Daily Prophet the next morning. As could be expected, the headlines on it, and the others, bore news on Harry and Hannah.

BOY WHO LIVES HAS A BOY

Sources close to Harry Potter have revealed that he and one of his wives have had a baby boy last night. The source – who asked not to be named – told the Prophet that it was healthy and very much taking after Harry Potter. The parents have named the boy James Sirius Potter after Harry's father and most interestingly also after the late Sirius Black, who was recently cleared of all charges that had been brought against him.

No official statement has been released by Mr and Mrs and Mrs Potter, but we would expect one today with all the relevant details in tonight Evening Prophet.

The paper went on to describe several other news worthy items, but Harry was puzzled by one thing: who had revealed the birth? He could trust Ernie and Justin, the Professors and Pomfrey. Susan, Luna and Neville's secrecy was beyond question, as was the twins's, so he had to assume that somebody had snuck in using an Invisibility cloak. Harry was determined to put a stop to the press always finding ways into his private life and Harry decided to put a total and complete stop to it. He had a quick trip to the Ministry, and met with Radcliffe and Grint. The two Aurors passed on their congratulations, and then asked what Harry wanted to do.

"I own the building that that bloody paper is in, as well as the paper itself" Harry said, then explained what he called 'OPERATION SILENCE' and the two Aurors agreed to accompany Harry to the Prophet's offices.

#

"Mr Potter" greeted the witch on reception. "What can I do for you today?" she asked.

"Is the editor in?" Harry enquired, keeping his face as straight as possible.

"Yes, she is" the witch said, then blanched as she saw the two Aurors.

"Thank You" Harry said, and he breezed past her with the Aurors following closely. He asked for the editors office, then burst in with the door slamming open and Harry saw a very familiar person sitting in the chair.

"Hello Harry" Rita greeted, and went for her new Kwik-Quotes quill, but it was blown up by a pissed off Harry.

"Since when did you become the editor?" he hissed.

"The last editor was arrested and killed for being a Death Eater" Rita said. "Now what can I do for you?" she asked. Harry told her to get the senior editing staff and in a few moments the office was full of staff.

"Now this morning you have printed a story that has invaded my privacy, and that of my family. I want to know the name of your source" Harry said, hand resting on wand.

"I'm afraid we can not reveal the name, as per our agreement" Rita said, then frowned as Harry smiled brightly.

"I knew you would say that" and he turned to the two Aurors behind him. "As owner of this property, I wish for you to have all the staff leave as I am closing this building. As owner of this paper, I wish for you to shut it down, and to confiscate any and all equipment that was used to invade my family's privacy" and Rita went shades of red and purple.

"You can't do that" Rita screeched.

“Aurors? Please carry out my instructions that you have heard. If anybody resists, you have my permission to shoot them” Harry said, then flicked his wand and tossed Rita out of her chair, sat in it himself, and put up his feet as he watched the Aurors removed all the staff and equipment. ‘I love being me at times’ he thought.

#

News of Harry’s dawn raid went right through the Wizarding world, and quite a few people held impromptu parties at the ‘Prophet’s’ downfall. Luna was happy as it meant that people now read the ‘Quibbler’ more now than ever. Harry had simply apparated from the offices right back to the hospital wing, (once again beating the Anti-Apparition shields), and arrived just as Hannah was finished with feeding James Sirius. She looked at him with a positive glow around her, and Harry hugged her tightly.

“We did it” she said into Harry’s neck.

“You did all the hard work” he replied, and Hannah laughed.

“We became a family. I hope I’ll be a good mother” she said, hot tears rolling off her eyes and down Harry’s neck and back.

“I know you will” Harry said, and he let go of his wife, and picked up his son. “Hello there” he said quietly, “I’m your daddy remember?” but James was asleep. Harry had never been so proud before. Winning the Quidditch cup, beating Voldemort on more than one occasion.

“Thought I would have seen you here by now” Pomfrey said, and she came out of her office to check on her newest patient. “Just promise me one thing” she said, half begging.

“What?” said husband and wife.

“Don’t get him into as many scrapes” Pomfrey said chuckling.

“That is his concern when he comes here” Harry said.

"If he is as bad as you are, Mr Potter, I'm taking early retirement!" Pomfrey said, and then started to perform tests on baby James.

#

Hannah and James got the clear from Pomfrey to leave the hospital wing, and together they walked through the corridors back towards their tower. The news had reached all parts of the school and students from all houses (Slytherins included) paused to look at the sight of the family walking around, and stopped to add their congratulations. It took longer then normal to return, but make it they did and the room was filled with all sorts of baby things. Blankets, toys, mobiles, clothes and all other kinds of items had been stacked along the back wall of the sitting room. A lot of their friends stood waiting for them to come in, and they all smiled as they saw James.

"He is so cute!" Tonks said. For some reason her hair was as black as ebony, and skin as white as snow.

"I can not wait for him to attend Hogwarts" McGonagall said. "No doubt" she added, eyeing Harry, "He'll be continuing the family tradition of causing mischief?" and Harry nodded. "I resign!" McGonagall said, throwing her arms up in the air.

"Great. Now we have to look for a new Head" Harry said jokingly.

"This is for the little one" Fred said, and the twins handed over a small thin package. After getting it unwrapped, Harry looked at the tiny broomstick he held in his hands. James woke up at this moment in time, but the little newborn didn't cry at all but gurgled and bubbled. After an hour or so, Hannah said she felt tired and everybody left to get on with the work they had to do. With Neville's help Harry got the cot lifted up to the girl's dorm, and set it up along with some of the blankets that they had been given – coloured of course in the house colours of Gryffindor and Hufflepuff. The pillow was a combination of the two house's colours.

"So what did you and Luna do last night?" Harry asked slyly to Neville.

“We went and did some painting” Neville replied. “What the hell did you think we did?” he added pointedly going bright red.

“Go Neville!” Harry said, and commenced in the dance he used when he won Quidditch games.

“Shut up” Neville said, throwing a pillow from Hannah's bed at Harry and for once the Seeker trained boy's reflexes failed him and he received a direct hit on his head. After returning fire the pair returned to the sitting room and Harry held James while Hannah went upstairs to have a shower and a change of clothes. Susan was looking out of the window when she saw them coming.

“Incoming Owls” she said, and opened the window to allow them entry. The Owls came swooping in through the window and delivered letters from various fans of Harry's. Susan, Luna and Neville sorted them out in to piles, then through them into the fire.

“I don't have to have that” Harry said as he watched the letters crumple and burn up.

“Not now that you have me and Hannah and James” Susan said as she took her turn to hold him – the baby and not Harry. Harry waited till Hannah came back downstairs before telling them all about his early morning raid with the Aurors. As he finished, Hedwig came down and delivered a message to him. He took the letter out the leather pouch and gave the Owl a few treats. After a ruffling of her feathers, she flew to the Owlry to sleep.

“What does it say?” Hannah asked, sniffing the air for something she couldn't figure out.

“The trials of my relatives is this morning” Harry said, “Followed by the ones for Malfoy and the two surviving Death Eaters. She said I will have to attend for the ones concerning me, but I'm going to stay on for the ones with Malfoy and his friends” and he suddenly thought of something. “You two will have to come as well as he tried to attack you and you witnessed the Dark Mark on his arm”.

“Well lets go drop my little one off at my parents house, and then we can pop over to the Ministry” Hannah said. “Don’t worry Harry, they already know about James. I had Dobby give them the news” as Harry’s face went into total meltdown at the thought of him not telling Hannah's parents.

“That’s a relief” he said as he calmed down.

“Shall we go then?” Hannah said, and as quickly as that they left for the Ministry.

A/N:

Well this is the last chapter for a while. On the advice of my doctor, (Dr Budrick1701e), I am having some time off from writing fanfics. But don’t worry, I’ll be thinking of keeping the old girl ready to roll.

For those of you who do not know, I have added two new one shot fics and completed my Star Trek Voyager one.

[.net/s/4074864/1/Children_in_Charge](#)

[.net/s/4841636/1/Sonic_Saves_The_Day](#)

[/s/4841631/1/Eponine’s_Journey](#)

I really hope that you will take the time to read them, and leave reviews. I will still reply to all Reviews and PMs that are sent to me:- I just will not be writing any fanfics. If you want to have a convo with me then I can be reached at the following address: voyager78906(AT).uk.

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner please:

Pixel

Ghost Of A Chance

The ghost wondered round the castle, looking around as she did so at the student's surprised looks. It wasn't often she went round the castle on a walking tour, not since she had caught Professor Babbage in a closet with the Head Boy almost fifteen years ago when Babbage was still a student. The ghost giggled as she remembered the incident – the male hadn't been called the Head Boy for nothing! The ghost made her way towards the tower she had heard Harry Potter was living in, and hoped to make it before he left for what ever he was doing today. The rather young, (relatively speaking), ghost of a witch had heard he had had a baby with one of his wives, and wanted to be the first of the school ghosts to congratulate him and his wife on the happy event. There was another reason why she wanted to speak to him, and it was something that Hermione and herself had talked about a lot over the last few days. The problem came when she discovered that Harry and his family and friends had departed for the Ministry, so she headed for Professor McGonagall's transfiguration office.

"Good Morning, Myrtle" McGonagall said, putting down her copy of the Quibbler, and sounding surprised that Myrtle had left her toilet.

"I need to talk to Harry Potter" Myrtle said, trying to look as normal as she could.

"Mr Potter has gone to the Ministry of Magic, and will not be back for some time" McGonagall said. "May I know what you want to talk to him about?" she asked.

"I think the he, his family and friends are in danger" Myrtle said. Myrtle was thinking that McGonagall didn't believe her at all.

"I think that he has all of the protection the Ministry has to offer, and then some more" McGonagall said.

"I mean it, Professor" Myrtle said.

"I can assure you that the Potters, Miss Lovegood and Mr Longbottom are well capable of defending themselves, that is to say if

the Aurors are otherwise busy” McGonagall said, and she began to get ready for the Catch-Up class she was teaching for the fifth years – the students arriving while the teacher and ghost had been speaking.

“Are you certain of that?” snorted Myrtle. “It wouldn’t be the first time that the Hogwarts headteacher got that wrong about students or about people in general” she added, adding infection in her voice that indicated the faith she had in that statement.

“If you are concerned about the safety of the Potters, Miss Lovegood and Mr Longbottom, then I will increase the wards around the school when they get back” McGonagall said. The witch was amazed that Myrtle seemed to believe she wasn’t taking this situation seriously enough. The students had all seated themselves and waited for the lesson to begin, and McGonagall decided that it would be a good time to end the talk. “I promise to talk to them myself” she said, trying to reassure the ghost.

“THAT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH MINERVA MCGONAGALL!” Myrtle yelled, then turned and floated out of the door, going right through two students as she did so. Myrtle was furious with McGonagall for not acting on her warning, and the ghost floated very fast through the corridors and halls looking for a certain fellow ghost. She found him bobbing up and down writing obscenities outside the Hospital Wing, and Myrtle shook her head in wonder at the antics of the other ghost.

“The world has ended!” laughed Peeves. “Myrtle has left her bathroom” and Peeves spun several times in the air.

“This isn’t the time to mess around, Peeves” Myrtle said, angrily. Peeves stopped spinning in the air. He had never heard Myrtle speak to him like that before, so it had to be important.

“What is going on?” he asked. When needed, the poltergeist could be serious – when needs and the time demanded.

“Harry Potter is in severe danger” she told him.

“He is always in danger, that one” Peeves said beginning to chuckle, but stopping when he saw the look on Myrtle’s face. “I’m assuming that you don’t mean by students” he said.

“The one he is in danger from is the same one that killed me fifty years ago” Myrtle said plainly.

“Riddle” Peeves said simply.

“Yes” Myrtle agreed, “Him” and Myrtle’s face went clouded as she thought of the moment she had been killed.

“But I’ve seen him fight” Peeves said thoughtfully, and floated down to the ground and “sat” on the floor. “Harry can give as good as he gets” Peeves was that confidant of Harry’s ability, but looked up at Myrtle who was shaking her head.

“It’s not Harry, his wives or his two friends he is going to attack” Myrtle said shortly. This made the school’s resident prankster rise quickly back into the air in a blurred motion.

“If it isn’t those five, then who is it going to be?” asked the poltergeist, clearly puzzled.

“What else has happened over the last few days?” Myrtle asked, and she looked straight at the ghost facing her.

“Potter had a boy....” Peeves’s voice trailed off as he hit the spot dead on. “Voldemort is going after the baby, isn’t he?” he whispered the question and Myrtle nodded.

“We have to warn him, but they are all at the Ministry” Myrtle said. “Theres only one way we can get to him in time, I hope” and Peeves knew what she meant.

“We have to use the network” he said, and together the two ghosts left to try and find Nick, the Fat Friar and the Grey Lady and they both shared the hope that they could get there in time.

Heart Breaking

Harry and the others stopped at Hannah's parents to drop off James, and both her mother and father said he looked the cutest baby after Hannah, (causing her to blush). The group made the short trip over to the Ministry where Tonks herself met them and took them to her office to wait. Harry was taken to a little side office and asked to wait there for Tonks to come and have a word with him. Harry was beginning to wonder if there was a problem with the trial on some point, when Tonks came in followed by Vellouette Harrison, both with serious looks on their faces.

"Whats wrong?" asked Harry concern filling his voice. "Is Voldemort attacking?" he asked.

"Nothing like that" Vellouette said.

"The chief witch has quiet the panel, and nobody wishes to take up the big Chief's place" Tonks added.

"Well can't you just go down and assign the place to the next ranking member?" Harry asked, puzzled as to why he had been taken to one side.

"It doesn't work like that" Tonks said, then launched into an explanation that, should this happen, then it would go to the next ranking house – normally the head of house.

"So who is the unlucky bugger then?" Harry asked, though his mind was beginning to form the idea already.

"The next senior house is the House of....."

"Don't tell me" Harry interrupted.

".....Potter" Tonks finished, and shook her head at her friend. "I'm afraid that you just became the most powerful good magical person in Britain" and Vellouette put a call through to the first aid room for a Restoring Potion, on account that Harry was now doing impressions of a goldfish.

#

“So we have four out of five” Myrtle said as the ghosts floated round the bend in the corridor. “Where can we find the Grey Lady?” she asked the others. “All she does is either float around or write letters every day” she added.

“We tried the Ravenclaw common room and most of the classrooms, the towers and the kitchens” Peeves said. “Though she could be inside the walls if she wanted to be on her own” he added as a thought. Peeves had changed over the last year or so, and though he still played many pranks, he had on one occasion stopped one from going to far.

“How do you know that?” asked Nick as they headed up the ceiling and along the next corridor.

“That’s private!” Peeves said angrily.

“Fine, don’t blow your remaining energy at me” Nearly Headless Nick replied, then he floated a little further ahead and could be heard muttering about poltergeists.

“Don’t worry about Nick” the fat Friar advised Peeves. “He sounds just like Robin did when I was still alive” and Peeves looked at the ghost of a monk with puzzlement on his face.

“Robin who?”

“Why, Robin Hood of course!” chuckled the monk, and headed towards Nick. Sir Nicholas was almost always kind hearted, but was known to be testy around Peeves.

“Found her!” called Myrtle, and waved her arm out of a nearby wall. The other three floated through the wall and bobbed up and down in the classroom used by Flitwick when he did bigger examples of Charm work.

“Can I help?” asked the Grey Lady.

“Harry Potter is in danger, and nobody believes me” Myrtle said calmly. “I tried talking to Professor McGonagall but she thinks he will be alright while he is at the Ministry” but the Grey Lady could tell that Myrtle didn’t believe that for one moment at all.

“The fact of the matter is that Harry and his wives are not the targets. It is his son” Nick said.

“If there is danger, then why not tell him directly?” the Grey Lady replied, and Myrtle had the feeling she was being looked right through, (not surprising as she was a ghost as well).

“We need to use the network, but it has been a long time since I have left the castle” Myrtle said.

“You wish to leave the castle?” the older ghost asked, and the other four nodded – Nick carefully. “I will tell you how to get to the Ministry, but I will not leave here myself” and the Grey Lady. Nick was the one to tell her the news concerning her house.

“Luna Lovegood has also gone to the Ministry” Nick informed her, and the Grey Lady smiled.

“Why didn’t you say so?” she enquired, and the newly added member of the group zoomed off with the others following closely. It was not uncommon to see two of the school ghosts in company but to see five of them with anxious and serious looks on their faces was something nobody had seen before. The shocking thing (though nobody knew it at the time), was that for one of them, it would be the last time they glided through the corridors of Hogwarts.

#

After being fully restored, Harry was briefed on what the Chief Warlock had to do when sitting in on a trial. It took several goes at explaining it, but Harry got the jist of it and so it was that Harry was sitting in the second most powerful seat in Britain. Harry had performed a silent sticking charm on his knees so they didn’t bang together and took a deep breath.

"Bring in the accused persons" he called, and the Aurors brought in the prisoners. It had already been decided that because they faced similar charges it would be better and save time for them to try them all together. Harry faced the prisoners and spoke for the first time as Chief Warlock. "You four are charged with the following crimes: Repeated use of Unforgivables, torture, theft, robbery, murder, rape, having membership of a banned group and destruction of public property and being a public nuisance. As for the other nine thousand and one charges, they have been dismissed as being not worthy of this court" Harry said, noting that none of the four people before him seemed to have asked for a Legal-Wizard.

"You can't try us" Malfoy said. "You don't have the spine to convict us" he spat at the floor.

"I'll charge you with that as well" Harry smiled as two Aurors moved up to stand next to Malfoy.

"If you're trying us, then where is Flint?" Malfoy demanded.

"Marcus Flint has already pleaded guilty to all the charges against him, and has been remanded into the custody of the Auror Corps while he provides us with information. I must say" Harry said, "that the information he told us about you was very interesting to say the least" and Malfoy was suitably cowed. "Do you, or any of your co-defendants, have anything to say? I understand that you have all decided to forego representation so we will have a break in order to determine what you will do" Harry said. He turned to the Aurors who stood at the edge of the room. "Keep them in here. You may shoot them if they try to escape or make any other motion apart from stretching their legs" and Harry got up and left the room and the rest of the Wizandgamot followed him into the room where they began to talk about the best choice to punish the accused. Susan joined him in her capacity as the Head of the Bones family.

"What are we going with them?" asked a tall black haired witch.

"Well I don't know really" Harry said, "That's for you to decide. Guilty or Not Guilty?" he asked the room at large. "What I have to think of is

how to punish them. I'll let you begin talking amongst yourselves" and Harry put his head down on the table and thought hard about what he was going to have to do in a matter of minutes or hours. It unnerved him that he had the power of life and death over others, though he had had a few times when that had occurred. Harry lost the sense of time when Susan nudged him awake.

"Time to wake up" she giggled softly.

"Sorry" Harry said, and picked his head up off the table to the laughter of the other council members. He rubbed his eyes, and looked around the table at the faces looking at him. "Guess that you're all ready, huh?" he asked.

"We better get back into the courtroom" Susan said, and they all headed back to the waiting courtroom.

"Is it always this tiring?" asked Harry.

"Oh, but of course it is" replied a short wizard sarcastically.

"Just what I need" Harry said shaking his head. They took up their seats in the courtroom and Harry brought the proceedings to order.

"So, you're going to send us to our deaths?" asked Umbridge, with that normal sing song voice with the childish lilt to it. Harry ignored them and turned towards the foreperson of the jury.

"Have you made your decision?" he asked.

"We have - Guilty" said the short wizard, "It was decided by a majority" and Harry thanked him for their help.

"Delores Jane Umbridge, Gordon Brown, Tony Blair and Draco Malfoy. You have been convicted by a jury of your peers and found guilty on all charges. As the Chief Warlock, I will now pass sentence. Delores Jane Umbridge – I sentence you to twenty five years in Azkaban, and you must serve at least fifteen of them in order for you to be eligible for parole" and Harry motioned for the Aurors to take Umbridge away. She was kicking and screaming so much that she

broke out of her bindings and made her escape, only to be stopped by Neville who simply stunned her. She was dragged silently from the room.

“Impressive” said a voice in the crowd, and resulted in laughs all round. Harry turned his attention to the remaining three defendants.

“Gordon Brown and Tony Blair. You have been sentenced by a jury of your peers. As the Chief Warlock, I sentence you both to fifty years in Azkaban.....each. You may be released after the end of your residence in Azkaban” Harry said, hoping his knees would stop shaking. The Aurors took the pair away which left Draco all alone – the boy looking very pale.

“Just get on with it” he said.

“Draco Malfoy. You have been sentenced by a jury of your peers. As the Chief Warlock, I sentence you to five years on each of the charges” Harry began, and the section of the public gallery which was comprised of Hogwarts student – new and old – burst into joyful glees of happiness. “However” Harry started to speak again, “However, the sentence is reduced to a fine of One Hundred Thousand Galleons. This is on the condition that you tell the Ministry everything you know about Death Eater plots, strength and membership details as far as you know” and Draco seemed to regain some colour.

“You’re showing me mercy after what I did to you?” Draco said.

“It’s a weakness of mine” Harry answered, “Marriage agrees with me” he added. “So.....” Harry narrowed his eyes at Draco, “Shall I send you to Azkaban? Or will you take the fine?” he asked.

“I’ll take the fine” Draco said quickly, and Harry nodded at the Aurors who removed the bindings.

“As the last remaining member of the House of Malfoy, you are now its head. You will be taken to a meeting with your house’s account manager to discuss what you must do and on how to pay the fine. If you give your word of honour, then you will get back your wand, or be given a new one if it has been destroyed” Harry paused for breath,

then dismissed the court as adjourned. Harry met back up with Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville back at Tonks's office where he got asked on how he felt about what he had just gone through. He was about to answer when there was a scuffle outside and raised voices, and five ghosts came floating through the twin doors and the wall.

"Myrtle?" Harry said in total and completely unexpected surprise.

#

The sight of a ghost or two passing through the Ministry was no big deal, but to have five of them in close company was a little different. They stopped at the welcome desk to ask for directions.

"Could you tell us please," the Fat Friar began, "Where the Minister's office is please?" he asked, and the startled witch replied it was on the fifth floor. "Thank you" replied the deceased monk, and the five ghosts rose up into the air and through the ceiling. The only bit of trouble the spirits encountered was when several Aurors tried to prevent them gaining access to the office. Two even brandished wands at them, casting shield charms round the office walls.

"What shall we do know?" asked Myrtle.

"Allow me" Peeves said, and he started to throw items at the Aurors which took them by shock. The ghosts took the chance to drift into the walls. The first person Myrtle was Harry.

"Myrtle? He asked in total and complete surprise.

#

"Harry!" Myrtle said almost falling out of the air. "I'm glad you are still here" she said completely excited.

"What is going on?" asked Hannah.

"We have important news" Myrtle said. "Voldemort is going to make an attack on your son" Myrtle said with as much of a serious face as Harry could remember ever having seen on her. The other ghosts

behind her, one for each of the three houses and Peeves, nodded eagerly. Just as Myrtle finished talking, Rowling came bursting into the office completely exhausted from running so fast.

"There has been a Death Eater attack" Rowling said, panting heavily.

"Where?" Hannah asked slowly.

"17 Baker Street" Rowling got out, and Harry pushed a chair under the Auror before she collapsed. Hannah jumped to her feet and made for the door.

"We have to go and save James and my parents" she said, but Rowling's voice stopped Hannah in her tracks.

"There's no point. They sent fire into the house, and then sealed the windows and doors so nobody could get out. "Then when the fire took hold, the bastards cast Blasting spells at the entire building." Rowling paused.

"What then.....?" asked Harry quietly.

"The house was obliterated" Rowling said, everybody's faces dropped and Peeves and Nick removed their hats.

#

"Is the job done?" asked Voldemort.

"Yes master" answered the woman.

"Survivors?" Voldemort enquired.

"None. As your orders said, we completely destroyed the house and killed everyone inside" the woman crackled. "Including that Mudblood baby of Potters" she added.

"Well Done, Bella" Voldemort said

A/N:

Not a lot to say as the chapter says it all. A big shout out to micheal100c who broke the 400 mark on reviews for this fic.

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner please.

Regards;

Pixel

Heart Not Broken , Voldemort Attacks

The news that Hannah's parents had been quite possibly killed, made the entire Auror Corps go nuts. Every single man and woman in the Corps pulled on armour, and joined Harry and the others as they headed towards 17 Baker Street. It was one thing to piss off a member of the Auror Corps, but to piss off or harm a person connected with Harry Potter was a big no no. The grand total of people who arrived at Hannah's Parents house was around seventy five. The news had got to some of the off Duty Ministry officials as well. The house was completely destroyed and the ruins smoked and spat small flurries of fire and dust clouds rose from the devastated building and the Aurors kept the crowds of onlookers away while they went through the process of investigating. Hannah just buried her face into Harry's shoulder until she heard a familiar set of voices protesting loudly.

"Mum? Dad? JJJJAAAAMESS?" she screamed and ran over to them. Where did you go?" she asked as she hugged them both then took James into her arms.

"We went out to the shops for a bit. We had some decorators inside" Hannah's mother said.

"Harry!" Myrtle said.

"Yeah, Myrtle?" Harry said as he watched the reunion take place.

"As much as I am happy for you, you have to get back to Hogwarts" the ghost said as she gazed at Hannah.

"Why?" asked Harry. He felt the dreading feeling he always did under the circumstances.

"Voldemort is attacking!" and Harry could tell Myrtle was perfectly serious.

Holding The Line

Harry, Hannah (after passing back James to her mother), Susan, Neville, Luna, Tonks and almost all of the Aurors apparated directly to the gates of Hogwarts. The moment, they got their bearings, the massive group headed for the castle, casting shield charms over themselves. Thanking Merlin, everyone managed to get into the School, and the students, and the Ministry officials ran up to the command centre.

“Harry!” Hermione said, running over and shoving the headsets into the new arrivals hands. Harry put his on, and clicked it on but turned down the sound.

“What happened?” he asked quickly.

“Voldemort showed up at the gates and killed the two Aurors on duty there. A second year saw the thing and ran and alerted the teachers, but Voldemort brought all of his Death Eaters and Werewolves with him. We handed out the headsets out to the members of the HA, and to the Quidditch team members” Hermione explained. “We’ve formed squadrons of flyers to attack everywhere like muggle fighter aircraft, one person flies with another acting as a tail gunner” she added.

“What are the casualties so far?” Harry asked as Tonks passed out the remaining headsets to the Aurors.

“Three dead” McGonagall said, “Ten severely wounded, and six who are under heavy stun. There are others, but they got treated using that First Aid idea of yours. Those people are in one of the training rooms where they can get some rest” she finished and turned back to the large plotting table in the middle of the room which had various markers pushed around as the latest updates were received by several younger students. Only Professor McGonagall could be seen working with Flitwick, and Harry had to assume that the others were currently occupied with fighting. There was no doubt that Pomfrey was being kept occupied slightly.

“What is the Gryffindor senior team call sign?” Harry shouted to the room at large, as a large number of reports came in.

“Call them with ‘Rogue’” came Rafael’s voice from the corridor leading to the training rooms. He had a large bandage round his head which was stained red with blood.

“You alright?” Harry asked.

“Got hit by a large rock” Rafael joked, “Bastard who sent it didn’t get up again. He’s under the guard of the Goblins” he chuckled. “That’s where we are sending all the ones we capture” and he stopped talking to help five students who came in with various injuries. Harry turned to the others, but Tonks and the Aurors had left the command centre and he could hear them joining in the fight.

“Hannah, Susan? I know you want to fight, but you are both know more about healing than I do, so stay here and help the injured who come here. Luna and Neville. I want you two to get down to the kitchens and grab as many house elves as you can, and order them to bring food and drink up here. After that... go to the Slytherins and see any of them want to fight and regain freedom” and everybody accepted Harry’s instructions without questions. “Where are my team?” he asked a first year.

“Over here, sir!” the girl squeaked, pointing at a spot to the south of the castle which was pretty light on the fighting side.

“Thanks. And it’s Harry” he said.

“Yes sir” the girl said, and Harry chuckled as he moved to look at the map closer.

“Rogue Squadron? This is Rogue Leader. Can anybody hear me, over?” he called, and Dean’s voice came over the headset.

“Rogue Four to Rogue Leader. Glad you could join the party, Harry” Dean managed to make himself heard even though he sounded out of breath.

“Better late than never” Harry replied. “How are you doing? Over” he finished.

“Rogue Two bought it. Parvati just didn’t see it in time. Rogue Three was hit, but the tail gunner brought it zooming into the entrance hall. I think Lavender is going to be alright.... I hope. Seamus lost his tail gunner to a heavy stun as he was leaving the ground, and you’ve got Rafael with you” Dean gave him all the information he could.

“Thanks, Rogue Three. Return to base as fast as you can” Harry ordered his team mate.

“Rogue Squadron proceeding with new orders” and Dean signed off the air.

“Where is the main area of fighting?” Harry asked the first year.

“Near the Forbidden Forest, Harry Potter sir” the girl said, and Harry saw lots of markers at that point.

“Which markers are ours?” he enquired as he saw Dean and the others come in for a landing.

“The red markers show the good side, and the blacks the bad” McGonagall said, looking across from her position.

“What are the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw squadrons called?” Harry asked, and McGonagall said that he should try and call them, then walked off to see to the needs of the injured. “This is Harry Potter to the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw squadrons. Can you hear me?” and he got replies from both.

“Guardian Squadron, checking in” came the voice of Terry Boot.

“Warden Squadron – Ernie McMillan here. About bloody time your Gryffindor arse got here. Some of us have had to do some work” Ernie said.

“Ernie? You don’t play Quidditch. What are you doing flying around?” Harry demanded.

“Our captain was killed, but his broom is alright. I’ve taken his place” Ernie’s tiny voice said.

“What do you want us to do?” Terry interrupted.

“Guardian Squadron. I want you to get over to the Forbidden Forest and strafe the enemy once, then fly away back towards the castle. Warden Squadron is to do the same after three seconds interval” Harry said.

“Guardian Squadron is proceeding with orders” Terry said.

“Warden Squadron is following orders” Ernie added.

“We’re back” said Neville and Luna from behind Harry. He turned to see them with most of the Slytherins who had been kept under house arrest.

“We want to help you to fight” several of them said at the same time.

“Can I trust you not to turn over to Voldemort’s side?” Harry asked.

“We took the Dark Mark freely to serve him, but we have realised that we have been totally and utterly wrong about what we have done” said an older Slytherin. “Hogwarts is as much a home to us, as it is to the rest of you. How can we help?” he asked.

“Just get out there and fight. If you see somebody getting injured and they can still move, then bring them back here. If not, then get to the Hospital Wing and see Pomfrey” Harry said. “Where are the Quidditch team members?” he asked, and some of the Slytherins detached from the group and moved forward. Harry summoned brooms for them, and handed them over along with some headsets. “Put these over your heads. If you want to speak just click the little switch on the left side. Now we are using codenames in case any of these sets get captured” Harry said.

“What will we be called?” asked a Slytherin, and Harry noted the respectful tone in their inflection.

"If I am talking to you, then you will hear me call 'Silver Squadron', and that means you lot" Harry said, then numbered the Slytherins one by one. "If I call you by a certain number then that means you" Harry informed them all, then tested them to see if they could work the sets. He gave them all tail gunners and wished them luck. "When you get flying, just hold over the top of this building will you? We need someone as a reserve, and to watch for any sneaky bastards trying to get in. I'm sorry" he added to the first year who was stood next to him.

"That's alright" she said, tapping her headset. "I've been hearing far worse after all" and the room had a burst of much needed laughter.

"All right then!" Harry yelled. "Lets get into the air, and start getting some Death Eater ass" and the Slytherins took to the air as 'Rogue Squadron' came in.

"It's bad, Harry" Dean said. "We made a sweep as we came in and theres shields in place to stop us getting in or out of the grounds, but Voldemort's lot can" he spat bitterly.

"Shite" Harry said. Over his headset, he could hear 'Warden' and 'Guardian' Squadrons attacking their targets.

"Warden Leader attacking target... missed"

"Guardian Leader attacking... got two"

"Warden five to Leader. I've been hit!"

"Leader to five. How bad is it?"

"Five here. Don't know. My broom is flying apart. I'm heading back to the castle as quickly as possible now"

"Leader to Five. Drop low to the ground, and jump if you can't get back in time"

"Five complying.... See you later" and Harry could see one of the brooms descend to the ground and skim the grass.

“Harry!” McGonagall said urgently. “We just heard about noise coming from the forest, though nobody can see anything from the air or the ground” and Harry nodded.

“Withdraw ‘Warden Squadron’, and have them fly around the entire grounds. When they are done with that, have them return to here for rest” Harry ordered, looking at the plotting table. The main areas of fighting seemed to be shaping up near the Green Houses and the Quidditch pitch.

“Right!” McGonagall said, and turned to pass the instructions on.

“Harry” said the first year in front of him.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“We just got reports of people seeing giants in the forest” and Harry invented two new curse words.

“How can we hit giants?” asked Seamus. “By the time we are close enough to hit them we get killed” and Harry glanced at the table again.

“Order ‘Silver Squadron’ to head towards the giants and blast a path, then to do the same on the return trip” Harry said, and summoned both his Nimbus 2000 and his Firebolt towards him.

“What are you doing?” demanded Hannah and Susan at the same time.

“I’m going to take out the giants” Harry said simply.

“How?” asked almost everybody in the room.

“Have ‘Guardian Squadron’ form up and prepare to attack the giants” Harry said, but Luna saw the flaw in his plan.

“But they will be hit by the giants, so how will they get the spells to hit?” Luna asked, as the girl tried to figure out what Harry was talking about.

“They don’t have to, because they will be shooting at me” and Harry flew away out of the opening in one wall. Harry could hear the reports flooding in from the castle and the grounds, and it didn’t seem that good at all. In fact it sounded as if they would either die, or have to surrender – an option Harry was not prepared to entertain. “Rogue Leader to Guardian Squadron. Can you hear me?” he asked the mic.

“Guardian Leader to Rogue Leader. Squadron formed up, and ready to receive orders” Terry Boot’s voice said over the headset. Harry looked over his shoulder to see that ‘Guardian Squadron’ had formed into a line abreast formation behind him.

“We have giants on the edge of the forest, and we need to get rid of them” Harry said. “We can’t get close enough to hit them with spells, so you’ll be aiming at me”

“We’ll be doing what?” Terry stuttered.

“Just send all the blasting hexes you can at me. Concentrate on my broom, and think of blowing that up. The minute you send them, I’ll fly as fast as I can and head towards the giants. When I get close to them, I’ll charm the broom to fly by itself, and bail out” Harry finished explaining his plan. There was a long pause before Terry responded.

“Guardian Squadron..... standing by” and Harry took a deep breath.

“Fire on my command” Harry said. “Five.....four.....three.....two.....one..... fire!” and Harry heard the calls that signified the spells being fired at him, and at the same time kicked his broom into speed. He zoomed along the grounds and headed towards the forest, and he could see the good side disengaging from the battle, or casting powerful shields then running away as fast as possible. He could see brooms landing onto the ground and saw that the Slytherins were as good as their word. They picked up as many people as they could fit onto their brooms, then flew out of the danger zone. This confused the giants long enough for them to pause. It gave Harry the time he needed to get as close as he thought was safe, then passed it. When he could smell them, Harry decided it was time to abandon his broom stick. After one

final turn, he cast the automatic flying charm. “Goodbye, and thanks” he said to the Firebolt, and then let go and rolled off. He slung his Nimbus under his legs, and flew away as fast as the broom could go.

WHAM

The force of the blast hit Harry, and he nearly lost control of the broom. He turned to see that the giants no longer existed.

“Athena to Rogue Leader” McGonagall called over the headset link.

“Rogue leader to Athena. I’m still here, and very much alive. What is the current situation?” Harry asked.

“All Death Eaters seem to be retreating and regrouping, but nothing is going on. I’ve ordered everyone back to the castle to get as much relief as possible. I’ve got some standby broomstick riders, ready to get out and begin Search and Rescue operations” McGonagall said.

“Send them out, but have Silver Squadron fly over the top of them for cover. I don’t like this one little bit” Harry said, then flew back towards the castle. He picked up several of the students heading back towards the castle. Harry actually managed to get quite a large number on to his broom by performing Featherlight, and Sticking charms. To get the maximum number he could, he only stuck one hand to the broom so he could fit as many on as possible – a total of fifteen all in all. “How many have we lost?” asked Harry as soon as he reached the command centre.

“Ninety dead, fifty seven injured” McGonagall said, sitting for what looked to be the first time since the battle had started.

“How does that work out?” Harry said, as he flopped onto another chair.

“Seventy five of the dead are students, two are teachers and the other thirteen are Aurors and Ministry officials.

“Anyone I know?” Harry asked. Teachers and Ministry officials first, then the students I know”

"We lost Remus Lupin and Sybil Trelawney. Vellouette Harrison, Joanne Rowling, and Daniel Radcliffe are among the Aurors and Ministry officials dead" McGonagall said simply. Harry felt devastated that the remaining link to his father had been killed.

"How did Remus die?" he said, tears running down his face freely.

"He was hit by a slow acting curse. Remus put himself in front of a third year who had been trying to rescue another student" McGonagall was also sniffing at dabbing at tears. "Tonks was here when they brought him in, and under my authority as the Headmistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, I married them before he died" and despite the tears McGonagall smiled. "Tonks said she was right about one thing at least"

"What's that?" replied Harry.

"She said that she'd married Remus, even if it did kill him. He saw the funny side of that" and McGonagall gave a grim laugh.

"Search and Rescue operations complete. We are returning back to the castle" and Harry knew that voice very well.

"What are you doing out here, Hannah?" Harry asked hotly.

"Saving people. Though I'd take a leaf out of your book" Hannah said.

"Silver Squadron Leader to Rogue Leader"

"Harry here. What's the matter?" he asked.

"All the Death Eaters have vanished. We could see them regrouped, then they just simply vanished" said the Slytherin who had come forward when Neville and Luna brought them to him.

"Thanks. Cover the rescue party and return to base" Harry said, and he told everybody to get as much rest as they could before the attack happened again. When Hannah Susan, Luna and Neville had got back from rescuing those too injured to move, Harry hugged both his

wives as if his life depended on it. They had an emotional reunion until Dean's voice came over the headsets as loud as he could get it.

"ROGUE FOUR TO ROGUE LEADER AND BASE. THE BASTARDS USED INVISIBILITY CLOAKS! THEY ARE ALMOST AT THE ENTERANCE HALL" and there was a slight pause as if Dean was considering something. "Rogue Squadron attacking target" and there was a click as Dean turned his headset off.

"ALL CAPABLE STUDENTS AND STAFF. EXECUTE PLAN A" McGonagall's magically enhanced voice echoed throughout the command centre. All those who could still fight rushed down and out of the command centre to fight delaying tactics, hoping to slow the advance down.

"These are for you five" said the first year whom Harry had been standing next to for most of the battle. She passed over five very large bags full of food and other stuff, and also everybody's trunks.

"This is Ernie McMillan" Ernie's voice came over the radio. He sounded out of breath and in pain. "The bastards are just cutting through us. What shall we do?" he asked, and McGonagall answered before Harry could say a word.

"All students and staff are to fall back to the third floor, and prevent Death Eaters and anything else from gaining access at all costs" McGonagall ordered, and Harry could hear all the replies.

"What is going on?" asked a confused Harry.

"Mr Potter. It is time for you to depart" McGonagall said, then held the first year to her.

"What do you mean?"

"You are the only hope we have of defeating Voldemort and his followers. You have to leave here and destroy the Horcruxes" McGonagall said, and Harry stared at her until he nodded with understanding.

“Lets go then” he said, and the five of them made it to the door, when Harry stopped in his tracks.

“What’s wrong?” asked Susan.

“I’m saving another persons life” he told her, then turned to the first year who stood next to McGonagall. “What’s your name?” he asked her.

“Rudi Dykes. I’m a Ravenclaw” she said awed that Harry would take the time to want to know her name.

“Thank you. Dobby!” Harry called, and the elf came into view.

“Yes Harry Pott...” but Harry interrupted Dobby before he could complete his normal greeting.

“Dobby. Go to the Ravenclaw dorms, and pack all of Rudi Dykes’s things into her trunk, and bring it to the third floor corridor next to the statue of the one-eyed witch” Harry said. And the elf vanished with a new mission to complete.

“Wha... Wha...Wha...Wha...” the first year couldn’t complete a single word.

“You’re coming with us” Harry said, and he bent down and opened his arms wide. “Get on” he said, and the first year ran over and jumped onto Harry.

“Thank you” she whispered.

“Put your arms round my neck and hold tight” Harry said. Susan did a sticking charm for good measure – just in case. The trunks got lightened and shrunk and placed into pockets, and the seven ran as fast they could towards the statue. Dobby was waiting with Rudi’s trunk, and another bag, though this was full of nothing but food. After gaining entry to the tunnel behind it, Harry turned to look at McGonagall.

“Good luck” she said shaking his hand.

“Same to you, Minerva” Harry replied and he sealed the tunnel entrance. Using the Marauders Map, they waited until they had passed under the school gates, and now stood under the road to Hogsmeade. After grabbing hold of Harry, and giving Rudi a warning to prepare her for what was going to happen, the six apparated away.

A/N:

Well the much promised and much carefully written battle has taken place.

For those of you who don't get a certain part, the Squadron names all come from the book series “X-Wing – Rogue Squadron”. Lets see what other trivia you can find in this chapter.

Reviews, and Pms in the normal manner please.

Regards:

Pixel

A Short Escape

The arrival of six people into 12 Grimmauld Place made for a large crack sounding through the building. Harry quickly undid the sticking charm on Rudi, and told her to stay on the sofa until he said otherwise. Harry and the others checked the ground floor, then all the others up to the forth and Harry was convinced it was safe and no intruders had entered. They descended back to the ground floor to find Rudi looking around the place, having not moved from the sofa.

“What do we do now?” asked Hannah.

“I have no idea” Harry said. “We left behind a lot of people who know about this place, which means that Voldemort might discover the secret of gaining access” and he sighed. He took out the trunk from his robes, and re-sized it again.

“Harry?” asked a timid voice, and Harry turned to look at Rudi.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“I want to say thank you for taking me with you” and Rudi flung her arms around Harry’s waist. “You are really kind” she sobbed.

“I guess I am” Harry smiled as he picked her up and comforted her. “You must be tired and exhausted after what happened” he added.

“I’m not tired” Rudi said as Harry put her back onto the floor, “I’m hungry though”.

“I guess I could do with something to eat” Harry admitted, taking Rudi’s hand in his own. He led the way into the kitchen and opened up the pantry to discover that there was not a lot of food left at all. “We’ve got some mince meat, herbs and chopped tomatoes” Harry said after taking stock of everything. He thought carefully about what he could make, and was on the verge of giving up when he had an idea and grinned.

“What you think of?” asked Luna, as she took the food out of the pantry.

"I'll just be a minute" Harry replied, and went out of the house, returning several minutes later with a packet of spaghetti. "I'm going to make Spaghetti Bolognese for us all. In the morning, I'll go to the muggle shops and get some food in" Harry said. "There's no sense in eating what is in the bags if we have to move quickly" and he set about making dinner.

"I'll put the trunks out of the way, and see what is in the bags apart from the food" Hannah said.

"I'll help you" said Susan, and the two girls left the kitchen.

"Luna and I will go and do some cleaning up of this place" Neville said, "It certainly needs it" he added.

"Erm.... Harry? What can I do?" asked Rudi. Harry thought of something that Rudi could do to help.

"Could you get the two biggest pans you can find in that cupboard, while I start preparing the ingredients?" Harry asked, and Rudi nodded and started looking in the cupboard that Harry pointed out to her. Harry could easily have summoned them himself but Harry asked Rudi to do it, in order to keep her mind off what had just happened. He got a knife out of a draw and began to cut up the meat and started to cook dinner.

"Are these alright?" asked Rudi who was carrying two large blue pans across the kitchen, placing them on the oven.

"Perfect" Harry said beaming. He put all the ingredients into one pan, and set it all cooking with a wave of his wand. He turned round to see that Rudi was looking down at her feet, with a sad look upon her face. "Are you alright?" he asked, knowing the answer.

"I feel scared" Rudi said. "I don't know what is going on" and Harry led her over to one of the chairs under the table.

"I promise I won't let anything hurt you" Harry said.

"I know you wouldn't, but....." her voice trailed off.

"But what?" asked Harry as gently as he could.

"I'm scared my friends may get hurt, and guilty that I'm here when they aren't" Rudi put her hands over her face and began to cry.

"I'm sure that your friends will be fine" Harry said slowly, not knowing exactly what to say. "We certainly gave Voldemort a good fight, and I'm certain that most people survived. They've probably gone to the safe houses that I had built" he told her, and Rudi went wide eyed at this information.

"Safe houses?" she asked.

"I knew that we would have to make a run for it if Voldemort attacked. Knowing that, I had some friends of mine build unplottable houses or add charms to those that I already own. Everybody who makes it there will be able to stay safe until we are able to fight back" Harry told Rudi, taking her hands in his own.

"But how?" Rudi asked puzzled. "I heard that there were shields to stop that sort of thing before we left" and Harry nodded to show he understood.

"Professor McGonagall had everyone try and give me and my friends enough time to make it out alive. Voldemort split his soul into many parts, which means it is hard to defeat him" he told her.

"You mean Horcruxes?" Rudi said, surprising Harry a great deal.

"What do you know about them?" he asked.

"Not a lot" she told him sadly. "I just heard some of the older students talking, and it just popped into my head" then she screwed up her face. "Can I ask you a question?" she wondered.

"Of course you can" Harry said smiling slightly.

“Do you always burn dinner?” Rudi said, beginning to laugh at Harry’s look of shock.

“Oh.....darn it” Harry said, and rushed over to save the dinner. He was just in time, saving all the dinner before it turned into blackness. Harry served it onto plates while Rudi set the table, and Harry thought that it was time for some magic to be shown around the place. Harry thought of something very happy and flicked his wand. “Expecto Patronum” he said, and the silver patronus burst from his wand, startling the young Ravenclaw somewhat.

“What’s that?” she asked, backing up to a wall.

“He’s a friend of mine” Harry said. “Go find the others and tell them that dinner is ready please” and the stag jumped through the wall as if it didn’t exist. The others came running down the stairs when they got the message as they all had very empty feeling stomachs. They ate while talking about what they should do, until Harry suddenly chuckled.

“What’s so funny?” Hannah demanded.

“I jut thought that Luna isn’t on her own now” Harry said.

“Huh?” asked the blond Ravenclaw.

“Well theres two Gryffindors” Harry said pointing at himself and Neville, “Two Hufflepuffs” and he pointed at Hannah and Susan, “and two Ravenclaws. Seems about equal now” Harry chuckled.

“Well we are missing the Slytherins” Susan said.

“Shall I go and fetch a pair?” offered Neville.

“Not bloody likely” Harry said.

“Language!” Hannah admonished. “Not in front of the child” and wagged her finger at Harry. “You can take that off as well” she added gesturing at the headset on Harry’s head.

He'd not bothered to take it off when they made their escape from the command centre, and forgotten to remove it when they reached Grimmauld Place. Harry reached up and took it off, putting it on a shelf nearby. The rest of the meal went smoothly and afterward Luna and Susan washed up – assisted by Rudi. Neville went back to his room to deal with some things while Hannah went in to the living room and switched on the radio. Harry was about to go and do some proper shopping, when he heard a scream, and Hannah calling everybody to come into the living room.

"What's wrong?" he asked, not seeing any danger in the room.

"Listen" Hannah said, and turned the volume up on the radio. Everybody sat down and heard the news as it came it.

.....ain. The forces of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named have attacked the following locations: Hogwarts, Ottery St Catchpole, Cardiff and certain parts of muggle and magical London. Aurors and volunteers from other Ministry departments have attended all incidents and are engaged in full battle.

"Oh no" Hannah moaned, and she ran to Harry's arms. "What is going to happen?" she asked.

"I..... I don't know" Harry said shocked like he had never been before. They sat in silence as they listened to the reports coming in thick and fast all night. Around nine came the worse news of all.

.....eat. THE MINISTRY HAS FALLEN. He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's forces have stormed the Ministry of Magic and have killed who stood in their way. A small group attacked and took over St Mungos. Everybody has left the WWN station to be with families and I am the only one left. I have received information that Death Eaters are coming here. To everybody who can hear my voice, I give this message to you. Run as fast as you can and hide as well as you can. The woman who was still transmitting on the Wireless sounded as if she knew she was about to die. They're here and outside the booth! And Harry heard the sound of smashing glass and the woman's screams as she was killed and then the radio went silent. Harry stood up and crossed to look out of the window at the darkening sky.

"I have become death. The destroyer of worlds" he said quietly, quoting part of an ancient Hindu text that the Patil twins had once lent him a copy of to read.

"Do you think they know about this place?" Neville asked from the large red armchair.

"Perhaps" Harry said. "We should get ready to leave at a moments notice so don't do too much unpacking. Just get out your night things" he told the others. He saw Luna giving Rudi a hug.

"It's going to be alright" Harry heard her say. "Harry won't let anything bad happen if he can help it" and Harry smiled inwardly. He decided to do what he was about to do before they heard what might be the ending of their world.

"I'm going out into muggle London and buying food so that we can use the stuff we left Hogwarts with when we don't have anything left" and Harry explained that they might have to leave the house in the middle of the night and that they might want to keep clothes nearby so they can slip them on and go.

#

Harry made use of his father's cloak to get to the shops unnoticed, do the shopping, and to do the return journey back to Grimmauld Place. Harry put the bags in the kitchen and went into the living room, only to discover Hannah sitting on the sofa with Rudi.

"She wouldn't go to sleep unless you got back" Hannah explained to him.

"I wanted to make sure that you were safe" Rudi mumbled.

"Well I am here and I think" he made a great show of checking his clothes for damage "yup" he said, "I'm safe".

"Will James be safe?" Hannah asked quietly to Harry.

“I gave your parents an emergency portkey to get to the same safe house that is the destination for McGonagall, the professors, and students who managed to make it there. They should be safe there until I kill Moldyshorts” he told her. Hannah nodded and said she needed to get some sleep in case something should happen.

“So what do I do about you?” he asked Rudi who paled slightly.

“Can I stay down here until I go to sleep?” she asked, and Harry nodded.

“Just a minute” he said, and gave a flick of his wand, and transfigured Rudi’s robes into a purple nightdress that went down to her feet.

“Thank you” she said sleepily, and jumped onto the sofa and curled up next to Harry, putting her head on his lap. He stroked her hair until she went under, leaving Harry to listen to the endless ticking of the mantelpiece clock. He watched it as the clock chimed midnight. He was about to levitate Rudi up to bed so he could sleep himself, when he heard the loud cracks outside in the street. Harry looked out the window from where he was sat, and saw a bunch of tall robed and hooded figures.

“DEATH EATERS!” he yelled.

A/N:

Enjoy this chapter.

Just so you know, I’m upset that nobody has reviewed one of my newest fanfics Do it or else I will stop writing this one LOL!

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Aka

O' Evil One

Flight, Thoughts and Shopping

Harry's yell woke up Rudi, who jumped off Harry with a look of panic on her face. The others came running down the stairs as fast as they could, dressed in various muggle clothes.

"They've found us?" asked Neville, not believing the situation that they faced.

"How?" puzzled Susan.

"Must have used truth serum on prisoners" Harry said, and gave a flick of his wand. "That should buy us some time" he muttered as the sounds of spells attacking the wards of the house sounded through the house. Harry looked around the room, and as he did so heard the sounds of more Death Eaters appearing into the street outside. "We can't stay here much longer" he said as warning claxons sounded. They had been charmed to go off only when the wards protecting 12 Grimmauld Place were in severe danger of falling.

"We've got to buy time for us to get our stuff" Hannah said. Harry agreed with her statement, but if they all went then there would be nobody to stop the Death Eaters from having the run of the house.

"You, Susan, Luna and Rudi go and get the stuff packed and ready to go. Neville and I will hold them off as long as possible" Harry made some quick decisions to which they all agreed. "If you go into my room, there are some magical tents. Grab them while you're at it" he added.

"Great time for this to happen" Neville muttered as he and Harry took cover behind the sofa.

"I'll try and book a better time in future" Harry laughed grimly. As he spoke the wards fell.

"Here we go again!" Neville yelled, and then fired several stunners in quick succession.

“They never learn, do they?” Harry replied, and both boys dodged powerful and unknown spells. The Death Eaters had all made their way into the house, giving Harry the chance to seal the doors and windows so they could not leave again.

“You thinking what I’m thinking?” asked Neville as he took the arm off a short dumpy witch.

“Yup” Harry said. “Accio Sword and Armour” Harry summoned both his sword and the goblin Armour that Griphook had given him. Neville did the same thing, and both boys went into action. The distraction caused by the arrival of the swords and armour gave enough time for the boys to fire off quick spells which knocked out or disabled several Death Eaters at once.

“Avada Kadavra” cried the dumpy witch using her other arm. Neville only just missed being hit by it, though it did singe his hair a great deal.

“Weapons free” Harry commented. Harry and Neville used blasting hexes to thin out the assaulting ranks, but the Death Eaters kept getting closer.

“What the hell are we going to do?” asked Neville loudly.

“Sit and enjoy the show” Hannah called from the stairs and she, Susan and Luna came down the stairs, blasting away with spells, jinxes, and curses. This broke the Death Eaters ranks, and the survivors broke the sealed windows, jumped through and vanished as soon as they got on the street. Harry took one look at the devastation of the sitting room, the entrance hall and all surrounding areas.

“We have to go now before anyone comes back to finish this fight” then paused when he noticed that Rudi hadn’t come down after the fighting started. “Where is Rudi?” he asked the girls.

“We left her in my room and locked the door” Susan explained. “Just in case something happened” Harry’s wife added.

“Right, well lets get out of here” Harry said again, and they went upstairs to get their stuff, and then they vanished from the house.

#

They popped back into existence in the middle of a deep and very shadowy forest. Harry’s first thought was that they had returned to Hogwarts but that was shot down when he noticed that there where no Centaurs crashing through the woods trying to subdue him.

“Where are we?” asked Rudi, clinging to Harry’s left hand. It amused Harry that Rudi seemed to be clinging to him almost all the time.

“We are in a forest” Harry said.

“I know that” Rudi protested to the amusement of the others. “Where are we in the country?” she asked. Harry had to admit that he didn’t know.

“Allow me” Luna said, and waved her wand in complicated movements. A map of Britain floated in front of the group with a small red dot somewhere in the south of England. “We’re in the New Forest” she said finally dissolving the map.

“Well at least we know where we are” Harry said. “Lets get the tent set up, and some wards set up to stop muggles from blundering around. After that we better get some sleep because I suspect that we are going to have an enjoyable summer and maybe have to skip the next year at Hogwarts as well” Harry added.

The tent took no time at all to set up and they went inside to see a rather decent looking sitting room with a wood burning fire – already lit – and they had a good half hour looking around the place before yawns could be heard from several people.

“Time for bed” Luna said, and they set up their sleeping bags around the sitting room on account that the tents didn’t have upper floors or bedrooms.

“I’ll keep a watch on the outside in case any Death Eaters show up” Harry began, but Hannah held up her hand.

“The wards will be fine for one night... or morning as the case maybe” she said, and kept at it until Harry gave in and agreed to sleep as well.

He didn’t get much sleep at all and woke up at about four in the morning. Not wanting to wake the others, Harry performed the silencing charm on his sleeping bag, and slipped out and dressed in some warm clothes he got from his trunk. He looked around at the sleeping figures of the other five and then Harry levitated his trunk and took it into the kitchen. He looked around at the items he had managed to pack before the fight at Grimmauld Place. Books, sneakscopes, bags of tricks from the twins, clothes, lots of equipment that neither Hannah or Susan knew about, the rifle and the refilling bags that went with it, for some reason or other the headset he had worn during the battle at Hogwarts and right at the bottom; the radio they had heard the fall of the Ministry and perhaps their entire world. Harry absently turned the headset on thinking that he would be hearing nothing but silence and was proved correct when that turned out to be the case. Harry switched on the radio and wished he didn’t as though it was working; it was broadcasting nothing but Death Eater propaganda and threats of violence against those who did not surrender to them. Harry drew a chair out of the air and sat down in it and closed his eyes. He tried to take in all that had happened over the day and felt like breaking down. People had been injured and killed because they fought while he escaped to safety. Harry entertained the idea of turning himself in to Voldemort in exchange for the lives of magical and muggle Britain. Then again, Voldemort was not likely to keep that promise once Harry was dead.

“I hate being me” Harry groaned aloud. Taking his invisibility cloak and wand, he went out of the tent and headed out to see what the immediate area was like. After a long time checking out the area and making sure the wards worked, Harry went back inside to discover Hannah, Susan and Luna already up. Harry’s unexpected appearance caused the three witches to snatch wands, but they dropped their aim when they saw who it was.

“Where the hell have you been?” Susan demanded.

"I couldn't sleep" Harry said. "And I went out to check that the wards where working correctly" he said deciding that half the truth was better then none at all.

"Why don't I believe you?" Susan said, putting on an air that Sherlock Holmes would be proud of.

"You guess correctly" Harry said. "I'm afraid for what has happened, and what is to come. We lost a lot of good people at Hogwarts and if Voldemort managed to kill most or all of the Aurors then we're fighting a lost cause" Harry shook his head.

"But surely people would have survived" Hannah reasoned.

"There's the Portkeys for transport to the safe houses" Susan added.

"Voldemort can't stay in power for long" Luna said.

"But" Neville said sleepily as he got out of his bed "If Voldemort has control of the Ministry, then he has even more power to try to track us down and kill us" and Harry agreed with Neville.

"We should lay here for a while. If he can't find us through the wards, then we can stay here and only move when we know the location of Horcruxes" Harry said.

"Sounds good" Hannah agreed. Rudi made stirring noises, and they made no mention of the conversation because they didn't want to scare her anymore then she already was.

"Morning!" Harry called to her.

"Is it morning?" Rudi asked, rubbing her eyes. "I only just went to sleep" she complained.

"Just what we need" Hannah said. "Another Harry!"

“Hey!” Harry protested loudly. “At least I don’t count hair shampoo as one of life’s unliveables” he fired a broadside at Hannah and sunk her without a trace.

“What is for breakfast?” asked Rudi, now fully awake and hungry as Harry. She was still in the purple nightdress that Harry had transfigured from her robes. A swish of his wand brought the robes back.

“We’ll see what we have from the shopping I did last night, and make breakfast from that” Harry replied. After rummaging through the bags, they came up with toast, cereal, and tea though Rudi opted for some Pumpkin juice that came from her own bag of food. After they had finished breakfast they grouped round the sitting room in armchairs with Rudi sitting on Harry’s lost.

“So what do we do today?” asked Neville.

“I was thinking about that” Susan said.

“Me too” Harry said, then looked down at Rudi. “Are you muggleborn or a pureblood?” he asked.

“Pureblood” Rudi said, then looked fearful. “Am I going to be punished?” she asked.

“Of course not” Harry said, and this made Rudi regain her happy look. “I guess that you don’t have muggle clothing” and she nodded. “Well” Harry said, doing a passable impression of McGonagall, “Well we’ll just have to go and buy you some then” Harry said, and Rudi looked thoughtful for several moments.

“How?” she asked. “I don’t have much money in my trunk, and I don’t think that.....” she paused.

“You can say his name you know” Hannah said gently.

“I don’t think that..... Voldemort will let us go into Gringotts” Rudi said, swallowing hard when she said Voldemort’s name.

“I’ll pay for it all” Harry said, pulling out one of his magical credit cards. “It will also tell us if we can still access my Gringotts account” Harry said. “If we can’t then we’ll just use the muggle money we have” he added. He received the biggest hug from Rudi and the girl was as happy as the fans of Chudley Cannons when they actually won a game.

“What should I get?” she asked.

“Let’s see” Harry said, stroking his chin thoughtfully. “Skirts, blouses, jeans, socks, jumpers I should guess” then Harry looked at Rudi and grinned slightly. “And I suppose we could buy you some muggle makeup” he added.

“Thank you, Harry” Rudi said. She turned round and gave Harry the biggest hug yet and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“Damn” Harry heard Hannah say to Susan. “We’ve got competition” and both of Harry’s wives put on suitable looks for just the right amount of time before all broke up into giggles and laughter. Harry looked around the sitting room, and noticed that Luna and Neville had vanished.

“Where have those two got to?” he asked.

“In the kitchen” Susan said jerking her thumb towards the source of some interesting noises.

“What’s going on in there?” asked Rudi, getting up from Harry’s lap and making her way to the kitchen door.

“Erm... What do you say about going shopping now?” Harry said, guessing correctly what the sounds were and that Luna and Neville were now occupied with practicing close combat – but not the sort that could be used in fighting Voldemort.

“A great idea” agreed Susan quickly.

“Off we go then” Harry said, making sure that they all had wands. After checking that the coast was clear, they made their way to the

edge of the forest and boarded the muggle bus into the nearest town. After getting off at the last stop, it was time to introduce Rudi to the delights of the muggle world and the delights of shopping in particular.

"I've never been shopping before" Rudi admitted to Harry.

"Not even when you shopped for your... school things?" he asked, careful that he didn't say anything that might arouse suspicion.

"My father said that girls should do what their father said to do. He made a marriage contract for me that Professor Dumbledore signed as head of the wizard council" Rudi said.

"He what?" Harry fumed.

"My father was in Slytherin, and was a relation to the Malfoys. He said that that was the way girls should be treated" Rudi said. She stopped next to a display of shoes, and whispered to Harry. "You still want me to be with you right? I only ask because you look upset" Rudi added.

"Of course I want you to stay" Harry said, calming down a great deal.

"Thank you" Rudi said quietly, then put her mind to deciding if plimsoll where better then shoes.

"We got the girly stuff" Hannah announced. She and Susan came over with several paper bags containing make up, a few necklaces and the like. The most plain looking one contained underwear, vests and other girl only things.

"Well at least my cards still work" Harry said as Rudi finally picked put some walking shoes for herself. Though this was draining his account, Harry found that he didn't mind one bit. In fact he was possibly the only male in the world that knew the secret of shopping with girls – just shut up and say what they want you to say. 'If only defeating Voldemort was as easy' he thought.

"Now what do we do?" asked Rudi as they stood outside of a bookshops called 'Waterstones'. They had gone in so that they could

buy some books for Rudi to read, in order to gain a better understanding of the muggle world. Although 'Waterstones' was a muggle bookshop, Harry would have put money on it rivalling 'Flourish and Blotts' on the amount of books each store held. The two where even set out in much the same way. Harry looked at his watch before replying and looked around for a muggle corner shop.

"I'll just be a minute" he said and went inside to come back with a newspaper.

"That's funny" Rudi said, giving the illustrations a poke with her finger. "The pictures don't move at all" and Harry was reminded of the incident when Ron had jabbed Dean Thomas's West Ham United poster because of the same thing.

"What does the paper say?" asked Susan. Harry opened the paper and scanned the 'Whats On!' section for a few moments.

"Theres lectures on history at the church hall, an old fashioned tea dance or seeing the cinema" Harry announced at the end of his study.

"The cinema is alright I suppose" Hannah said, then noticed that Harry was looking at a glass fronted building a long way down the road. "Whats the matter?" she hissed.

"Death Eaters?" asked Susan going for her wand, but stopped when Harry waved her down.

"Nothing like that" Harry said. He now wore a delighted expression which was identical to the one that Rudi wore when she started the shopping trip. "Have I ever told you of the time I drove a car in our second year?" he asked and started to walk down the main street towards the car dealership.

A/N:

I hope that you liked this chapter. It clears up the issue of Rudi's status in the magical world. There is a reference to books one and two in here – see if you can find them!

With regards to what I wrote at the end of Chapter 58... none of you have reviewed so heres the link:

/s/4841631/1/Eponiners_Journey

Just add the bit!

Just so you know, there is going to be a time jump which skips a few months and Chapter 60 (YES I MADE IT TO CHAPTER 60!) will start around the end of September/beginning of October.

A big shout and mention to GeminiSoul01 who spent Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday reading this fic from start to finish.

Reviews and any questions you may have in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

The Return To Godric's Hollow / Reunion

Summer turned first into Autumn, then winter and the first Saturday of December found the group packing everything they owned into the car which Harry had brought when they had gone shopping for stuff for Rudi. Harry had purchased something that the salesman had called a 'Voyager', and could seat seven people and still have room for a reasonable amount of luggage to be put in the boot. As Harry and the others could use magic, this amount was almost limitless as they could shrink everything to a smaller size.

"What's left?" asked Harry as he loaded more the last trunk into the boot.

"Just a few books that Rudi wants to read on the way there" Hannah replied. "How long are we going to be?" she asked.

"Well if we had a straight run at it" Harry said, "Around four hours but that's not possible, is it?" he added.

"Nah" Susan said. "My bladder can only take so much, and I get a little car sick anyway" and this always amused Harry.

"How can you ride a broom perfectly, and yet get car sick?" he asked laughing.

"I just do" Susan said, and got into her customary seat in the middle passenger compartment on the left side door.

"We're ready to go" Luna said as she came out of the tent with Rudi following close behind. Now that she didn't have to go to school, Rudi had asked Harry if she could borrow some money to have her hair washed and cut the muggle way. Harry said that she could have the money and didn't have to pay it back to him. She had come back with her hair in a girl version of Harry's. He had let his own hair go a little longer than normal, and Hannah said it suited him quite nicely. Rudi got into the car and sat in the front passenger seat. Neville was already inside lying on one of the seats in the middle of the car. Harry had learned the charm to expand the interior and it was now possible

for people to stretch out and lie down on the seats so they could have a sleep – Harry also putting a smooth riding charm on it.

“Lets go then” Harry said, and he waved his wand at the tent which folded into a little neat bundle and he packed it into the boot. A few steps and he was in the car and Harry started the engine and began the journey. The reason for moving was nothing to do with Death Eaters, and everything to do with something Harry wanted to do.

#

“I wasn’t to go see my parents” he had said.

“But their dead” Hannah replied

“I know that. Its just that I want to visit their graves before we start moving around the country” Harry had said quietly, and Susan backed him up on this point as did Luna.

“As much as I agree, don’t you think that we should keep away from places like that?” Hannah had said. “We can see all our parents after we have defeated Voldemort...” and Hannah slapped herself on the head as she remembered that Harry had never seen his parents that he could remember, that little slip had cost Hannah a lot. Harry didn’t talk to her for a full week.

#

“Harry?” Rudi said after nearly two hours of driving. “Can we stop please? I need to use the little witch’s room” and Harry paled slightly.

“If you wait for another two or three minutes, we’ll stop at a service station and you can go” Harry said as they passed a very useful sign.

It wasn’t long before they pulled into a car parking space. Hannah took hold of Rudi’s hand and took her to the ladies, while Susan, Luna and Neville looked around the shops and the two cafes. Harry went into one of the shops and brought a newspaper and sat in the café to read it. He nearly broke when he read that several childrens bodies had been found in Scotland. They had been found with

various injuries and dressed in robes. The police thought that they had been kidnapped and killed because of some obscure ritual. All enquires had to be sent to M. McGonagall. Harry hoped that it was the M. McGonagall he knew well. He showed the others the article and decided not to tell Rudi because he didn't want to upset her.

"I was thinking of making a short visit to my parents graves" Harry said, then I think we should start going about hunting down the Horcruxes and destroying them for good" he added.

"Maybe we should stop here to eat" Susan said. "We used up what we had left in the bags this morning for breakfast" something Harry had forgotten about entirely.

"When we defeat Voldemort, remind me to hide from Griphook. The amount of money we are using he'll bloody kill me" Harry said, taking out both cards and passing one to Hannah.

"Whats the number again?" she asked.

"1701" Harry replied, and he went to get some muggle money from a machine built into one wall. Harry sincerely hoped that they could defeat Voldemort soon as his bank balance surely couldn't last longer than two years at the most, so long as he had four girls using his cards for shopping and other things.

"Thank you" Hannah sang, and went off towards the larger café with Luna and Neville following.

"Harry?" and Harry looked down at Rudi.

"I wanted to say I am sorry your parents are dead" she said.

"Thank you" Harry said. He loved being around Rudi as she had the innocence that Harry had never had. She seemed to fit in with everybody and made friends with Hannah, Susan, Luna and Neville quite easily. However, there was something that had bothered Harry every since the conversation he had had with her several months ago. Rudi could see that Harry was thinking hard about something, so decided to simply ask him what the matter was.

“Are you alright?” she asked him.

“Sort of” Harry began, “I was just thinking about when you told me about your father and how he set up the arranged marriage for you” he said, wondering how to go about asking such a subject.

“What about it?” asked Rudi.

“Who was you supposed to have married?” and Harry wouldn’t have guess on the answer that came.

“Albus Dumbledore” Rudi said and quickly thought that she should explain more. Either that or have Harry explode with the anger that was building up. “My father wanted to cement the union and friendship he had got with Dumbledore over the years”.

“And how old were you when your father made this contract up?” Harry asked and Rudi took a deep breath before answering.

“I was seven” she said. “I was going to leave Hogwarts after my Owls and marry Dumbledore” but Harry didn’t explode in a blind rage as she feared.

“When we get out of this mess, I’ll make sure that will never happen again. That’s a promise to you that I intend to keep” he said quietly.

“I know you’ll keep that promise” Rudi said then both of them stopped talking about that subject because the others had returned with trays of food. Rudi peered at a small round item of food. It was light brown at the top and the bottom, but dark brown in the middle. She recognised the tomato sauce and relish, and Rudi picked it up and gave it an experimental sniff. “What is this?” she asked.

“Huh?” said Hannah looking confused, then remembered that Rudi was still new to muggle technology and foods. “It’s called a burger and muggles love them quite a lot” and Rudi gave a shrug of her small shoulders and took a bite.

#####

As they passed through the wards protecting the devastated building, Harry took a look around at what was once his home. Harry had parked the car in the middle of the woods and cast a simple ward around it along with an invisibility charm to stop it being discovered by muggles.

“Is this it?” asked Hannah carefully.

“This is it” Harry confirmed and looked at his former home with a heavy heart. His eyes strayed up to the upper floor where his mother had died in order to save him from harm.

“I bet it looked nice when it was intact” Susan said as she used her wand to move debris out of the way. Harry was the first to move into the remains of the house, pausing only to close his eyes and put his hand on the mostly intact doorframe. Everybody stood in what used to be living room and surveyed the damage to the structure.

“I wouldn’t know” Harry said, and Susan regretted her words instantly.

“I’m sorry” Susan said. Even after all this time with Harry, she forgot he didn’t know a lot about his parents.

“Do you think Voldemort would have left a Horcrux here?” asked Luna.

“I don’t know” Hannah said as she held Rudi’s hand so the girl wasn’t that scared.

“What do you think Harry?” asked Neville, but there was no reply and in fact Harry wasn’t around at all. “Where’s he gone?” he asked and everybody drew wands – even Rudi, though the girl knew she wouldn’t be much of a match.

“Shussssssh” Luna said listening to what appeared to be the wind. “He’s upstairs” she said quietly and pointed upwards. They slowly made their way up and saw Harry standing at the doorway to what would have been a bedroom, but which was now missing. Harry was

stood staring at one particular spot on the floor just inside the non-existent room, and Harry Potter was crying a full reservoir of tears.

“Harry? I know this is upsetting for you, but what...” Hannah’s words got cut off as Harry turned to the group red eyed from crying – something he was still doing.

“This is the spot my mother was killed on” Harry said and Hannah and Susan comforted him with as much love as they could muster. Neville and Luna didn’t know what to do about the situation, but Rudi put a thoughtful expression for a few moments then asked Luna a question.

“Of course” Luan smiled when Rudi told her what she wanted. A few flicks of her wand and Luna passed the girl a large bunch of flowers.

“Thank you” Rudi said, then moved closer to Harry and tugged on his sleeve. “These are for you” she said, and handed over the flowers to him. Harry looked at them for a moment, then bent down and kissed Rudi on the cheek.

“Thank you very much” he said. “I’m sure Lillys will be perfect” Harry added, and then put the flowers in their red and gold wrapping paper down just inside doorway. Harry stood ramrod straight with his head lowered and hands together for several minutes while the other five stood respectively until Harry was done. They made their way downstairs and out of the devastated house and seated themselves in the car ready for their next destination. “Just a minute” Harry said, and he got back out of the car and went back inside the house. It was ten minutes or so when he came back out with several objects in his hands – mainly some damaged pictures of James and Lilly along with baby Harry, Remus Lupin and Sirius.

“Are you alright to drive?” asked Neville. “I’m sure we can put a charm on this thing if you want to think about.....” Neville let his sentence fall off into silence.

“I’m fine” Harry said, stowing the pictures in the glove compartment of the car. With one last look at the house, Harry started the engine and began moving out of the forest which contained the broken house.

They had to travel through the middle of the forest when Susan told him to stop the car.

“Theres a magical concealment charm over there” she said pointing out the window at a large clump of trees which had a slight glimmer and shine to them.

“Rudi? Stay in the car and lock the doors after we get out” Hannah said, and the five older teenagers got out of the car and moved towards the source of the glimmering light.

“Spread out and move in” Harry whispered, and the group moved out to five different directions, and crept close to the light. Whatever Harry was expecting it to be, it was not what came out of the tent and greeted him warmly.

“Harry?” what are you doing here?” asked the tall witch.

“I could ask you the same thing Tonks” Harry said as the group relaxed.

“We heard that Number 12 had been attacked and that you had escaped. You’ve got to tell us what you have been doing” Tonks said as she gave each of them a hug.

“Sure” Harry said, then asked Susan to go back to the car and fetch Rudi.

The moment they had stepped into the tent Harry saw a lot of familiar faces looking at him in surprise. There was Tonks, Fred and George, McGonagall, Sharpe, Dean, Seamus one or two Aurors he knew from sight. Everybody seemed to be over the moon to see them and in particular Harry. Rudi saw two Ravenclaws who she knew and hurried over to tell them all about her adventures with Harry Potter, and about the things she had been given as presents. Both Ravenclaws where suitably impressed by everything including her new hair style and stylish muggle clothing.

“So tell me” Harry began as he took the offered glass of Firewhiskey from McGonagall, “What made you come here?” he asked.

"We knew that you would..." Fred said.

"End up coming here eventually" finished George.

"It was also somewhere that Voldemort wouldn't think of when looking for us" McGonagall said. "But we have also been keeping tabs on what is going on at Hogwarts" she added.

"How did you manage that?" asked Neville.

"We had people fly over Hogwarts under an invisibility cloak, taking pictures of all movements" Dean said.

"Whats snake face doing?" asked Hannah.

"He's doing nothing but waiting" Seamus replied. "We managed to get information that he is staying at the ministry and using the resources to find and kill us" something Harry didn't like the sound of. He asked about the others who escaped and McGonagall told him that they communicated to each other by use of enchanted mirrors. Harry thought for a long time until they all asked what he was thinking of.

"I think that it is time we stopped running, and took back what was ours" Harry said, slowly getting to his feet. "I'm going to Hogwarts tomorrow and taking the place back by force. If any of you want to come, then you are all fools. But you are all very welcome fools" and most of them agreed on the spot.

"Here are the latest pictures" McGonagall said, handing over a small book of pictures. Harry and his wives and friends looked at them, then each other.

"We go tomorrow morning" Harry said, and everybody simply accepted his orders, even the pair of Aurors.

"I'm coming too, Harry" Rudi said, putting on a determined face. Knowing her as well as he did, Harry fully believed that she would jinx and hex him into the next life and possibly beyond. Harry was fiercely

protective of Rudi, and didn't want the girl to be hurt in anyway if he could help it.

"I don't know" Harry said cautiously, "I just don't want you to be hurt that's all" he said to her as gently as he could.

"I'll do whatever you say" Rudi pleaded, "I just want to go back to school" and the Weasley twins both burst into peels of laughter.

"Most people wouldn't..." George said.

"Want to go back" Fred finished the sentence.

"I've missed that" Harry said as he wiped his eyes of tears. Then his tone grew hard, and getting to his feet again, he made his voice loud enough so that everybody in the tent could hear him clearly.

"This is one of Harry's speeches" whispered Hannah.

"Sounds like it" Susan agreed.

"Everybody? Listen to me, and listen clearly! Tomorrow we will return to what is ours, and take it back. We will not run away like some of us have been doing for the last few months. We are going to reclaim our lives and our future. Tomorrow.... We fight for freedom" and everybody burst into loud whoops of cheers and yells of joy.

A/N:

Well I hope you enjoyed this chapter as much as I did writing it!

Several questions have been answered in this chapter, including: Who was Rudi supposed to be married off to? And when was Harry and the group going to Godric's Hollow? If you wish to ask me questions then please do so, and I will try to answer each and every review.

Regards

Pixel

The Eve Of Battle

Everybody jumped into action, and prepared for what was shaping up to be the biggest battle of the wizarding world. Cloaks got patched up and fixed, wands got tested for any sign of damage and shield charms got cast time and time again. Fred and George set out a large copy of the plans of Hogwarts which they had pilfered from Filch's office years ago – before they got hold of the map that Harry now had. Harry, the twins, McGonagall, Tonks and the two Aurors poured over the plans to come up with a method of attack. The general consensus was to retake control of the castle as quickly as possible and secure it against the counter attack when Voldemort got wind of the storming. Hannah, Susan and Luna manned the kitchen and kept everybody supplied with hot food while Rudi just stayed out of the way and kept telling tales of her adventures. All in all there was a sense of purpose and a sense of people determined to make a stand and fight their way to freedom.

“Recon pilot is back” Dean said, as he, Seamus and a tall blond haired wizard came into the tent. Harry turned round and looked straight into the face of Draco Malfoy.

“You?” Harry almost hissed.

“Relax, Harry” Tonks said. “Draco joined us by his own choice. He has done a few passes over Hogwarts and risked his life to grab a few people and brought them here” she told a stunned Harry.

“I... .. saw the error of my ways” Draco said. “I have acted in the most terrible ways to others. I only hope that this can help repay the shit I have done” and the Slytherin looked down at his feet for a few moments, then looked at Harry. “I’m sorry to you most of all” and Harry felt a change around the boy.

“Friends?” Harry asked, and he stuck out his hand.

“Friends” Draco said shaking Harry’s hand.

“Glad to see that you two have made peace at last” McGonagall said, then everybody turned to the plan of attacking and re-taking Hogwarts.

#

“Harry?” a small voice called out in the darkness. “Are you there?” the voice was a girl’s.

“What are you doing out here at this time of night, Rudi?” Harry asked turning away his attention from two large stones which had been placed into the ground.

“I could ask you the same question” she replied.

“You’ve been spending too much time living with me” Harry laughed for a moment, then stopped as Rudi slipped her hand into his.

“What are these?” Rudi asked timidly. They had to be of some great importance for Harry to be here, but she wasn’t sure what was important about them.

“Those” Harry said taking a deep breath, “Are the graves of James and Lilly Potter”.

“That’s where your parents are buried?” Rudi asked, and Harry nodded sadly. She gave Harry’s hand a tighter squeeze. “I’ll go back to the others if you want to be alone” she offered quietly.

“No” Harry said. “I should probably have someone to keep me company” he added. “I just wanted to see the graves before we left for Hogwarts tomorrow. I’ve never seen them before, so I....” Harry’s voice tried to continue but he found that it had broken down into sobs which racked his entire body, and Harry shuddered with lots of emotion.

“I’m sure your parents would be proud of what you have done” Rudi said. She reached into her robes and brought out a handkerchief and her wand. She passed Harry the handkerchief, and picked up a few large stones and concentrated on using magic to do some

transfiguring. It was stuff they learned a few years more than Rudi had completed (only the one), but the group had taught her some basic advanced stuff. When she turned back to Harry, she passed over two bunches of flowers. One was another bunch of lilies, while the other was a mixture of Lilies, Roses, and Chrysanthemums.

“Thank you” Harry said, as he wiped his eyes dry. He placed them on each grave, then put his hands together and bowed his head, and noted that Rudi had done the same. Harry wasn’t sure what was done at magical funerals, so he dredged his mind for something appropriate. “Our Lord, who ‘art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy will be done – on earth as it is in heaven” Harry’s occupied mind noted that Rudi was reciting the words with him, It wasn’t something he would have expected from a pureblood, but Harry continued. “Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory. for ever and ever. Amen” Harry finished speaking and looked down at Rudi who had also finished speaking. “How did you know the words to that?” he asked her.

“One of the girls in my dorm was a muggleborn” she told Harry. “She taught me the words” and Harry knew that there had to be a reason for everything in the magical world.

“Will wonders ever cease?” asked Harry to the air, and let out a much needed laugh. “Lumos” he muttered, and held the wand tip over the face of his watch. “It’s almost ten past one in the morning – more than past bedtime for you” and he led her back to the tent. They got back inside when Harry was set upon by both Hannah and Susan.

“Where have you been?” they asked hotly.

“I went to see my parents graves before we left” Harry said, and both girls’s expressions softened towards their husband.

“Sorry for accusing you of something” Hannah said.

“And what was you up to at this time of night, madam?” asked Susan, doing a rather good impression of Umbridge.

"She heard somebody moving around outside" Harry interceded for Rudi. "She didn't know it was me, but went outside to see who it was. She didn't want to alert everybody if it was just a rabbit or other animal" and Rudi did her best to look as if the story wasn't new to her.

"Well that explains it" Hannah said, and it seemed as if the plan had worked. She looked down at Rudi, and put on her "Stern Hannah" look. "It's past your bedtime" she said. "If you don't want us to leave you behind when we leave, then go to bed now" and Rudi moved so fast Harry would have bet real money Rudi had Apparated.

"You have to love that girl" Harry said. He crossed to the sofa and sat down on it, and Hannah and Susan sat on either side of him.

"She is a breath of fresh air" Susan agreed, snuggling up to Harry. He waved his wand at the fireplace and it burst into life. For some time they sat and felt the warmth bathe them, watched the flames dance and heard the crackle of the fire as it consumed the wood.

"I've been thinking" Harry said after a while.

"About what?" asked Hannah.

"Rudi was telling me the other day about her parents" Harry began. "Her mother was killed by Death Eaters when she was young, and I expect that we will capture her father or, more likely, he dies in the fight" he looked at each of his wives in turn. "I was wondering if we should adopt her if she would like that" and both girls kissed him.

"That's a lovely idea" Hannah said.

"I'm sure she will like it" Susan added. After a while, the girls said that they couldn't stay awake any longer and, after kissing Harry goodnight, headed off to bed. Harry gazed into the flames until Harry's watch beeped the fact it was half past one.

"Still up are you?" asked a male voice. Harry turned to see Fred coming towards him with George close behind.

"Thinking of later" Harry said. "I just can't stop thinking of what I have to do. And the fact that some of us are going to die" and at that point there was another admittance to the room.

"I got the bottles" Lee Jordon said, and Harry heard the clinking of bottles at the same time that Tonks came into the room. This time she didn't trip up over a single thing as she made her way to there the boys sat.

"I'm here in time" she smiled as Fred and George handed round large bottles of Firewhiskey to everyone.

"We're fighting for our freedom tomorrow, and you want to go drinking?" asked Harry.

"We're going up against Voldemort and his entire group of Death Eaters, Giants, and whatever else he has" George said as he opened his bottle.

"And knowing that" continued Fred, "We can not do that humongous task on a clear and level head"

"That is why" Lee said

"We're getting drunk" Tonks finished. Harry simply rolled his eyes, and then told everybody to put their bottles on the table in turn. With several flicks of his wand, Harry duplicated them and the contents.

"What kind of friend would I be" began Harry "If I allowed us only one bottle each?" he asked as he tugged open his bottle. Something occurred to him, and he asked George. "Whats the vintage on this stuff?" he enquired.

"1981" the twins said in unison.

"That'll do me" Harry said content. 'It might be my last drink' he thought as he drank deeply. The five of them drank out of their bottles and kept drinking until it was about seven in the morning. By now, Lee Jordon had gone to bed wearing a muggle traffic cone as his

head, and having proclaimed himself as King Fruity the First. Harry, Fred, George and Tonks danced around the room, ending up on the floor.

"I fink zat ve var zlightle drungk" Fred said.

"So that's what it is!" Tonks said brightly.

"What shall we do now?" asked George, swaying slightly on the spot. "Harry thought for a moment and then giggled.

"Do you know the words to 'Sailing' by a muggle singer called Rod Stewart?" he asked, and it turned out they did.

"Slight problem" Tonks said. "We don't have a boat" but Harry waved that aside.

"If you three stand up, I'll get one for you" and the moment the twins and Tonks stood up, Harry transfigured the sofa into a large rowing boat. Tonks levitated it out of the tent, where the twins did a pair of blasting hexes to crate a hole in the ground. Harry filled it up with water spewing from his wand and then Tonks lowered the boat into the water. The moment it touched, the four boarded it and began to sing very loudly.

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"What is that noise?" asked Hannah as she, Susan and McGonagall headed towards the tent opening.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER! WHAT IN THE NAME OF HELL ARE YOU DOING?" yelled Susan as she saw the four drunks in the middle of another round of the same song. They where sat in the boat swaying in time to the words and they each held an empty bottle.

"Hi Hannah!" Harry said smiling like a cat with a mouse.

"Don't you 'Hi Hannah' me!" Hannah said. "What on earth do you think you are doing?" she demanded.

"I'm singing" Harry said, and the twins and Tonks nodded in agreement.

"I can see that" Hannah said, then sighed as she saw that the four had taken out vials of Anti-Hangover potions and drunk them.

"We came prepared" Harry said, now completely sober as a judge. He looked at McGonagall who was carefully not saying a word. "We should start getting people up and ready" he said. "Let everybody get as much breakfast as they want to eat. I'm sorry to say that it will be the last meal some of them will ever eat. If they want to drink then let them. Just make sure it's not as much as we had" and McGonagall nodded.

#

After breakfast, everyone else who was part of the resistance came from all over the country and gathered in the tent. As it was a magical one, it expanded until it accommodated everybody. The only people not present were those who had gone out to spy on Hogwarts and the Ministry. Harry conjured a little stage and cast a 'Sonorous' charm on himself to enable his voice to carry through the tent. Whatever problems or issues they had with Harry, disappeared quickly because of the respect that Harry now commanded. They realised that Harry had spent time, money and effort to keep them safe, and it had mostly worked. When Harry spoke, everybody stopped talking and listened to the short speech he had worked on for an hour.

"Good morning. In less than an hour, people from here will join others from around Britain. And you will be launching the largest magical battle in the history of mankind. We can't be consumed by our petty differences anymore. We will be united in our common interests. And you will once again be fighting for our freedom... Not from tyranny, oppression, or persecution... but from annihilation. We are fighting for our right to live. To exist. And If Voldemort can hear me, then hear this! We will not go quietly into the night! We will not vanish without a fight! We're going to live on! We're going to survive!" and the entire tent erupted into cheers and raptures of applause. Harry stood down from the stage, and got hugged by Hannah, Susan and Rudi.

“Where did you get that speech from?” Hannah and Susan asked, but Rudi’s face belied the fact that she knew exactly where it had come from.

“I stole it from a muggle film we watched” Harry said. “It seemed to fit” he shrugged. He gazed around the room as he watched last minute preparations being made. Armour was put on and secured tightly, and checks on wands made for maximum effective spell efficiency.

“What do we do now?” Luna asked.

“We fight” Neville said simply.

“That’s right. And we’ll fight them everywhere we find them until Voldemort is defeated” Harry said, then turned his head sharply as Draco Malfoy came running into the tent as fast as he could.

“Voldemort has left the Ministry and has gone to my family home” Draco said.

“That means that we can take the Ministry without him to think of. All we have to do is to cast Apparition shields and block access to all of the Floo Network” Tonks said.

“Meaning that we can block Voldemort from retaking the place” Neville said.

“If we can take back the Ministry, then it means that we have a quicker way to get the injured out of the battle when we take over Hogwarts” Harry added.

“We should split out forces” McGonagall said. “The Aurors should go to the Ministry first and take that. Then we can make our move on Hogwarts” and Harry nodded.

“Our main priority will be to gain access to the command centre. Once we can do that, we should be able to co-ordinate our attacks” and everybody agreed that that was a good idea. “We should also be prepared to take a lot of casualties” Harry added.

“What am I going to do?” asked Rudi.

“You are going to stick by me, and we’re going to take over and secure the command centre” Harry told her. “Once we have done that, you can co-ordinate the attacks until we get more students to help you” and Rudi puffed her chest out, then vanished only to come back five minutes later dressed in her full robes.

“Everybody is ready” Tonks said, and Harry nodded. He crossed over to the tents fire which had been placed on the Floo network. He got some of the Floo powder, and stepped into the flames.

“The Ministry of Magic!” and Harry vanished from view.

A/N:

Well the fanfic login problems have been solved and clearly you have just read my latest chapter!

The next chapter will concern the battle to gain the Ministry and Chapter 63 will be about the battle for Hogwarts. It will also explain why Harry has gone to the Ministry instead of Hogwarts. A BIG BIG BIG BIG BIG thank you to my Guinness drinking buddy budrick1701-e who gave me my 500th review. A large order of Self Sealing Stembolts are on their way to you. (An inside joke between us).

If you have anything you wish to ask me, then simply ask.

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

AKA

O’ Evil One

Final Thought

Is this such a good idea? I'm putting everyone in danger. I don't mind if I die, but I don't want anything to happen to Hannah, Susan... and Rudi. Luna and Neville can look after themselves in a fight. Am I sacrificing the lives of everybody that I know in order to beat Voldemort? Am I better than him then?

We are standing at the twilight of the magical world, and I don't know how this will end. Is Harry Potter going to survive this?

Is anybody?

Harry decided to put those thoughts to the back of his mind. He took one last look around the shattered ruins of the Ministry. Almost everybody who had come with him had sustained injuries. Several of them didn't look as if they would be capable of fighting, but it was a testament to the respect that Harry had that they all wanted to finish this one and for all. Harry took one deep breath and decided that the occasion warranted saying aloud his destination. He took hold of Hannah, Susan and Rudi, and spoke six important words.

"Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry" and the four disapparated towards the final battle.

Prelude To The Final Battle

The moment that Harry arrived at Hogwarts, he wished that he was back at the Ministry. Hogwarts was in a complete state with large parts of the outside missing, and Harry could instantly hear the sounds of battling even from his location.

“Spread out and make your way to the castle” Harry shouted as more people popped around him. “We have to get to the castle and make our base in the command centre” he yelled, and everybody joined in the melee.

“Incarcious” Hannah said, and ropes sprang from her wand and bound several Death Eaters together. Neville destroyed their wands by stamping his foot down on them.

“Lets get going” Susan said, as Luna cast a shield charm to protect them.

“The way is blocked to the castle” Luna said, “Theres no way to get there without having to go through several large groups of Death Eaters” she added.

“Shit” Harry swore. “How the hell do we get to the castle now?” he said forgetting several things about the castle.

“Map” Rudi said from Harry’s side.

“We could try and sneak round” Hannah said.

“Map” Rudi said again.

“That’s not likely to work” Susan replied to Hannah. “The fights breaking up all over the place” she added.

“Map” Rudi said, yet again.

“Pity we didn’t bring the cloak” Neville lamented.

“Map” said Rudi for the forth time.

“What about Notice-Me-Not charms?” suggested Luna as she kept up the shield charm.

“For crying out loud” Rudi muttered. “USE THE BLOODY MAP!” she yelled as loud as she could. The other five spun to face her with a look of shock and amazement on faces.

“What do you mean?” asked Harry.

“Use that map you have, and find us a way into the castle” Rudi said. “You could apperate us all into that tunnel, the one we left here in, and creep back in the same way we got out” and Rudi finished explaining her simple plan. Harry slapped himself on the forehead.

“Why didn’t I think of that?” he asked aloud. He picked Rudi up in his arms and kissed her on the cheek. “You are a genius” he declared. And it really was as simple as that. After vanishing and reappearing in the damp and dark tunnel, the six crept along to the Hogwarts end and Neville and Luna carefully opened the passage door. The coast was clear and they all filled out into the corridor where they took a defensive posture while Harry looked at the map intently. He found that most of the fighting was going on outside in the grounds. There where two fights inside the school – on the first floor and the other being near the Ravenclaw dorms.

“Whats that plan?” asked Hannah.

“Fight them” Harry said. “Fight them till we can’t. We have to find out what the situation is, so it’s off to the Command Centre for us” and Harry glanced at the map again.

“Something wrong?” asked Susan.

“Nothing really. Not if you don’t count the fact Death Eaters are attacking and killing our friends and family. We have to reach the Command Centre, but we have to take the long route” Harry said, folding the map up and placing it in his jeans. He waved his wand at Rudi who flew into the air, and right into Harry’s arms. “You can use the ‘Harry Express’” he said to her, causing Rudi to give a little smile.

Lets go” Luna said, and the six of them took the long route round the school corridors and passage ways. They had to climb and descend to different floors several times, and they didn’t encounter anything until Harry held up his hand to stop them all.

“Can you smell that?” he asked sniffing the air.

“I can smell it” said Hannah and Susan at the same time, and the answer came from Neville who was looking round the bend ahead in the corridor.

“I think you should see this” he said quietly, and the others came to stand next to him.

“Oh gods” Harry groaned, and tried to push Rudi behind him in order for her not to see the gruesome sight up ahead. Bodies lay in heaps across the floor and against the walls. Hannah tried to keep breakfast from making another appearance that day. The blood had pooled around them and dried up to a crusty blackness, and Harry felt rage go through him. He found that he knew a lot of the dead students by name. Colin and Denis Creevly, Justin Finch Fletchly, Romilda Vale and two Hufflepuffs whose names escaped him. The others he didn’t know at all. Hannah, Susan and Luna moved forward and gently disentangled the scattered bodies, and straightened them out. Afterwards they conjured blankets out of thin air to cover them with until other arrangements could be made. Each blanket had the deceased’s house symbol on them in order to sort them out later when the battle was over.

“How many is that?” Neville asked.

“Twelve” Hannah said sadly.

“Make that thirteen” Luna interrupted, and the others looked to see that Luna had found another body lying a little bit further then the others. Upon closer inspection it was discovered the dead student was from Ravenclaw.

“BEN!” Rudi called, making everyone jump. They had forgotten Rudi who was standing at the bend where Harry had told her to wait. She ran over to the body, and knelt down and cradled his head in her lap – tears flowing freely from her eyes.

“You knew him?” Susan asked gently.

“He was my best friend” Rudi wailed.

“I’m sorry” Harry said, and he truly was. After what had happened to the girl, he wished something good would happen for her. But Harry knew himself that not every wish came true. However on this occasion, it did happen.

“Ungh” the body moaned.

“Ben?” sniffed Rudi.

“Rudi? Is that you?” Ben asked almost as a whisper.

“It’s me Ben” Rudi said, tears stopping almost at once. “I thought you were dead” she said pulling him up into an embrace.

“All the time you had gone, all I could think about was you” Ben said, opening his eyes. Ben had short dark hair, not unlike Harry’s but Ben’s was much neater.

“Me?” asked Rudi, as Hannah and Susan came close to Harry.

“So that’s who is in that picture she always has next to her bed” Hannah whispered.

“I wondered, but I didn’t want to ask” Susan said. “He looks in a bad way” she added. Harry went over to the pair and knelt down in front of Rudi and Ben.

“I just need to this spell on you” Harry said. “I promise it wont hurt” he added. Ben nodded his acceptance, after his eyes went wide. Clearly he knew who Harry was, and felt fine with whatever he said or wanted to do. Harry waved his wand over Ben in the same patterns

Madam Pomfrey had often done. "Nothing badly broken. Just two ribs and your left wrist" and he turned back to the other four. "Anybody pack some Skele-Gro?" he asked.

"Here" Susan said, and she reached into her pockets and pulled out a small bottle of the required item. "Its not a lot, but I grabbed as much as was left after the Ministry fight" and she handed the bottle over to Harry but Rudi deftly intercepted it.

"I'll do it" she said, and then forced it down Ben's throat.

"I hate that stuff" he complained.

"You're not the only one" Harry said, patting Ben on the head. "While this works, can you tell me what happened here?" he asked, desperate to know what had killed so many in one go.

"We had been held in the dungeons since the attack months ago" Ben said, a little more steady now that he had been given some other potions. "We had been tortured for information on where you had gone, but we didn't give up anything. Well a few did... the Slytherins gave a lot of information to the Death Eaters", and Harry nodded quickly.

"We know about that" he lied. "What then?" he asked.

"We had been kept in the dungeons and only been taken out to be hurt. Then a few hours ago something happened to them and we managed to get out and start fighting" Ben said, but something told Harry that he was hiding something.

"What did Voldemort do?" he asked.

"He only took us out one time to show us something" Ben said.

"What asked" Harry quickly.

"He had us all taken to the Quidditch pitch, and made us watch as he executed every member of Gryffindor that had been taken hostage"

Ben said. Harry went from bad to worse. Rage poured out of him in waves, and it took both Hannah and Susan to calm him down.

“How did they survive?” Harry asked, pointing at the Creevy bothers and Romalda.

“Some of the older students managed to change the crest on a few people, but not many” Ben said.

“How many?” Neville said. He had been quiet for the last few minutes – thinking deeply about everything.

“Six” Ben replied. “Those three” he said, pointing at the covered bodies, “And three others. Two younger and one older student” Ben said. “Not that it helped” he muttered “He found out and killed them”.

“I don’t believe it” Harry said, and fell against the wall. “Two students out of One Hundred and Fifty survived Voldemort’s fury”

“I hate to break this all up, but theres some Death Eaters heading our way, and they have destroyed the command centre” Luna said from the back of the group. She had the Marauder’s Map in her hands and was looking at it closely.

“How close?” Harry asked. Luna was about to reply, when she dodged to avoid the nasty looking spell which whizzed over her head.

“That close” she answered weekly.

“Neville, Hannah. Shield charms now. Susan, pick Ben up and carry him. Luna pick up Rudi and keep her close to you” Harry began shouting orders.

“What about you?” asked Hannah, all the time while spells and curses raided down on the shields she and Neville produced.

“I’ll stay here to delay them” Harry said.

“Thought you’d say that” Hannah smiled grimly. “Dobby!” she called, and for the first time in months, Dobby appeared.

"Dobby can be of help?" Dobby asked.

"Dobby, take Rudi and Ben to wherever the good side is sending the wounded" Susan told the elf as Hannah was now fully occupied.

"Dobby will do what is asked" Dobby said, and clicked his fingers and Rudi and Ben vanished.

"You as well, Dobby" Harry said, as he threw off his cloak.

"Dobby wants to fight with the great Harry Potter!" Dobby protested.

"Dobby, if you could, then I would let you. But who is going to help with the injured?" Luna explained gently, and Dobby understood at once. He gave a bow to Luna and then to Harry and vanished with a loud crack.

"What in Merlin's name are you doing?" Harry demanded.

"Saving you for a change" Susan answered.

"Great" Harry muttered. "Well if you insist on staying then listen. There's no rules here, just get them down as quick as you can. We have to get out of here as fast we came" and the other four nodded grimly. Neville and Hannah dropped the shield charms, and they waited for the Death Eaters to come round the corner.

"STUDPIFY" came a chorus of shouts, and five Death Eaters dropped to the ground. Others came moving up and they broke up into individual fights, with Harry taking out his own one in very little time. He started to assist Hannah with fighting her attacker, and slowly but surely the other Death Eaters joined their companions on the floor. It was a short little battle, but it had taken its toll on some of them. Neville bore a long gash on his arm, and what looked like blood was trickling from under his jeans. Susan had escaped getting severely injured, but was holding her right wrist with her left hand. Luna bore several deep cuts and her clothes had been torn in several places. Harry had managed to escape all but a few minor cuts on his

hand, where he had scrapped a little bit of skin off. That left Hannah, and speaking of which...

"HANNAH!" Harry yelled, and Harry ran to Hannah who was lying on the floor with smoke escaping from underneath her. "Oh fuck" he said, and gently turned her over. Luckily, she was still alive but stunned slightly.

"That really flaming hurts" she said, as Harry helped her to her feet.

"What happened?" asked an overjoyed Harry, happy that Hannah wasn't dead.

"One of those bastards tried to kill me, but the Goblin armour protected me, though I think it is useless now" she said. With Harry's help, she managed to pull off the still smoking metal and threw it to the floor. Harry could see that the metal had burned away almost completely through.

"I'll get you a new set for Christmas" Harry said jokingly. He picked up the map from where Luna had dropped it, and scanned it intently. "Theres no Death Eaters around here at the moment" then Harry thought for a moment. He told Susan and Luna to come over to him so he could try to heal them a little bit. "Madam Pomfrey is going to be busy when we see her" he muttered, and he managed to heal pretty much all of the injuries the two girls had. Neville's injuries took a longer time to heal, but Harry managed to get them dealt with and he opened one of the nearby classroom doors and went inside to rest – lying across several of the desks and trying to get his strength back. Stuff like healing took a lot out of him, and he closed his eyes for a few precious moments.

"Harry!" Hannah said urgently, and Harry's eyes jumped open again, and he was ready for action.

"Whats going on?" he said.

"I was just looking at the map, and the Death Eaters are falling back out of the castle" she said, and pointed to the map to prove her point.

It showed many named little dots retreating away from the castle. Neville also looked and instantly hissed in fury.

“Bellatrix” he said, with barely contained fury, and pointed at the map. “She’s still alive”

“I don’t believe it” Harry said, but then something much darker and much more evil then Bellatrix LaStrange could be heard all over the castle.

“ATTENTION ALL HOGWARTS FIGHTERS. THIS IS LORD VOLDEMORT SPEAKING. YOU HAVE FOUGHT WELL. YOUR EFFORTS ARE FUTILE. YOU CAN NOT FIGHT ME MUCH LONGER, I DO NOT WANT TO SPILL ANYMORE MAGICAL BLOOD. I KNOW THAT HARRY POTTER IS IN THE CASTLE. GIVE HIM TO ME, AND I WILL ALLOW YOU ALL TO LEAVE. YOU HAVE UNTIL 12 NOON TOMORROW. GIVE ME POTTER, AND YOU WILL BE REWARDED WITH YOUR LIVES. LORD VOLDEMORT IS MERCIFUL! YOU HAVE SUSTAINED HEAVY LOSSES. IF YOU CONTINUE TO RESIST, THEN YOU WILL ALL DIE. EVERY DROP OF MAGICAL BLOOD SPILT, IS A WASTE OF THAT BLOOD.

I AM COMMANDING MY FORCES TO RETREAT UNTIL TWELVE NOON TOMORROW. DISPOSE OF YOUR DEAD WITH DIGNITY AND TREAT YOUR INJURED.

I SPEAK NOW DIRECTLY TO YOU, HARRY POTTER. YOU HAVE PERMITTED YOUR FRIENDS TO DIE FOR YOU RATHER THEN FACE ME YOURSELF. I SHALL WAIT TILL NOON TOMORROW FOR YOU IN THE FORBIDDEN FOREST. IF, AT THE END OF THAT TIME, YOU HAVE NOT COME TO ME, GIVEN YOURSELF UP THEN BATTLE SHAL RECOMMENCE. THIS TIME I WILL ENTER THE BATTLE MYSELF AND I SHALL FIND YOU. AND I WILL PUNISH EVERY MAN WOMAN AND CHILD WHO STANDS IN MY WAY AND WHO HAS TRIED TO CONCEAL YOU FROM ME. YOU HAVE TILL NOON TOMORROW” and Voldemort’s voice echoed round the castle as Harry took the full effects of the message.

“Well at least we know we have time for dinner” Susan said weekly.

“What do we do now?” asked Neville.

“We take stock of what has happened, and find out the current state of the castle. We have to know what condition it is in” Harry paused, before making a small sigh. “And also to find out who is dead, and still with us” and he consulted the map before leading the way towards the library.

A/N:

Well here is the Prelude to the full end battle, and my first chapter to be over four pages for a long time.

Wanted to welcome aboard old-crow, and Draco-Hermy who have added my fic to their story lists.

The short chapter 62 was deliberate because the battle of the Ministry is being shown as a mini-chapter flashback when Harry meets up with everybody else who survived the two battles so far today.

Please also tell me your top ten moments in the fic please so I can know what you like so far from the fanfic as a whole.

Reviews, Pm's and speculations in the normal manner please

Regards;

Pixel and Stephanie Forever

The Last Few Hours

After spending so much time at Hogwarts, it seemed spooky for Harry and the others to see nobody while on the trip to the library. The corridors and passages had sustained damage in various degrees, and quite a few had what looked suspiciously like dried blood. They didn't find any other bodies which greatly relieved Harry and the rest a good deal. The first people they saw were a Hufflepuff and a Ravenclaw helping each other.

"Harry Potter!" the Ravenclaw said delightedly.

"We had feared the worse" the Hufflepuff said. The Hufflepuff had what appeared to be a badly sprained ankle, while the Ravenclaw had a broken left arm – the odd angle at which it lay being the tell tale signal.

"Cutting a long story short, can you tell us who you know I know who has survived?" Harry asked.

"I can answer that" McGonagall's said over the edge of a small group of students.

"Professor McGonagall" Luna exclaimed in surprise. "I thought you had been sent to St Mungos" she went on.

"My place is at Hogwarts. If Voldemort wins here, then it will not matter where I am" and there was a certain logic behind that. Harry didn't reply to McGonagall, but simply fell into the same chair that Hermione always favoured.

"Whats the total of people we lost?" asked he asked after a few moments.

"Almost all of Gryffindor have been murdered" McGonagall said, dabbing at her eyes with a small handkerchief. "We also lost the same number from the other three houses. As for injuries theres almost two hundred and fifty seriously injured, fifteen not so bad, and a dozen with no injuries at all" and McGonagall's lip trembled which was a bad sign.

"You said almost all of Gryffindor, Professor" Neville said, "Who survived?" he asked.

"Mr Longbottom, yourself and Miss Granger. "I'm afraid that everyone else in Gryffindor House has died. I just can't believe it" she added with tear filled eyes.

"We have until tomorrow at noon to get as many people healed and organise a improvised defence of the school" Harry said. "We will have to block all of the secret passages in and out of the school"

"Sounds like a job for us" came the dueted tones of the Weasley twins.

"Fair enough" Harry said. "I was wondering what to do about the rest of today and then tomorrow . We should have a few people on some kind of watch perhaps on the Astromany tower and Trelawney's room as well" he mentioned thoughtfully.

"We'll take care of that" McGonagall said, "You need to rest. You have been on the run for months, without a lot of breaks. Go back to your tower; we managed to place some pretty strong shield charms on it. Everything is just as you left it when you escaped from here" but Harry protested quite strongly.

"I have to be awake for anything that happens" he said.

"If something happens then we can wake you up" said George.

"Right" said Fred. "If you give us the map we gave you, then it will make our job easier" and Hannah and Susan agreed with that.

"But I have to lead the attack against Voldemort" Harry said. He had had this argument before many times with both his wives, Luna and Neville.

"Part of being a leader is knowing how to delegate. Besides, we need to get you as relaxed as possible" Hannah said mischievously.

"It has to help somewhat" Susan added with a wink. Harry caught that look in both their eyes, and decided to surrender himself to the tender and passionate mercy of his wives. He just needed to remember how to do the silencing and locking charms.

#

"Now that Harry has gone, we can start dealing with defence" Neville said.

"Agreed" McGonagall said. "We should block up all entrances that we can and then get as many people as possible out of here" and they began the job of getting the seriously injured out of the castle using any and all means possible. It took nearly two hours to gently move everybody out of the library and away to St Mungos.

"That's the last batch" Luna said, coming back into the library.

"How many people are left?" Neville asked tired as he was.

"Just over a hundred of fifty students" Luna replied, as McGonagall came over to them. Luna told her the total number of students left in the entire school, and McGonagall sighed.

"There are a few teachers who are staying back" she said.

"And all the surviving Aurors will stand and fight" came Tonks's voice from behind them.

"Miss Tonks ! I had heard that you had sustained major injuries" McGonagall said delighted that Tonks had survived.

"Well Voldemort can't stop the rock. I slipped out of the hospital wing. I'm not going to be lying around on what might be my death bed. I'll go down on my own terms" she said.

"Well any help is most welcome" McGonagall said quietly. "How many Aurors can we count on?" she enquired.

“Well theres a lot of them back at the Ministry taking care of the clear up operations. As far as I know theres only two Aurors here. Myself and Auror Ash Ketchum. That’s the only two Aurors here who are going to help” Tonks said, shaking her head. “If we win, then we are going to have to spend years dealing with all the fallout” and for some reason or other, Neville decided to change the subject.

“I think that we should get some rest, I think we are going to need all the strength we can muster” he said, and the others agreed.

“Nevillllllle! Luuuuuuna!” came an excited voice. Neville and Luna spun round to see a black haired streak jump right into Luna’s arms. “I thought you might be hurt bad” the blur said.

“What are you doing here, Rudi?” Neville asked, and Rudi turned her head round to look at him.

“I didn’t want to leave” Rudi said plainly.

“But you should have left. Now theres no way out, because we blocked up all the entrances and put up magical shields up around the castle and the forest so nobody can leave” McGonagall said.

“But I’m Luna’s and Neville’s and Hannah’s and Susan’s friend. Oh! And Harry’s friend of course. Harry told me he tries not to leave a friend behind, and that friends should stick together” Rudi said, and her expression was one of conviction.

“Where did you hide?” Luna asked putting Rudi back down on the floor.

“I hid in the Restricted Section” Rudi said, “I pulled out one book, and a head came out and screamed at me, I only just managed to put a silencing charm on it” she said with a shudder.

“Where did you learn that?” McGonagall asked.

“I learnt from the best teacher around” Rudi said, clearly referring to Harry.

“Well if you are staying here, then we must find you something to do” Tonks said.

“I can make sandwiches” Rudi said proudly.

“Then we will have to get you bread and you can make as many sandwiches as you can.” Tonks smiled.

“Why can’t the elves do that?” asked Neville.

“They are busy” McGonagall said simply and no other explanation was needed.

“Come on” Luna said quickly, catching the hint, “Lets go and find that stuff shall we?” and Luna led Rudi out of the library and towards the kitchens.

“I didn’t want to say this in front of her, but it looks like we have no chance of winning here” Tonks said. “The Auror Corps has been completely destroyed and theres nothing that we can do about it. The only way for us to win is for us to use the...” Tonks’s voice trailed off as McGonagall and Neville understood what she was going to say.

“If numbers are such a problem, then why can’t we just simply blast them like we did with the giants?” Neville asked. It was such an obvious plan that it had never occurred to either Tonks or McGonagall. As they discussed what the plan of attack was going to be for the next day, the few remaining students went around the castle doing what ever they wanted to do. McGonagall thought about something for a moment, then asked for all remaining students to gather in the Great Hall for an announcement. McGonagall stood at the Teachers table while the other tables had been cleared away to make space.

“First of all” she began, “I want to say that I am proud of each and every single one of you for choosing to stay behind and aid in the battle which is to come ahead. I know that many of you are concerned and rightly so. I will not lie to you, but it is a certainty that a few of you will die. I am sorry to be blunt, but you have to know everything. We are going to unblock one of the secret tunnels and

allow anybody who wishes to, to leave the castle and go to their families. Any of you who wish to remain here are welcome to do so. All those who wish to remain in the castle, take three steps forward please" and there was silence and the students looked at each other for a few moments. As one huge body, they all took the requested three steps forward towards McGonagall. "Thank you" she said after a few dozen seconds of shocked silence. "I have decided to lift the preventive charms all girls dorms for those old enough who want... company" she finished with a slight blush. "I am declaring open and free access to all student common rooms for those who just want to talk. The only rooms not to be accessed are the Potters's own private suite. Harry Potter is recovering after using a lot of magic. As for the school, those of your not on watch keeping are allowed to do anything you want. The kitchens are open to anybody who wishes to eat and drink. I only ask that you not consume alcohol. I just want to say that you have made me all very proud of each and every one of. I'll see you all in the morning. Dismissed" and the students broke up and headed away to do what ever they wanted to do. McGonagall, Tonks, Neville and the returning pair of Luna and Rudi sat down at the Teachers table and ate the sandwiches that Rudi had made. The bread had been cut a little bit too thick on a few slices, but everybody proudly proclaimed it was the best meal they had had in a long time. Perhaps, it was suggested, Rudi should open a sandwich making business after leaving Hogwarts. By the time they had finished the sun was beginning to start to set, and the ceiling reflected the golden skyline outside.

"Luna? Can I have a word with you please?" Neville asked.

"Sure, Neville" Luan replied, and Neville took Luna by the hand and led her to a small chamber off the hall. It was the same one that Harry had been to when his name had popped out of the Goblet of Fire at the start of the entire Tri-Wizard debacle. "So what you want to talk to me about?" she asked when Neville had closed the door.

"You know that Voldemort is going to attack us tomorrow, right?" Neville began.

"I had heard something about that, yes" Luna smiled gently.

“What I meant is that one or both of us might be killed, before we have a chance to do anything about our futures” Neville said, causing Luna to screw her face up in thought.

“I don’t understand, Neville” she said at last. Neville suddenly dropped to one knee so fast that Luna looked round to see if he had been hit with a jinx or spell. But Neville’s taking of one of her hands, caught her attention once again.

“Luna Celeste Lovegood. Would you do me the honour of being my wife?” Neville Longbottom asked as he slipped the ring onto her finger.

“Yes” Luna said quietly, “Yes please” and Neville got up and hugged her tightly for several long moments. Luna allowed her head to rest on Neville’s shoulder and they stood in silence.

“I just wanted to ask before... well you know” Neville said.

“I was waiting for you to ask me” his now fiancé replied. After a few more moments of silence Luna lifted her head from Neville’s shoulders. “We should go tell the others” she said.

“They already knew” Neville revealed laughing slightly at Luna’s reaction. After a few shocked seconds, they left the chamber and the waiting McGonagall, Tonks and Rudi congratulated the pair.

“All we have to do is to set a date” Luna said.

“Midnight do you?” McGonagall asked. “Everyone you love and who love you is here, so you might as well hold it know” she told them. “I’m almost certain that we will get about a hundred plus attendees” the woman added with a smile gracing her face.

“So you asked her then!” Harry shouted as he came into the hall with Hannah and Susan hanging off each of his arms.

“Did everybody know?” Luna asked.

“Everyone apart from you” Neville informed her as the Weasley twins came into the room. Harry had the feeling it was turning into a big family reunion, and then his mind suddenly remembered something from his own wedding almost exactly a year ago.

“We want to add own our congratulations” the twins said in perfect harmony. Harry smiled at his own wedding and suddenly decided that now was the right time to get his vengeance on Neville.

“Does anybody have something white?” he asked. The others looked at each other until Rudi said she did.

“I have a hankie” she said, and handed over a plain white handkerchief. “What do you need it for?” she asked as she watched Harry enlarge it and secure it to one of the halls candlestick holders after casting a Featherlight charm on it first.

“I’m going outside and into the forest” Harry said, and the room burst into protests which all contained the fact that Harry should surrender. “I’m not going to hand myself over. I want to talk with him, after first asking for safe passage to his presence and back again” and Harry called for Hedwig using one of his normally hidden powers. He wrote a short message and attached it to his owl’s leg. “Take this to Lord Voldemort” he asked. The reaction of Hedwig was one of clear and utter astonishment. “Just take it to him, and bring back the reply” and Hedwig actually shook her head as she took to the air. Nobody spoke when she returned with the reply.

“What does it say?” Hannah asked as Hedwig flew back into the hall several minutes later.

“He says yes” Harry said, “But only for me though” and with out further question he picked up the makeshift Flag of Truce and proceeded to leave the castle.

#

“He wants what, My Lord?” Bellatrix asked again in disbelief.

“Potter wishes to meet and talk to me under a flag of truce” Voldemort repeated. Not much surprised him a lot these days, but this had to be up in the Top 3 most surprising moments for Voldemort. He wrote a reply and sent the Owl back on its way. “Bella, go round my forces and command them to not touch a single hair on Harry Potter... or else. Go now” and Bella bowed and left to spread her master’s wishes. Several minutes later Harry appeared holding what Voldemort recognised as the Flag of Truce. Voldemort actually could not begin to think what Harry wanted. The note he had sent had stated quite clearly that he would not be handing himself over, so what was the reason?

“I am so glad you could see me” Harry said, as straight faced as he stood in front of the Dark Lord.

“What do you want, Potter?” Voldemort asked, trying to get his face under control and managing... but only just.

“I want to take a picture of us standing together” Harry said simply, or rather a series of pictures” and Voldemort and his followers stood shocked.

“What?” asked a stunned Voldemort, and Harry repeated his request. “You think me a fool to do this?” he demanded.

“You want an honest answer?” Harry asked the most evil man in Britain.

“Yes” Voldemort said.

“You are an idiot” and Voldemort raised his wand, but Harry pulled out the note again. “You said that you would not harm me while meeting with me” Harry reminded him. Voldemort was furious with himself. That Potter brat had tricked him into a magical contract... but no matter. Things would get better later.

“Bella? Come here” Voldemort ordered, and Bellatrix moved closer to Voldemort. She seemed to be containing her anger towards Harry because she was under the same contract as Voldemort. “Take Potter’s camera and take photographs” he commanded. Bella did as

he asked, but Harry subtly took a Polyjuice Potion and also cast a low level confusion charm. As far as they knew, Harry was Harry and not Neville. After a few minutes of picture taking, Bella said there was only one picture left to be taken. Harry stood side by side with Voldemort, but just as Bella clicked the camera button Harry turned and planted the biggest kiss he could muster on Voldemort's surprised face. After grabbing the camera, Harry picked up the Flag of Truce and hurried away. Bellatrix tried not to laugh, but failed. The Dark Lord was too shocked, surprised and downright mystified to bother about cursing her. Several others followed suit after Bella and chuckled and giggled depending on distance from Voldemort.

#

Harry returned just as the Polyjuice was wearing off. He thanked the fates that Pomfrey had been able to brew up a batch before she had left with the last of the injured. This was going to be one heck of a prank... one worthy of the Weasley twins. Once he reached the safety of the castle, the first person he saw after the people stationed next to the main doors was Hermione. When they saw each other, they ran and hugged much to amusement of the mixture of Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws.

"Harry!" Hermione exclaimed. "I heard you came back" she said happily.

"I missed you" Harry managed to get out. "You hear that me, you and Neville are the only remaining Gryffindors left?" he asked her.

"McGonagall told me" Harry's bushy haired friend said. Harry looked at the time on his watch, and then suddenly decided to do something that he should have done a long time ago.

"Come with me" Harry said, and he grabbed hold of Hermione's hand and dragged her along behind him. Hermione was confused as she was dragged along past bewildered students.

'What is Harry doing?' she thought. They stopped outside the Great Hall where Harry asked her to wait outside. He slipped inside to find that McGonagall, Hannah and Susan were still inside hastily

arranging things for an impromptu wedding reception. Tonks could be seen leading Rudi and Luna away. Neville was nowhere to be seen – he had an appointment with several older Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs.

“Harry!” Hannah and Susan screamed as they threw themselves on him. “We were so worried” they both said.

“Never mind that, I was wondering if I could have a word with you two?” he asked, nodding his head at the small chamber off to the side.

“Don’t mind me” McGonagall smiled as Harry and the girls headed off into the chamber.

“Soooo” Hannah said, slightly tired from all the days events, “What do you want?” she asked.

“Well” Harry began, not knowing how to continue. He took a deep breath before pressing on. “I am so happy that I married you two. You are two of the best wives that anybody could have, but there’s part of me that wishes for something more”.

“What? Here?” asked Susan in fake alarm. “Can we at least find a bed?” she asked.

“Not that!” Harry said rolling her eyes.

“You mean the fact you wish you had Hermione as a wife as well?” Hannah enquired with a straight face.

“What?...How do you know about that?” Harry asked in total and complete surprise.

“We read your diary” Susan said, “And to be honest we were going to suggest it to you”.

“But wouldn’t you feel a bit... well I don’t know how you would feel, but you know what I mean” Harry said.

"You care for Hermione deeply and we can understand that. Even after what she did, you still cared for her. It was not her fault that she was under drugs or whatever. We want you to be happy, and if that means you want to marry Hermione then that is fine with us" Hannah said, hugging Harry. Susan just simply started to rub her hand over the small of Harry's back in small circles.

"Besides, what guy can resist seeing three hot looking girls in bed together?" she giggled causing Harry to start blushing red, pink and puce.

"There is that" he admitted, "But that's not the reason I want to marry Hermione. The main reason is that after what Ron Weasley" and Harry spat that name out like a curse, "Did to her, men could just take advantage of her and use her for whatever sick purposes they have. But you know that I respect her too much for that" Harry said, "I just want her to be with somebody who will care for her and love her. I'd die before I let anything happen to her" he finished.

"Well, just simply ask her" both of his wives said at the same time.

"I will do" Harry said, suddenly not bothered about Voldemort and his followers going to attack the next day. He went out to find Hermione helping McGonagall with the decorating around the hall. He walked over to the bushy haired witch, and gently took her hand.

"Can I talk to you?" he asked.

"Sure, Harry" Hermione said. "Whats up?" she asked.

"Nothing... well not if you don't count the fact that Voldemort is ready to kill us all, nothing is the matter" Harry smiled for a moment. He looked down to see that a small ring had been pressed into his hand. He very slowly went down onto one knee, still holding Hermione's hand and looked up at her.

"Harry?" Hermione said, uncertain what was going on.

“Hermione Jane Granger. Will you do me the honour of being my third wife?” he asked, holding out an exact copy of one of the engagement rings he had given to Hannah and Susan.

“I...” Hermione hesitated, “I don’t understand. You want me to marry you?” she asked.

“I do believe that that was the question I asked you” Harry said, putting on his best Hermione look and voice. “What is your answer?” he asked.

“Yes” was all Hermione could manage to get out. Harry slipped the ring onto her finger then stood up and kissed Hermione gently on the lips. Harry detected a slight hesitation in Hermione’s reaction to his kiss. He could only assume that part of her mind was thinking about what that bastard Ron had done to her. Not knowing what to do, Harry placed one hand on Hermione’s face and cupped her cheek gently, and Hermione instantly jumped one of her own hands and covered Harry’s but she did nothing to stop the kiss. Harry decided to not make Hermione uncomfortable and he broke the kiss and backed away slightly.

“Was that alright?” he asked nervously, but Harry didn’t get a response. Hermione’s expression showed she was away with the fairies. It took a full three minutes for her to come round and she kissed Harry on the cheek, then ran off in hot pursuit of Tonks, Rudi and Luna – She had to get ready for a wedding after all.

“Well that went well” Hannah giggled.

“Better then I was expecting” Harry admitted. He began to wonder about what was going to happen tomorrow.

“Don’t worry about it” Hannah said.

“What?” Harry exclaimed. “Did you just read my mind?” he asked, shocked and surprised at the same time.

“We can do that a lot of the time” Susan replied, then she put on a roguish smile. “Try to read my mind” she said.

“Fine” Harry said, and concentrated on reading Susan’s mind. What he found was most disturbing. “Susan Amelia Bones Potter!” he exclaimed, “You can’t do that with a carrot!” he said in full dramatic mode. Harry’s mind was then blocked firmly but gently. It seemed that Susan could stop him from reading her thoughts, the same as Hannah.

“I suggest Mr... Harry, that you go and enjoy what time you have left” McGonagall said, giving a faint smile. Her thoughts were turning towards the next day and Minerva was feeling sad – not that she would admit it to anybody. Almost all of her adult life had been spent teaching at Hogwarts, and she had never had time for a personal life, though she did have fun with Filius, Poppy, Rubeus and some of the other tutors. She had never found time to find somebody right for her, though Dumbledore had tried it on a few times with her. Minerva always considered the students at Hogwarts to be her children, and as she watched Harry, Hannah and Susan leave the hall she wished them every happiness.

#

“Are you ready yet?” asked Hannah for the fifth time in as many minutes.

“Yes” Hermione and Luna both replied at the same time.

“Finally” Susan said rolling her eyes towards the ceiling.

“Do I look good enough for Harry?” Hermione asked.

“I you didn’t then he would be marrying you would he?” Luna said while making last minute checks in the mirror on her hair.

“Thanks” Hermione said quietly. After all that had happened, she was amazed that Harry, his wives and both his friends were still talking to her at all. The door to the Hufflepuff common room opened and Tonks popped her head inside.

"Its time" she said and there was a flurry of activity and then Tonks, Hannah and Susan led Hermione and Luna out of the room and headed down the corridors to the Great Hall. With Hogwarts operating under a Skeleton crew the halls seemed empty. Even with people defending all entry and exit points to the castle, it was still spooky to see nobody at all. The silence was deafening as they came round the final corner and came up to the door.

"I'm more nervous then when I took my OWLs" Hermione said, managing a small smile.

"I was nervous" Hannah admitted, "But I felt fine when it all started" she said, giving Hermione's hand a small squeeze.

"It's only going to be a small service" Susan said, giving the others a side look. She pushed open the doors and led the way inside the hall.

"ALL RISE!" somebody called out loudly and every single student stood up respectfully as Hermione and Luna came walking up the aisle – all one hundred and fifty of them. They had been seated in rows of chairs in place of the house tables.

"I thought you said small" Hermione whispered.

"Well we could have had the rest of the student body here" Tonks said. Music started to be played throughout the hall. It took Hermione a few moments for her to figure out it was "The Wedding March". She looked up to the front of the hall where the teachers normally sat to see that in addition to the table, there was now a large Hammond organ being manned by a Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff. Hermione smiled at Harry's thoughtfulness at her Muggle-Born heritage, though she assumed that the two students where not playing the organ as it looked like it was charmed. It stopped just as the small party reached the front. Harry and Neville stood waiting for them and both where dressed in full formal robes with Neville looking as nervous as Hermione was – Harry and Luna both seemed to be taking this in their stride. McGonagall said for the students and other people that had remained in the castle to be seated, and then began the service for both marriages.

“Dearly Beloved. We are gathered here to witness the marriage of Neville Longbottom to Luna Celeste Lovegood” began McGonagall, looking at the pair who stood holding hands lightly. Harry was too busy looking at Hermione in her white satin dress. He had given it to Hannah and Susan to pass on to Hermione for her to wear but had not mentioned where it had come from. Luna already had her dress which had been kept in her school trunk for some reason since she had been a first year. He had heard her say it was her mother’s own dress that she had wanted to wear. McGonagall’s voice roused him, again. “Neville Longbottom, do you take Luna Celeste Lovegood as your magically married wife? To love and to hold till the end of time, till death do you part?” she asked.

“I do” Neville said, smiling proudly.

“Luna Celeste Lovegood, do you take Neville Longbottom as your magically married Husband? To love and to hold till the end of time, till death do you part?” McGonagall asked Luna.

“Yes, I do” Luna replied, tears running down her face.

“Then I declare you to be husband and wife. You may kiss the bride” McGonagall finished the wedding service for Neville and Luna. The assembled people burst into applause for the newly weds.

“And now...” the Weasley twins said unfurling a large banner which flashed many different colours, “Time for the main event” and Neville and Luna moved aside for Harry and Hermione to take their places.

“I’ll keep this simple at the request of Mr Potter” McGonagall said, much to the amusement of the crowd. “Harry James Potter, do you take Hermione Jane Granger as your magically married wife? To love and to hold till the end of time, till death do you part?”

“I do” Harry said, and cast a glance upwards.

“Hermione Jane Granger, do you take Harry James Potter as your magically married husband? To love and to hold till the end of time, till death do you part?” McGonagall asked Hermione.

"I do" was all Hermione could get out after several attempts to speak.

"Then I declare you husband and wife" McGonagall said again, and nodded in an upward direction. Hermione had just enough time to see Rudi floating on Harry's Nimbus 2000 and releasing bundles and bundles of confetti from the ceiling.

#

"Now as you all know, I got married about a year ago" Harry said, "And most of you will know what he did to me as a wedding prank. Therefore..." he added, pulling out some pictures from his robes, "I got my revenge" and he went through them until he found one in particular. He levitated it into the air, and then looked at the students, remaining members of staff and Dobby, who was seated at the top table at Harry's request. "I suggest you get ready to be amazed" he said, flicking his wand at the floating picture and making it grow so it could be seen by those people sitting at the back.

The hall roared with laughter as they saw the picture Harry had selected – the one where he had kissed Voldemort while looking like Neville. The laughter went on for twenty minutes or so, and was increased slightly at the end when Fred and George marched up to Harry and produced their resignations from the Jokers Brigade. After a long time in eating and drinking and dancing, people had started to leave the hall and spend what remaining time they had left before Voldemort's deadline doing. Hannah, Susan and Hermione were off doing a girl talk while Luna and Neville had decided to go and put their "Wand Insertion" techniques to good use. McGonagall, Tonks and Dobby had actually drunk themselves silly under the table and had been taken to the room of requirement to rest. The other students had gone to be with each other in ways very much like Luna and Neville, or for those who didn't or were too young those students played games of Chess, Exploding Snap and Gobstones. Harry had remained behind to clear away the mess of the after wedding party, and had discovered a lot of emotions inside himself. People should have been at the wedding and had not been able to come because of the fact they had died at the Ministry.

The smoke from the falling stonework made it hard for Harry to see. He had to wait to look around. "Ernie?" he shouted, "Where are you?" he yelled.

"Ernie's dead!" Neville said, and it was easy to see how he had died. He had thrown himself into the path of the stonework in order to save Harry. The largest piece had crushed his skull like an egg.

"Oh fuck" Harry swore, then fired jinx, curse and spell one after the other at the Death Eaters who retreated back several feet. "Where's Dean, Seamus and the rest?" he asked casting a shield charm.

"Dead as well" Neville said sadly. As they conversed, students and Death Eaters engaged in close quarters combat with spells, curses and jinxes flying all over the place. Harry saw several good people go down on the good side, and he re-evaluated the plan he had formed. "Pass the word for everybody to charge" he told Neville.

"But, how can we?" Neville half yelled half asked as he stunned a Death Eater.

"I'll blast a whole through them using Blasting Hexes" Harry said, then reached inside for two hand grenades that the Weasley twins had given to him. He pulled the pins out from both of them and chucked them at the group of Death Eaters who had killed Ernie. "TAKE COVER!" he yelled, and produced the strongest shield charm he could to absorb the blast. The grenades sailed through the air and landed at the feet of the Death Eaters and exploded which a tremendous blast of noise. It gave Harry's Army enough time to stun or otherwise incapacitate the Death Eaters remaining. Then as suddenly as it had begun, it was all over, and Harry looked at the bodies lying scattered around the Ministry like broken dolls. Out of the dust he saw Hannah, Susan and Rudi coming towards him and he hugged all three tightly, as Neville and Luna did the same thing. When Harry saw Tonks looking terrible and in a state of shock, he asked her what had happened.

"We lost a lot of people" she said, "Mainly Gryffindors" she added.

Harry made a short and carefully quiet stop to his tower and picked up the last two remaining bottles of Firewhiskey in the room as well as a pair of crystal glasses and headed along the corridors and arrived at the entrance to Gryffindor Tower. The portrait of the Fat Lady had been completely destroyed and he wondered if she had escaped in time. The portrait itself was hanging off one edge and Harry edged round it and stood in the middle of the Gryffindor common room. It was in a complete state of destruction, pieces of chairs, sofas, pictures, paintings, clothes, parchment and lots of other items of debris. The only things intact was the windows though they were now the deepest darkest black they could or ever would be. Harry kept looking around the room as if expecting people to come out from the staircases to the dorms saying this was one hell of a prank, but nobody did so. Harry did a 'Repairo' on a badly damaged table and managed to get it fixed after several goes at it. He sat down the bottles and glasses with a clink. A few more waves of his wand, and he managed to get the wall above the fireplace cleaned up like new. Harry began the slow process of taking images from his mind and turning them into pictures on the wall like a memorial. After Harry was done he opened one of the bottles and poured himself an entirely full glass of Firewhiskey, and then drunk in memory of those Gryffindors who had been killed. Under each picture was a name going with the right person. It was every single person he knew by name, and then simply Gryffindor Student for those he didn't know by name. Angelina Johnson, Lee Jordan, Alicia Spinnet, Patricia Stimpson, Kenneth Towler, Katie Bell, Cormac McLaggen, Lavender Brown, Parvati Patil, Seamus Finnigan, Dean Thomas, Colin and Dennis Creevey, he certainly remembered Natalie MacDonald as the girl who had asked Harry to describe his life to her, Jimmy Peakes, Euan Abercrombie and others who he could not put a name to.

"Harry?" came a small voice from the doorway, and Harry turned to see Rudi looking at him. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I'm going through memories" Harry said and waved her into what remained of Gryffindor Tower. Rudi hurried over to his side and looked at the pictures.

"These are all people in Gryffindor who Voldemort killed" she said simply.

“Yeah” Harry said, then laughed slightly from the drink, though he was no way close to being drunk. “Rudi Dykes... welcome to Gryffindor Tower” he laughed sadly and waved his arms around the devastated common room. He looked at his watch and saw that the time was already Two AM. “You should be in bed” he added to her.

“So should you” Rudi replied, though Harry didn’t know if she meant with Hannah, Susan and Hermione or just in general.

“I can’t sleep” Harry admitted, “I knew most of these people, Rudi” and shook his head again.

“Oh I get it!” the young girl said after summing up Harry’s state of presence. “You’re toasting the dead” she guessed.

“Yeah” Harry said and then he swigged his last dregs and put his glass down and filled his and the spare up. He handed the other glass to Rudi. “Don’t tell anybody, but that is Firewhiskey. If Hannah or Susan find out, they’ll kill me” and Rudi giggled madly. Then he sobered up and turned to the wall once again. “To Gryffindor House and To Gryffindor Students” he said, eyes burning up with tears.

“To Gryffindor” Rudi echoed, then drank her glass of Firewhiskey. She coughed several times as the strong taste hit every taste-bud on her tongue and slid down her throat. “That was different” she said at last, and Harry smiled despite how he felt.

“Reparo” he said, waving his wand at the least damaged sofa. He took the handkerchief that Rudi gave her and turned it into the huge sized it had been when Harry had used it as a flag and added a few other charms to make it warm. He sat down and patted the space next to him and Rudi scurried over to him and he covered himself and her with the blanket and eventually fell asleep in each others company.

A/N:

Well the next chapter is up and as you are at this point, I assume you have finished reading it!

You wanted a long chapter.... How does this go? 15 pages long? That should keep you going while I have a short break of a few hours from you all to watch the BSG finale.

As a side note here to do with the names, :- Natalie's name comes from a Canadian girl who was very sick (leukaemia). She loved the Harry Potter books and contacted JKR. The author wrote her and told her some of the secrets of the books to come, but Natalie had died by the time the letter arrived. Natalie's mother responded and she and JKR have since become friends. Jo put Natalie in GF, sorted into Gryffindor, as a tribute. I have also followed this rule as nobody in fanfiction has ever mentioned her at all. However as this is my fic, I am going to go against all convention and bring her back and allow her to live eternally in my fic as a memorial to her. Normally I do not bring back the dead unless there is a reason in the plot. Natalie has no reason to come back to life, but I am going to do so because it is my fic. Natalie can be found on Page 159 of Goblet of Fire.

All other names came from the HP-Lex.

Review and well.... You know by now!

Regards:

Robert

The Last Few Moments

The duo of Harry and Rudi got awoken at around three thirty by somebody stepping on pieces of scattered and broken wood. Harry's mind quickly jumped up to full speed and brought his wand to bear on a small and scared looking student. Harry thought he could recognise him, but struggled to fit a name.

"Whozthere?" Rudi asked, as she squinted at the figure in the darkness.

"It's me, Ben" the figure said.

"Ben?" Rudi said, then suddenly she brightened and jumped out from under the covers and dove at Ben.

"You weren't in our dorm so I asked the school ghosts if they knew where you had got to" Ben said, hugging his friend. Harry suspected there was more than just friendship involved, but wisely said nothing.

"Come on" he said and patted the sofa which had suddenly and mysteriously enlarged itself. Harry stood up and told them that they should lie down and get some sleep while he had some work to do. Ben and Rudi curled up on the extended sofa while he took some of the hardest steps he had ever done and walked up to the Gryffindor boys dorm rooms and looked inside to see if any... Harry put that to the back of his mind, and found nothing at all – same as the girls dorm rooms. He crept back down and found that Ben and Rudi had fallen asleep in each others arms.

He tucked the sleeping pair up tightly and snugly and then left the tower for a long walk round the castle. If either of them woke up then he would see them moving on the map and Harry could just pop over in an instant. He went to check on the people watching the entrances and exits to the castle and swapped a few jokes, told a story here and there and just gave everybody the hope that they needed and expected. He ended up on the roof of the Astromany Tower and gazed at the top of the castle, grounds and beyond. Everything seemed so peaceful but he knew that it would be very different soon enough. He had come back down and was walking along a corridor

next to some unused classrooms, when he saw somebody inside one of them. Wand at the ready, Harry opened the door but relaxed when he saw it was a student. He was even surprised when he saw who it was – Natalie MacDonald.

“What are you doing here, Natalie?” he asked putting his wand back into his pocket.

“I just wanted to get away from everybody” she said.

“What for?” Harry pressed gently.

“I don’t feel so well” Natalie said weakly.

“We better get you to the hospital wing then” Harry said, expecting that she would follow. “Pomfrey left with the last batch of injured but I can do it right in the end...” but his voice trailed off as he saw she remained sitting on the edge of one of the slightly dusty desks. “Don’t you want to get better?” he asked.

“I would like that a lot, but it’s too late for that now” she said quietly.

“What do you mean?” Harry said. “We’ll just pop on over to the hospital wing and see what we can do” but Natalie shook her head very slowly.

“I have leukaemia” she said, and Harry noticed that she was looking very pale and tired indeed.

“I’m so so sorry” Harry said, and made his way to the desk she sat on and sat next to Natalie. “Is there nothing that can be done?” he asked.

“Nothing” Natalie said and Harry detected the beginning of tears. “It’s funny isn’t it?” she asked with a small smile.

“What is?” Harry asked upset himself.

“We can use magic to change objects into other things, fly on brooms and do other great things, but we can’t cure illness’s like this” and the tears she had been holding in found an escape route and she started

to cry. Harry put his arms around her and held her head to his chest while she sobbed and Harry could feel the hot tears through his muggle t-shirt. Harry felt exactly as he had done when Sirius and Lupin had been killed – cold inside and not knowing what to say to Natalie he simply hugged her while she cried and also lightly kissed the top of her golden hair.

“How long do you have?” he asked when she finally stopped crying.

“A few weeks” Natalie said. “Pomfrey told me before she left for St Mungos”.

“Why didn’t you go with her?” he asked.

“Spend my last remaining days in a hospital bed? No Way! If I am going to die, then I want it to be doing something I want, and on my own terms” she said, and Harry could understand how she felt. He didn’t know what he could do for her – a fellow Gryffindor – so he held her closely until she stopped. “Sorry” she said, drying her tears with the back of her robe sleeves.

“No need to apologise” Harry said. “I guess that you must be thinking about your parents” he added.

“Yes, but they are both muggles” Natalie said, in a manner that reminded him of Luna somewhat.

“I’m sorry” Harry said automatically.

“No need to apologise” Natalie said in a good imitation of Harry. There was a moment of silence and then they both began to laugh for a good five minutes or so.

“Well, seeing as you probably don’t want to sleep, what do you want to do?” he asked her.

“I’m fine” Natalie said, then looked thoughtful for a moment. “I could do with a drink” she said at last. “I couldn’t find any pumpkin juice though” she said wistfully.

“Oh... I can help with that” Harry said with a knowing smile on his face. He looked at her, and decided that she didn’t look very well at all. He folded himself up at the knees, and told her to jump onto his back.

“You sure about this” she asked as she put her hands round Harry’s neck.

“You’re not heavy at all” he replied, and together they set off on the trip back to Gryffindor common room. When he got there, the first he noticed that Ben and Rudi had ended up in a tangle with each other while sleeping. His eyes noticed that Ben’s left hand was resting on Rudi’s chest just about right on top of her breasts, but no “Funny Business” had taken place. It was just the way they had both turned while sleeping. He gently woke them up and told them both to follow him quietly as it was now almost 2:30 AM. Using the Marauders map they found Hannah, Susan and Hermione sitting in their private tower sitting room. Luna and Neville were in one of the upstairs rooms.

“We wondered where you had got to” Hannah said, giving Harry a kiss on the cheek.

“I... had some memories I needed to deal with” he said simply, and all three of his wives understood what he meant.

“See you got quite a following” Susan said, eyeing Natalie, Rudi and Ben standing behind him.

“They need somewhere to sleep” Harry said, “Can we put them up in one of the rooms upstairs?”

“Not unless you want to be woken up all the time” Hermione said, eyes hinting as to what Neville and Luna were currently doing.

“Well let’s just have a sleepover here” suggested Hermione. It was so girly, that it took Harry a few moments to realise she had suggested it.

“Sounds good to me” Harry said, and pulled out the sleeping bags they had brought back from their adventures over the last few months. Harry knew that Hannah and Susan could share one, Hermione took

another one for herself – Harry wasn't going to force himself on her, Ben and Rudi took one much to the amusement of the rest of them and Natalie took the remaining one.

"You don't have one" Natalie said to Harry.

"That's fine" he replied, "I'll just take the sofa. I'm not going to get much sleep tonight" Harry added. He used magic to conjure up some hot chocolate and everybody drank before settling down to sleep. After everyone was asleep Harry went to look out of the largest window and gazed at the stars shining down on them for a very long time. In times of trouble or when he had been upset Harry had found comfort in the sentinels of the night.

'Mum? Dad? Sirius? I just want to tell you that I've done everything I can do to prepare for what is to come later. Whatever happens to me please take care of my friends' Harry went and stretched out on the sofa and despite what he said to Natalie earlier, he fell into a deep slumber. But just before he went into the land of nod, he heard a woman's voice.

'All that has been promised will happen. Good will triumph over light' but Harry could not tell who the voice belonged to.

#

"Harry" somebody was calling his name out. Harry opened his eyes to see that Hannah was gently shaking him awake. After he had blinked a few times he got rid of the sleep out of his eyes and noticed that

"Whats going on?" he asked looking around.

"Voldemort broke the terms of the truce" Hannah said quickly, "He's attacking the castle now!" she added and Harry could now hear the sounds of battle outside the castle.

"Great...just great!" Harry said. "We better get going" and Harry jumped up and led the way with Hannah, Susan, Hermione, Neville, Luna, Rudi, Ben and Natalie following with wands drawn and all

scanned the corridors. They met McGonagall standing with Tonks directing students and staff to where they were most needed.

"Glad you could meet us, Harry" Tonks said.

"Where did he strike first?" he asked.

"He took out the main entrance gates and then worked round the perimeter of the grounds. We fell back to give ourselves more room" McGonagall said.

"We think he may have giants as well" Tonks added.

"Tell everybody to use blasting hexes on them. That should take care of them" Harry said.

"We told everybody that already" Tonks snapped. "Sorry" she apologised to them.

"No need to apologise" Hannah said, "Let's just concentrate on defeating Voldemort" and everybody agreed that that might be the best thing to do.

"Does anybody know where Voldemort is?" Harry asked.

"Still in the Forbidden Forest... as far as we know" McGonagall said, then she narrowed her eyes at him. "You're going after him aren't you?" she asked, already knowing the answer.

"I have to face him" Harry said. "Not Hannah, Susan, Hermione or anybody else... but me" he said gently. "It's either me or him, and I don't plan on it being me" and they all looked at each other. There was some discussion on what to do, and Harry cast a muffling charm on his feet and left the castle. Only Rudi and Natalie noticed him leaving and they looked at each other.

"Shall we?" Rudi asked.

"I think we shall" Natalie replied, and they silently moved away from the group and they followed Harry as quickly as they possibly could.

#

Spells were exchanged between the light side and the dark side and it made the day seem brighter than normal. Harry made his way towards the Forbidden Forest and he fired spells and jinxes and curses as he went. There was a problem when he reached a point halfway.

"Bellatrix!" he spat at her.

"Potter!" she hissed, "You see that I am still alive" Bellatrix added.

"Not for much longer, I hope" Harry said, and he began to train his wand on her, but failed. Even though Harry was powerful he was facing an older and more experienced magical person, and Bellatrix sent his wand spinning out of his hand to the ground.

"I can't kill you..." Bellatrix was saying, "But I can start the job first" the witch cackled. "Sectumsempra" and Harry was powerless to stop it without a wand. He was saying some mental goodbyes, when there was an almighty crack as something appeared in front of him.

"YOU WILL NOT HARM HARRY POTTER" Dobby said, then took the full blast of the dark spell.

"Doooooobbbby!" Harry yelled, and he dropped to the ground and the fallen elf as Bellatrix jumped away.

A/N:

Well here is the latest chapter... which you just read.

I hope you like the Harry/Natalie scene and was written with her in mind as per what I said in Chapter 64. Regarding Natalie... I am disgusted with the fact that on all 12,000+ fics there are only TEN! Stories with her in it. COME ON GUYS AND GIRLS.... That needs to be addressed soonish!

Now that my rant is over...

I spent the last few days working on this, and will be my last for a few days on account that I am going to write on my other HP fic, "A Year without Harry" and also posting "How Rigel Got Her Wings"... But I will be working on CH 66 as well, I just want to get the others finished off.

With regards to Dobby, I think that Jo was wrong to kill him off the way she did in DH (Book 7)... so I gave him a death the way it should have been done. If anybody can guess who spoke to Harry just as he fell asleep wins a cameo in the next chapter.

I am dedicating this Chapter to Miss Natalie MacDonald. A fellow Harry Potter fan, devotee and student of Gryffindor House at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry... 1990 – 1999 RIP.

Regards;

Robert

Conundrum

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*

"It's going to be alright, Dobby" Harry said urgently. The elf was bleeding from all over and a part of Harry suddenly realised that he could do with some Dittany round about now.

"Do not worry Harry Potter, sir. Dobby has led a good life over last few years" Dobby said, and he gave a shudder from the blood loss.

"I'll get you help" Harry promised. "I NEED HELP OVER HERE!" he yelled at the top of his voice but his words got drowned out by the sounds of war. He heard several blasting hexes fly as people

targeted giants. He could feel the heavy thumps as the bodies got torn apart and parts landed on the grounds. He kept his eyes on Dobby as he groped around for his wand intending to levitate the elf all the way back to the castle, he found it but knew when he gazed into Dobby's eyes that it was too late to save him. Knowing that he had little time left, Harry pulled off the jumper he was wearing and gave it to Dobby. "What do you know, Dobby?" he said, "You're free" and the elf smiled strongly at him.

"Goodbye...Harry Potter...friend of Dobby" and Dobby gave a little shudder and then he was gone – eyes staring at the stars which he could no longer see. Harry felt tears going down his face and he had to stop looking at Dobby's body in order to stop. He heard footsteps behind him and he spun round to see Natalie and Rudi running up to him. Both looked sad when they saw Dobby lying dead on the ground in front of Harry.

"Are you alright?" Rudi asked redundantly.

"Yeah" Harry said, taking one last look at Dobby. He leant over and folded his arms and closed the elf's eyes. He waved his wand and muttered a charm that Natalie and Rudi didn't hear. Dobby lifted off the ground covered all over in what appeared to be a type of shield charm and headed off towards the castle.

"So, what do we do now?" asked Natalie, looking around the grounds at the sight of students and staff fighting for their lives.

"Defeat them" Harry said simply, and started to walk towards the nearest group of Death Eaters.

Pointing his wand at the biggest bunch of them, he fired several quick blasting hexes and made them cease to exist. To say that Harry was pissed was an understatement. If a Death Eater came into view, then he or she simply died at Harry's wand. It had the effect of making them fall back to the edge of the Forest. Skirmishes kept on going round the grounds though in places, and Harry could hear people on both sides getting injured and hurt... and killed. Harry, Natalie and Rudi used shield charms to make their way towards the nearest

group of students comprising mostly of Ravenclaws who seemed joyful because Rudi was with them.

“What is going on here?” Harry asked.

“Death Eaters attacking on all sides” said one of the older Ravenclaws. “I don’t know how long we can last until we have to run back to the castle”.

“Go now and give a message to my wives” Harry said. “Tell them... I’ll see them later” and the Ravenclaw looked at Harry with a simple nod. Harry turned with Natalie following. Rudi hesitated but hurried to follow the pair.

“Wait for me” she said.

“No” Harry said, stopping, “You have to go back. You’re whole life is in front of you, and I want you to enjoy that” he said.

“What about you?” she replied.

“This is something I have to do myself” Harry said sadly, with the Ravenclaws watching.

“And her?” Rudi said with a glance at Natalie.

“Natalie...has her own reasons for staying with me” Harry said at last, he gave a little twirl of his hand which Natalie and the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs noticed but Rudi hadn’t.

“I don’t understand” Rudi whined.

“I don’t expect you to do so now” Harry said, “But you will in years to come” and Harry nodded at Natalie who bound Rudi up in strong ropes. A Ravenclaw and a Hufflepuff picked her up and carried her away.

“She isn’t going to like this” Natalie said.

"I don't like this" Harry said grimly, and then together they began a trek towards the Death Eaters and their master.

#

"THEY'VE DONE WHAT?" Hannah, Susan and Hermione said in perfect harmony.

"They've gone off towards the forest to deal with Voldemort" Rudi said totally angry, but understanding that Harry wanted to keep the cost of lives down to minimum. Something else would have been said but at that moment Death Eaters simply blasted their way into the castle, and it became a fight for survival as every single one of them fought for their lives. Spells got cast and jinxes hurled but it was sad to say that they all got back up to the walls and it felt like they were facing a firing squad.

"So this is how it ends" Hannah said trying to hold in the tears, but failed. Susan put an arm around her.

"Yes" said an awfully familiar voice, "This is how it ends" the female voice said the woman took off her mask.

"Bellatrix" Neville hissed, and despite what might happen, he brought his wand up and trained it on her chest. "I thought that you were dead. Now I will make sure that you are" he snarled.

"Make one move and I will kill your wife" Bellatrix said, and she and the other death Eaters trained wands on Luna. Neville wisely let his wand drop to his side. "That just got you a little more time to live. Unless you want to join us" she suggested.

"I believe the muggle term is 'Go and fuck yourself' if I am right of course" McGonagall said, and there was a pause as everyone stared at her. This gave some of them just enough time for...

"EXPELLIARMUS" came the cry of almost every good wand holder and each and every wand of the Death Eaters flew out of their hands. Stunners followed that up, but Neville drew his sword out of the scabbard in an arc of glinting light and hit Bellatrix in the arm,

severing it. McGonagall had quietly told him that Bellatrix had murdered his parents in their sleep at St Mungos.

“That was for Alice Longbottom” he said, and followed with the other arm. “That was for Frank Longbottom” and then Neville swung his sword into the air with surprising grace. “And this is for every single wizard, witch, child and muggle you have killed” Neville finished and the sword finished its arc by beheading Bellatrix and her head flew into the air. “REDUCTO!” Neville yelled and the head simply exploded and ended all hopes of Bellatrix being brought back from the dead.

“You didn’t have to do that” Tonks said.

“Yes I did” Neville said sword dripping Bellatrix’s blood. “She would have been given the death penalty anyway. I just saved the hassle of a trial” and Neville used Bellatrix’s robe to clean the blade. Outside they could hear the sounds of battle, and inside it seemed that the Death Eaters had found their way in another entrance. The smell of blood, the smell of organs, the smell of roasted flesh, the smell of death hung round the castle and grounds.

“I’m going to go to the Forbidden Forest” Hannah said quietly.

“So am I” Susan said.

“Count me in” Hermione said.

“We’ll stay here and take care of the wounded” McGonagall said. And she and Tonks took their leave and headed towards the makeshift Hospital Wing that had been set up in the library.

“Me and Luna are going to find survivors and make a last stand at the biggest group of the Death Eaters” Luna said. “Me and Neville are going to stay together until the end, but we won’t let anybody take us alive” she added to which everyone agreed.

“I’m going to go with you three” Rudi said to Hannah, Susan and Hermione.

“You’re staying here” Hannah said.

"Harry risked his life to save me when we left here" Rudi said, "I couldn't call myself his friend unless I was willing to do the same" she added with maturity beyond her years.

"Where she goes...I follow" Ben said suddenly. "I nearly lost Rudi. I'd rather die before letting that happen" he said.

"And the ghosts of Hogwarts will stand and do their duty" came an oily voice from close by.

"Peeves? This isn't the time for jokes" Susan said.

"That is why we have come to help you" Peeves said, "We are already dead so we can go ahead of you and search for danger" he added. "I'm all for pranks where people get hurt a bit, but this isn't my sort of fun" and the rest of the ghosts nodded agreement. However there was one last part of this little drama to play. One of the Death Eaters had recovered from the stunner he had received and grabbed his wand and sent a spell that would destroy any of the ghosts, and the spell charged at Myrtle.

"Shit" was all that Peeves said and calmly floated into its path taking the blast full force. The Death Eater concerned was set upon by Ben and Rudi who started to pull his hair and kick him in the shins. The others were perfectly happy to let them continue.

"Peeves?" Myrtle said as she and the other watched him float down to the stone floor.

"He's going" said the Grey lady sadly. Indeed Peeves was now as solid Hannah, Susan or the others. That was what the curse did, make the ghost solid and then killed them. However, there was a complication with this little effect. Peeves had done this out of love... for Myrtle.

"Myrtle" Peeves croaked, voice a normal teenagers, "I'm sorry for all the nasty and cruel things I have ever said to you. I'm sorry for all of the jokes and pranks I played on you" Peeves said. He was growing weaker by the minute.

"I'm sorry as well" came a deep and sorrow voice. The Bloody Baron came from behind and floated his way through people and ghosts alike. "I admit that I have been too harsh on you at times" and that was possibly the closest thing to an apology that anybody was ever going to get from the resident Slytherin ghost. "I'm proud to have had you haunting the same building as myself"

"Thank you sir" Peeves said.

"Myrtle?" Susan whispered. "You have a shadow" and Myrtle looked down to see that she did indeed have a shadow. The first thing she did was to hit Susan in the arm lightly – her hand hit solid flesh and did not pass through.

"I'm alive" she said.

"At last" Peeves said shuddering, "You got your wish" and Myrtle leant over and kissed the now former ghost on the lips.

"And you got yours" she said taking his hands in her own. She simply waited until he looked over her shoulder.

"Mother? Father?" and Peeves gave a shudder and then went silently still. Myrtle burst into tears which she had not done for over fifty years. Then Peeves's body was consumed in a flash of light and he was gone from sight.

"He has passed over" said the Fat Friar and bowed his head. Myrtle looked at the spot where Peeves had been then got up and used her legs, feeling the sensation of being able to walk, of having air hit her skin, of the sights, of the smells and the sounds.

"Give me a wand" she said quietly. Hermione remembered something that Harry had once told her about when he had gone through Dumbledore's pensive memories.

"Accio Myrtle's wand" and they waited until a wand shaped object came towards her, and Myrtle intercepted the wand and it emitted a shower of sparks the moment it made contact with her hand.

"I'm going with you" she said.

"More the merrier" Susan said. "Change of plans" she said as she addressed the ghosts. "You stay in the castle and help people to fight the Death Eaters. Tell them that they can not give in or surrender at all costs" the ghosts nodded and drifted off towards the various places they knew where students were battling Death Eaters.

"Shall we go?" asked Hermione as if she was choosing between caffeine and de-caff. She and Susan led the way out of the castle in a dead run with spells and shield charms at the fullest possible strength.

#

"I'll take the one on the left" Harry said, and he sent a Death Eater spinning into a tree with a sickening crunch.

"That's got to hurt" Natalie said as she sent another one to join the first one. They had managed to get all the way to the forest and had encountered Voldemort and his most loyal Death Eaters. They had put up a good fight, but were not going to survive for much longer. "We're going to have to charge them" she said after popping her head over the large boulder they had used for cover. She hadn't told Harry but she could feel her magic draining from her. All this spell work combined with the leukaemia she had had almost made her a spent force. She had maybe one or two good spells in her, before she had to rest and she doubted that the Death Eaters would allow that.

"Indeed we would not" came a cold and high voice from the other side of the boulder. Voldemort had to have read her mind. 'Well see if he can read this' she thought and suddenly thought of Voldemort naked on a cow while eating a strawberry ice cream, whilst at the same time engaged in obscene acts with two male followers.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked, and Natalie cleared her mind and nodded.

"It was an honour, Harry Potter" she said.

“The honour was mine, Natalie MacDonald” Harry said, and he actually kissed the back of her hand like in some old fashioned muggle film. “And..... NOW!” he yelled and they both screamed and ran out from behind the rock with wands blasting everything they could think of, but they got beaten down next to each other and Voldemort stood over them.

“It seems I win” he said. “Goodbye... Harry” and he raised his wand.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

Loud bangs could be heard extremely close as Griphook and every single goblin that could bear arms apperated into the clearing.

“Not so fast” Griphook said.

A/N:

AND WHO IS THAT FOR A BATTLE HUH? CAN I WRITE OR CAN I WRITE?

This is part of a multiple fic chapter release as most of you will know. I am making a request to you all. Please review the following stories on my profile: “Epione’s Journey” and “How Rigel Got her Wings”. Nobody has reviewed them yet, and I would like to get reviews for all of my fics before I do the final battle. If you do not review the above fics, then I will go on strike and not write the end! (YAH BOO SUCKS) as my Yankie cousins would say.! I also uploaded the latest chapter for “A Year Without Harry”, so review that as well. Looks like you have a lot to review, more if you all review ALL of my fics, which I would like very much.

Special Thanks and Mentions:

Budrick1701-e

Zeopulis (you know who I mean)

Harry Potter

Hermione Granger

Phantombrick

The Last Stand

The arrival of Griphook and the Goblins caused panic in the Death Eater Ranks. Harry grabbed Natalie by the collar and dragged her back behind the boulder where Griphook was directing operations. Even with the legendary fighting force of the Goblins, they still got cut down and so Harry, Natalie, Griphook and a single remaining Goblin made a fighting retreat back into the castle. Despite them running out, Hannah, Susan and the others had had to make a full retreat back inside where Harry, Natalie and the two Goblins found them. There was a quick update on Myrtle's current status.

"I know you have to kill him" Myrtle said, "But let me get some good hits in. I have a fifty year grudge to settle" she added grinning.

They had gathered with the last surviving students in the Great Hall. They had sealed the main doors and then the doors to the hall but Harry knew it wouldn't hold for very long. He looked at the tired, bloody, worn out, battered, broken students. Harry's heart broke when he knew this was the last remaining hope for the country and maybe even the world! He summoned all of the rifles he had concealed in various places in the hall and gave one to each of the assembled staff, students and goblins and what Harry joked as "guest stars". Tonks had managed to find another Auror named Katherine Riottz. She had long and inky black hair, blue/grey eyes and was about the same height as Luna. Harry took the remaining rifle and then stood at the front of them, and gave a speech.

"On the other side of those doors are Death Eaters and Voldemort himself. When he comes in here, he isn't going to care who is in these walls. Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Slytherins, teachers, Aurors, men, women and children. It doesn't matter to him and it doesn't matter to us either. We are fighting for our freedom and the right to have everything that we hold dear to us" Harry stopped for a short breath before continuing. "We have spent years fearing Voldemort and his followers. NO MORE!" he yelled, "This is a time for change. This is where the final battle will take place. We stand at the twilight of our lives. I will not lie to you. Some of you who do this, may never come home. Though we may fall, the rest of us must have a chance to live. No greater sacrifice has ever been asked of a people

but I ask you now, to step forward one last time, one last battle to hold the line against the night. There will be no retreat. No surrender. If it comes to it, then I will personally run up to Voldemort and blast myself to death – hopefully killing him in the process” and Harry was stunned by the cheers from the entire ensemble in front of him. He took his place in between Hannah and Susan. He used his hand to push Natalie and Rudi to the back. “STAND READY” he said, and all fifty of them pointed the rifles at the doorway.

“When they come through pick a target and fire” Hannah said.

“And make sure it counts” Susan added. There was a short pause and then..... the doors burst open and Death Eaters poured into the room.

“FIRE!” Harry yelled and all fifty rifles responded almost at the same. The rifles rippled in fire and gave the front two ranks of Death Eaters the full force and not a single one survived. “Wands!” Harry yelled once more and it became a slug fest. Curses shot each and everyway and Harry pushed his way through to the back where Voldemort waited. Harry had barely time to see him when he was forced to the ground.

“I don’t have the time anymore” Voldemort said. He was about to use the killing curse on him, when there was a coughing noise. He turned around and paled – if Voldemort was capable of such a thing.

“Hello Tom” Myrtle said, “Remember me?” and she started spitting curses at Voldemort who was now totally and fully occupied with defending himself from a very pissed off Myrtle. Harry felt hands grabbing him and pulling him to behind one of the upturned house tables.

“Myrtle seems pleased” Hannah murmured casually.

“She’s been waiting for over fifty years for this” Harry said. “It gives us time to pick off the others” and he and the rest of them engaged the Death Eaters. People from both sides fell and it pained Harry to see what was going on. Myrtle had been sent spinning across the hall to land at the other side under the top table, and was attended to by

Susan and Hermione. Voldemort was smiling as he took in the whole scene of death and destruction before him. He didn't notice a small black haired girl come up to him and tug his robes and the Dark Lord looked down at her.

"Yes?" he asked, partly amazed that somebody had come to him without being harmed or under a truce.

"Are you the guy known as Lord Voldemort?" the girl asked.

"I am" replied a slightly amused Voldemort.

"Then you are a very bad man!" Rudi said, and she ran and started to hit Voldemort with her small fists. She managed to get a good hit on his groin and Voldemort staggered back, but recovered quickly. He simply levitated her up and flung her towards one of the walls and was only saved by Harry intercepting her.

"What the hell was that about?" Harry demanded angrily. "You could have been killed" he added.

"So shall I give him this back then?" Rudi asked sweetly and held up Nagini. Harry's face dropped in complete and utter shock, surprise and amazement. All around them pieces of the hall broke off the walls. The sight was something like a picture of Armageddon that Harry had once seen in a book. There was so much death, so much hurt, so much suffering that it was surprising anybody had survived to fight back rather than have died or be otherwise incapacitated.

"The last remaining Horcrux" he breathed. It was so sudden that the balance of play and power swung back to their side. "Give me that" he said and Rudi handed over the snake and Harry froze it in place before beheading it with Gryffindor's sword. "Now all we have to do is to kill Voldemort" he said as if it was very simple to do. It could well be as simple because against all the odds, the Death Eaters had been defeated and only Voldemort remained. Harry got up from where he was crouched and slowly walked towards Voldemort. "This is between you and me" he said, "Leave them out of this. You want me, then here I am. Lets settle this once and for all" Harry finished.

“Agreed” Voldemort said.

“NOOO!” came four anguished cries. Hannah, Susan, Hermione and Rudi screamed at Harry to not do what he was about to do, but Harry ignored him. He slowly drew the sword up into air so it could catch the air and it glittered and the blood ran down and fell into patches on the stone floor of the great hall. From somewhere or other, Voldemort held his own sword and gazed at Harry.

“Lets end this” Harry snarled and then ran towards his opponent and they started to battle. They used both swords and wands to hit each other and it was an even match until Harry tripped and Voldemort used the chance to send the killing curse at him which hit fair and square on his chest. Harry fell to the ground accompanied by the sounds of screaming from all three of his wives, Rudi, Natalie, McGonagall and almost everyone else. He hit the floor still clutching the sword and didn’t make a single movement – it looked like he was dead and the room temperature seemed to drop by several degrees.

“So this is how I defeat my enemy. Harry Potter is dead and can not stop me” Voldemort cackled madly. “I had assumed that your so-called hero would have put up a better fight. I guess that you will all have to accept me as your ruler and master” and Voldemort laughed madly as the sounds of a few remaining skirmishes echoed through the castle.

“GUESS AGAIN!” Harry said, and he jumped up and pushed Voldemort up against the wall and stabbed him with Gryffindor’s sword with so much force that it came out of Voldemort’s back and into the stone wall. Voldemort looked surprised at Harry, then the sword and then at Harry and the rest of defenders.

“Damn you, Harry Potter” he said, as blood began to seep out of the spots the sword had entered and left his body. He gave a dreadful rattle as he – Lord Voldemort, the most feared and evil man in the world – breathed his last breath. The rattle was one of the most terrible sounds that Harry had ever heard. Then Voldemort’s locked with Harry’s before glazing over and becoming lifeless.

“WE DID IT” came a cheer from everyone in the hall.

“Not just yet” Harry said. “We have to destroy his body before we do anything else” and McGonagall (who was one of the battered and bruised people), asked a question.

“How do we do that?” she enquired.

“We take it outside and blast it to pieces” Harry said, and he pulled Gryffindor’s sword out of Voldemort’s body and it dropped down off the wall. A couple of Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs took off their cloaks and covered their hands and then dragged Voldemort’s body out of the castle and into the grounds. The stench of death and blood hung in the air and as Harry and the others followed, he noticed that the castle had sustained heavy damage all over its ancient stone walls. Smoke covered the grounds – light in some places and heavy in others. Harry strongly suspected that there was a fire in the upper floors of the castle – he knew there was several in the lower parts - and it a definite certainty on the tower with Trelawney’s classroom. Bodies from both sides littered the grass either dead or groaning and moaning in pain from wounds received in battle. He noticed a few people he knew from visits to the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw common rooms. Liam Cleary, a Ravenclaw, had died after throwing himself of what had all the hallmarks of the killing curse. While he had died, he had shield several younger students from harm. From the amount of nearby Death Eater bodies, it had been a good fight. The ratio of 12 Death Eaters to 1 student was a testament to the training that almost all of the students had received from Harry, his wives and friends.

“Drop that thing here” Harry ordered and Voldemort’s body was dropped and the students who had dragged him from the Great Hall could not get away quickly enough as if they thought that Voldemort would come back to life again. “All that is needed is for a simple ‘Diffindo’ and that will destroy the last possible way of that bastard ever coming back to life!” Harry said. He detached himself from Hannah and Susan, and went to stand a little way from Voldemort’s crumpled form. He was about to speak when Hannah and Susan came to stand alongside him wands drawn and pointing at the fallen Dark Lord.

“We’ll do this together” they both said.

"Goes for us as well" came shouts from Harry's closest circle. Harry stared and then nodded at them. Several people detached themselves with wands drawn and pointing, from the mass of onlookers who had gathered in various states of distress and all had various injuries ranging from small scrapes to broken arms and legs. Strictly speaking they should be seeking medical attention but a few more moments wouldn't hurt in most of their cases. Harry didn't know what to say so he nodded at Hannah and Susan who gave a grim smile and look of determination on both their faces.

"This is Hufflepuff students who have died in this war" Hannah and Susan said and there was a short pause until two small figures stepped forward.

"This for Ravenclaw students who have died in this war" they declared defiantly

"This is for Gryffindors who sacrificed everything to save people they didn't know and people they did" Hermione said stepping forward.

"This is for Alice and Frank Longbottom" Neville sobbed.

"This is for people who where crazy to dream" Luna said also stepping forward to stand next to Neville.

"This is for friends and family we lost" McGonagall said.

"This is for wives... and husbands we have lost" Tonks said.

"This is for the Aurors. People who thought of others before themselves" Katherine Riottz said, Auror badge shining boldly in the now night sky.

"This is for Muggleborns who stood and fought... to prove that we are all equal" Natalie said. Harry thought she looked very weak, but wisely said nothing at all about her condition as he had sworn a Wizard's Oath to keep quiet on the subject until Natalie said otherwise. There was a loud crack as Winky suddenly jumped into view.

“This is for Dobby – a free elf” she sobbed almost as loud as Neville.

“This is Goblins who choose to fight alongside one of the greatest wizards that has ever been and will ever be seen, and who died to save a world in which all could be free” Griphook said.

“And this is for James and Lily Potter, for Sirius Black, for Amelia Bones and every other man, woman and child. For every wizard, witch and muggle who was killed under your rule of evil” and Harry was the final person to raise their wand and to point it at Voldemort’s Body.

“DIFFINDO” came the cry of the witches and wizards while Griphook helped Winky to throw a sword whilst doing the same for himself. The spells all combined to blast Voldemort’s broken and crumpled body into pieces which vanished from sight. Harry looked at the spot where it had been and felt tears come to his eyes. Then a wave of blackness came over him and he fell to the ground quite heavily and with a loud thump.

“HARRY!!!” came the anguished cry from Hannah, Susan, Hermione and Rudi.

A/N:

Well there you have it. Voldemort’s defeat!

Hope you like it, and two of my long time reviewers get a mention in here, though only one survives. Though we can all have some Guinness at his wake though afterwards.

I hope you have liked the fic so far. I am going to take a weeks break from writing anything to do with this fic which has some more to go yet!

Do I need to tell you what next?

Regards;

Robert

THE ONE TRUE GOD OF FANFIC WRITING!!!!!!

Aftermath

The task of repairing the damage to the castle was started by the House Elves. News of Voldemort's final defeat spread all around the country and people celebrated - as well they should. Harry's blackout was due to nothing but simple exhaustion and he was up and about in a few hours, though that might have been due to the potion that Natalie gave to him and Harry did not ask from where she had got it from. Aurors had secured the Ministry after finding one or two Death Eaters still holed up in the lower dungeons, and the Ministry was now operating under Emergency Protocol One. All external entrances to it had been disabled and sealed and access was only through three Floo fireplaces all of which were guarded. The surviving Aurors had come to Hogwarts to arrest those Death Eaters who had reached the end of the battle and they took them away for trial. The trials were a matter of procedure as most of them had all admitted under Truth Serum that they had willingly committed those acts. In fact, out of Voldemort's hundreds of followers, only a dozen or so had been placed under the Imperious Curse. Tonks had been more injured than she had seemed when they had destroyed Voldemort's mortal remains and she had been taken away to the library to get treated. What seemed like a battalion of healers had arrived from St Mungos and had set up shop in the library and the Great Hall, and it was at that point that something really happened. As Tonks was made to go to sleep in order to help heal what she had suffered, she was unable to undertake the duties of the Minister of Magic. It had taken some searching of the surviving Aurors's records to discover that, by default, Harry was now the Temporary Minister for Magic. Harry had sat in the Great Hall and laughed for which he had received stares. After waking up and receiving the potion from Natalie, Harry had gone back into the grounds and was recovering the bodies of students, staff and other people who had fallen. He hadn't told anybody where he had gone off to, so it had spawned a search party comprising his three wives, Rudi and Ben.

"Why are you not using magic?" Susan asked, when they found him. "And where is your wand?" she added

"It's in my pocket" Harry said, bending down to pick up Liam's body. He would take his body back to Ireland at the same time as he did the

same for Seamus. He also planned on taking as much Firewhiskey as he could carry. Seamus had once told him about Irish funerals – an hour or two of service and then a week or two of drinking. Harry believed everything he had been told as Hermione had also been to one before, though she was too young to drink at the time.

“Whats it doing there?” Hannah asked.

“Use magic” Hermione insisted, picking up where the other two had stopped.

“If I do it this way, then it takes my mind off what’s happened” Harry said, standing up. Liam’s was the last body to recover and Harry carried it all the way back to the castle where it was placed in the Room of Requirement. Harry had asked the room for somewhere where he could place the bodies without them de-composing, and the room had obliged. After taking Liam to the room, they all went to meet with McGonagall in the charms classroom which was temporary office for her as her old one had been burned. After that... had come the families of the fallen students who had removed their loved ones for final burial. Each and every one of them had told him that they didn’t blame Harry for what had happened. Somehow, Harry had found himself alone and he took the chance to grab the nearest Auror and tell him to give Tonks the Ministerial powers back. Harry made his way up to Gryffindor Tower and sat in the still devastated common room. He silently closed and sealed the portrait entrance behind him – the Fat Lady having been destroyed – and let out the grief that had been inside him. The release of such raw magic had not been since Hermione had died the first or second times. Harry just sat and bawled, letting all the emotion out of his system. He only stopped when Harry had fallen asleep due to being drained and for the first time in ages, he didn’t have a dream about Voldemort.

#

“We should be able to repair most of the damage by the end of the week” McGonagall said, as she walked around the castle inspecting it closely.

“I guess that is good news” Neville said.

“The question is if we should re-open” the witch said.

“Of course we should” Hermione said curtly, “If we didn’t, then all these people would have died for nothing” and McGonagall had to agree with that.

“The only problem is Gryffindor Tower. It was so badly damaged that we might not be able fix it” McGonagall said, consulting the various reports she had in her hand. “On the good side, almost all of the people we sent to St Mungos have survived”

“Good news indeed” Griphook said. “I must leave for Gringotts to look into the request that was made concerning the funds of the late departed Death Eaters” and after bowing low to McGonagall, he left the building in the company of his guard.

“Anybody see Hermione?” asked Luna, and everybody looked around to see that Hermione had vanished.

“We’ll soon find out” Hannah said, and pulled out the Marauders Map. She looked for two labels in particular. The one labelled ‘Hermione Potter’ was right next to the one labelled ‘Harry Potter’ and she smiled as she told the others as to what she saw. “I think they need some time alone” she giggled as she closed the map up. At that point, the Weasley twins turned up looking completely battered and bruised.

“We won” was all they could manage.

“Oh we won alright,” Susan said, “The question is: At what cost?” she asked.

“The cost was too high” Luna said, and what more could be said after that? The group stood and watched as some of the bodies got collected by their parents and loved ones, and taken away for burial later. As they continued to watch the un-seemly sight, they saw Rudi and Ben carry a smallish object out from a chamber, and into the Great Hall. They went inside to see them lay Dobby’s body amongst the fallen students and staff, and a few people stopped their gruesome work to watch as they put him amongst a group of

Gryffindors, Hufflepuffs, Ravenclaws and Slytherins. It only seemed fitting that he was placed where he was. They had hardly moved away, when Winky popped into view, picked up Dobby and popped away – and she was never seen by a living being again.

“I’m...going to check on our wounded” McGonagall said, and walked away drying her eyes with a tartan hankie.

“I don’t think she will ever get over this” George said. “If there was anybody who was close to all of us students – currant and past, then that person is walking out of that door” and Hannah looked at him with a funny expression. It was possibly the most touching thing she had ever heard him say. Susan, Luna and Neville walked along the rows of students trying to see who they knew, and indeed they found a good many people.

“There is somebody missing who should be here” Myrtle said, a little bit quiet.

“Who?” they all asked, searching their memories for possibles.

“Peeves” came the reply of the ex-ghost.

“Yeah. I guess he should be” Neville said. Then he looked upwards at the ceiling which was displaying an inky blackness even though it was daylight. “You think this place will really open again?” he asked.

“I wouldn’t care to say” Hannah said.

“I think it will” Susan said, “It wouldn’t be worth all of this otherwise”. They went around the castle helping people to get to their common rooms or to do what they wanted. As they headed towards the kitchens, Luna pointed out Ben and Rudi kissing on the steps near the shattered main entrance doors.

“Amazing how love can come across through all we have been up against” she said, smiling as she held onto Neville’s arm.

“Love is in the air... woo hoo hooo ho hooo! Love is in the air” sang the twins.

“SHUT UP!” Ben and Rudi screamed, and sent large pillows after them. It was a rather fitting idea!

“Let’s go rescue them” Hannah said, and led the way to save the twins from being assaulted by items of bedding. It now consisted of a dozen or so pillows of various sizes, and the twins had cowered under a pair of shield charms in the charms corridor.

#

Harry stood in the family plot as he watched the casket being drawn up to the space in the ground. He felt Hannah and Susan shiver and he put an arm around them each and drew them closer. He glanced across and noticed that Neville was doing the same with Luna. Hermione, it seemed, was warm enough though this might have been the warming charm on her cloak. Harry had insisted on attending the funeral of each and every single person lost in the battle of Hogwarts – both battles actually. McGonagall and Tonks had tried to persuade him to not do so, but Harry had got his way after long hours of talks. When Tonks had appealed to Harry’s wives, they had all stood behind their husband’s decision. Neville and Luna had said that they stood with whatever Harry decided upon.

Harry had met with Liam Cleary’s parents who told him the same thing he had heard at the other 1,748 funerals – It was not his fault. Harry had spent a long time after the battle sick with the fact he had done things that had killed people. Harry silently watched as the casket containing Liam’s body was lowered into the ground, while a short wizard in black robes said words in Celtic, or the second best language in the world – as Seamus had called it.

“What is the first?” Harry had asked.

“The first and greatest language is Love” the Irish boy had replied.

“Harry?” it was Liam’s mother talking to him.

“Yes, Mrs Cleary?” Harry replied.

“I was wondering if you wanted to come back for the wake” she said.

“If I wouldn’t be too much trouble...?” Harry let his voice trail off.

“It isn’t any trouble at all” Mrs Cleary told him. “I just hope you and your wives and friends have some idea of our funerals”, and Harry smiled for the first time in 1,748 funerals.

“We did some research” Harry said, and opened his cloak to reveal four dozen bottles of Firewhiskey –Vintage 1801. All had been shrunk to make space for them all, and Mrs Cleary nodded.

“The Finnegan’s will be here soon” she said. After attending Seamus’s service, they had all apparated down to Dublin in order to have enough time. Mrs Cleary moved away and headed towards the large country house the Cleary family lived in. Harry had met with some of the family before hand and had discovered that Liam had an Uncle called Patrick who was from the Harper side of the family. According to him, an ancestor of his was one of the famous Green Jackets of the muggle Napoleonic Wars – also named Patrick Harper.

“I hope that Rudi is alright” Hermione said. They had left her at home after sorting out her family assets and accounts. She had gained a large amount of money and property, and had already asked for the services of a personal accounts Goblin. Griphook had told her that he would do it himself so she didn’t have to worry. When Harry reminded him about the fact he was only doing his own, the Goblin had said that he would handle the accounts of all those he had personally fought alongside. When it was pointed out that Rudi had not actually fired a spell at Voldemort, during the battle at least, Griphook reminded Harry of the methods used to capture Nagini. Anyone who kicked Voldemort in the groin was a friend of the Goblins.

“Besides,” he had remarked one evening, “Theres not much for me to do apart from writing a few letters so I am happy to manage a few accounts to help pass the time” the Goblin smiled.

“Have you tried Stamp Collecting?” Harry asked.

“You are lucky that you are Harry Potter” Griphook said.

“Why?”

“If anybody else had suggested that, I would have killed them on the spot!” Griphook said, and then burst into what passed for laughter in Goblins. After you got to know him, Griphook had a great sense of humour. Harry’s mind was brought back by the gentle voice of Susan.

“The Finnegans are here” she said, and pointed to a newly arrived group of witches and wizards.

As had been predicted, there was lots of drinking and talking about the dead - Harry, Neville and Hermione for Seamus and Luna for Liam. A family of local and well known Lepricorns came along at some point as they were friends of both families. Harry had one more duty to perform before things could precede. Taking out a small trunk from his robes, the trunk having charms on it of course, and opened it to reveal Seamus and Liam’s brooms which they had used in Quidditch matches back at Hogwarts. After a good thirty minutes or so of tears from both mothers, came the toasts. First of all was a toast to Hibernia – Ireland in Irish, then to Seamus and Liam, then to Harry for all that he had done, and then there were more toasts but Harry stopped remembering after the fourth one. He did remember that there was one toast to some one called Pixel, but Harry didn’t know who or what that was. The local Irish version of Firewhiskey was more potent than the English one and Harry made certain to take a few bottles home with him. Everybody had got drunk, which was in the tradition of all Irish wakes, and it was late at night when they finally left to apparate back to Grimmauld Place. Harry and the others didn’t actually apparate themselves, but brought along an Automatic Apparate, similar to the one that Umbridge had put on Susan when she had tried to have her jailed.

“I need to have my head examined” Harry said as he sat down on the sofa of the newly refurbished house.

“That good a funeral?” asked Myrtle coming out from the kitchen. She had been looking after Rudi while they had been away. “I just put James Sirius in his cot” she added, looking at Hannah. There had been much tears when Hannah had been reunited with his first son.

Susan and Hermione were said to be planning on children after Hogwarts – right down to clothes. Harry really wanted seven children.

“Why?” he was asked.

“Because then I can have my own Quidditch team” he had said, earning him a smack from all three wives.

“Thank you, Myrtle” Harry said as Myrtle passed around the well loved and much used Anti-Hangover tablets developed by the Weasley twins. After the final battle and cleanup, they had discovered that their family was safe as houses, having renounced all links to Harry and them as well. They had refused to join Voldemort’s side, saying that they wanted a quiet family life, and Voldemort had let them be.

“Guess you’ll be going back to Hogwarts” Hermione said, after she too had sobered up.

“Yeah” Myrtle replied. All four girls: Hannah, Susan, Hermione and Luna had taken delight in telling and showing Myrtle all about the newest fashions for girls in these times. As Myrtle’s family had all died by now, she had been made a ward of McGonagall. Minerva had decided to stay as Hogwarts Head Teacher and offered Myrtle a place one of the other private rooms that the castle could now boast.

“Thanks for looking after Rudi” Susan called, and after grinning back and a wave of her hand, Myrtle Floo’d back to Hogwarts. She had decided to return in more ways than one, and to complete her school work.

“Well” said Harry yawning, “I could do with sleep” and they all went to bed after all the troubles they had faced. As he passed her room, Harry looked in to check for himself on Rudi. The adoption papers had come through the previous Monday, and Harry had had a small party and had let it be known in the Daily Prophet and the Quibbler that he had adopted her. A few people who grumbled, but he was the saviour of the magical world. What Harry wanted – Harry got. One of Harry’s first jobs was to clear house at the Prophet, and to appoint a new staff of competent people – good and decent people this time.

Rudi was sleeping in her bed, wrapped up in a large blue blanket. When Harry had showed her her room, Rudi had asked if she could decorate it. Harry had smiled and had helped to do so with the room now purple and blue. Pictures of her mother and father sat on a bedside table along with one of Ben – something they all teased her about. As Harry crept out of the room, he wondered about Hogwarts and how it would feel in a few days time when it re-opened. Most of the returning students would be from Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw along with the younger Slytherins. Out of Gryffindor – only Neville, Hermione, Natalie and Harry himself had survived. Of course there would be first years joining, but it wouldn't feel the same. One of the oldest surviving Slytherins had laughed about it saying that at least the other houses had a chance of winning the cup this year. This had resulted in Harry jumping him and knocking the seven kinds of holy heck out of him. Strangely enough nobody had seen it happen, even though it had happened in the library with a lot of students there. Some of the teachers would be returning as well, and some would not. Hagrid had written to McGonagall soon after the Last Stand to offer his services as Groundskeeper and also those of Care of Magical Creatures professor. McGonagall had accepted at once and took great delight in informing Harry and the rest. Too tired to do anything else, Harry climbed into bed and was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

#

Harry hated presentations – he really did. However for this one, he would make an exception. Harry sat with all of the others in Courtroom One. It was the biggest and oldest and was rarely used at all. It now served a much nicer purpose as it was being used to give medals out by Tonks who had been restored to the fullest of health. It had taken a few days for Harry to come round to attending. He felt so guilty that he had survived when others hadn't and it took much soul searching with his wives and Luna who helped him a great deal. The first medals got awarded to those who had died during the first two battles of Hogwarts, and those who had perished at the Ministry battle. They all got Order of Merlin First Class medals and they got collected by their families or loved ones. Next: - came the presentations for the final battle at Hogwarts. McGonagall, Katharine Riottz, Ben (whose last name turned out to be Tennyson), Rudi and

Natalie all got a First Class as well. Hermione was delighted when she got hers, and broke all forms of formalness when she hugged Tonks upon getting hers. After that had come one of the most interesting things ever conducted at the Ministry for Magic. Each and every one of the Goblins who had appeared and who had saved Harry by sacrificing their lives received the same medals – the first time it had ever happened and Griphook took the medals on behalf of the Goblin nation after first receiving his own medal. Then finally had come ones for Hannah, Susan, Neville and Luna. This made the second time they had receive a First class and Neville made a joke about starting a collection of them. Harry had gone and got his but noticed that his was covered in blood red rubies and set in gold leaf – the Gryffindor colours. In the muggle world, red rubies represented the blood of sacrifice. After being asked to make a speech in front of the press, Harry had been given a surprise that he had not been expecting in a long shot. Harry Potter was made a full Auror and given 10 million Galleons as a reward for saving them all from death. Harry had immediately split the money and given it to places that could use the money – St Mungos, the Auror corps in order to buy everyone dragon and Goblin armour, and the rest had gone to building a memorial to all those who had perished in the last war. He had kept a small amount back in order to pay for the complete refurbishment of Gryffindor tower though he had the 5th 6th and 7th year dorms closed and left exactly as they where.

#

The last day before Hogwarts opened for the new school year found Harry waiting for Ben to come over to Grimmauld Place as he wanted to talk to him. The fire place flared and Ben came into sight, and he was hugged by Rudi who rushed over to him. She dragged him by the hand out of the room where she could be heard to tell him not to be afraid to talk to Harry and ask him whatever Ben wanted to ask Harry. He pretended to not noticed that Ben and Rudi had come back into the sitting room, and gave a wink at his three wives who had been busy packing for the trip the next day. As he stood near, Harry noticed Ben was wearing very formal robes, and his puzzled him a little.

“Erm... Mr Potter?” Ben said.

"It's Harry, and yes. What can I do for you?" Harry asked.

"Rudi has been adopted by your right?" Ben asked.

"Yes" Harry said, not knowing what Ben was going on about – or at least his face showed that.

"Well, sir, I would like your permission to date Rudi" Ben asked.

"Mmm" Harry said, and actually stroked his chin in thoughtfulness. "I am going to saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay... yes" and Rudi whooped in joy and jumped onto Ben causing them to end up on the floor.

"Hey hey hey!" Susan said half heartedly. "Get a room" then instantly regretted her words.

"No problem!" Rudi said cheekily, and dragged Ben upstairs.

"Think we should follow?" Hermione asked.

"No" Harry said. "Rudi knows where to stop, and Ben is afraid of me by the looks of things" then began to finish the plate of sandwiches he had been eating. He was about to speak further when the Fred Weasley appeared into the middle of the room. A look of urgency was on his face, and he sought Harry out. "Whats wrong?" Harry asked.

"It's Natalie MacDonald" Fred said.

"What about her?" Harry said, putting both hands on the arms of his chair and half raising out of it.

"She's dying" Fred said mournfully, and Harry instantly vanished from the room.

A/N:

Well okay then, here is another one for you to read. I am going to continue this until I reach Chapter 70 where I will round it all off. I hope you all like this.

I mean it this time, I am going to have a nice break. I will however reply to each and every one of your reviews and Pm's. Please be kind in them all please and I look forward to them all.

Reviews and Pms in the normal manner.

Regards;

Pixel and Stephanie Forever

Aka

Robert

Aka

THE ONE TRUE GOD OF

All donations to the church of Pixel and Stephanie for ever can be sent to my home address.

Harry's Saving Thing

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*

Harry instantly knew where she would be and he apparated directly into the entrance hall of St Mungos. There was panic when he simply appeared but it vanished when they saw who it was who had entered. Harry grabbed the nearest healer and demanded to know where Natalie was. The shocked healer consulted a large and extensive list and told Harry that she was located on the Intensive Care ward. He thanked the witch and headed towards the lifts with people giving him a wide berth as he entered one of them.

"What floor?" asked a cool and collected voice.

"Intensive Care" Harry said, "And ignore all other floors. Priority access" he added.

"Priority Access code required" the voice said while the doors closed.

"Access code: N7242C" Harry said to the otherwise empty lift.

"Priority access code confirmed" the voice said, and the lift went towards the requested floor. It didn't make a stop at any of the others and Harry composed himself for what would be upsetting no doubt for him as well as Natalie. The lift arrived and Harry got out after telling it to return to normal use, and he walked down the corridors until he found a healer.

“Can I help you, Mr Potter?” the healer asked.

“Natalie MacDonald’s room please” Harry requested.

“I’m afraid we don’t give out room numbers to non family members” the healer said, sympathy evident in his voice. The healer had seen it all in his nearly forty years at St Mungos, but he wasn’t prepared to be on the end of the wand belonging to Harry Potter.

“If you don’t get me that room number, then I will send you on a trip to hell with no return ticket” Harry said, surprised at his own tone of voice and use of force.

“Room 75” the healer said, and he was relieved when Harry spun and began searching for the correct door. Harry found it about half way down the long stone floored corridor and pushed open the door and went inside to notice that nobody was with her – though that might be for other reasons like getting a potion for her or something.

“Natalie?” he spoke quietly in case she was asleep, but she wasn’t. She was connected up to a few magical items that Harry assumed was the magical version of monitoring equipment. A small wrapped person turned their head to look at him and gave a small smile.

“Harry!” Natalie said weakly. Her face was as pale as any of the Hogwarts ghosts, and Harry could tell how ill she really was.

“Hey! Someone told me you was feeling a bit ill” Harry said crossing over to the bed.

“Me? Never been better” Natalie replied, managing another small smile.

“Liar” Harry retorted.

“Well I have felt a little off colour” Natalie admitted and she withdrew one hand and waved Harry over to a chair next to her bed.

“Fred told you was dying” Harry told her taking the hand in both of his – feeling how small it felt, “I guess this means that I can tell others about it now” and Natalie nodded.

“Yes, it does. And I’ve been dying for a long time anyway” and Harry paused to consider the way that the younger Gryffindor was dealing with her illness.

“You can’t die” Harry said.

“Yes I can” Natalie said, golden hair fanned all around her head, and Harry gently and carefully lifted it up and brushed it into two columns.

“No... I mean you can’t” Harry said, “There is only me, Neville and Hermione left out of Gryffindor if you go. We can’t win the Quidditch cup if Hermione refuses to play” Harry said.

“Boys” Natalie muttered, “Always thinking about Quidditch” but she didn’t sound spiteful.

“Girls!” Harry replied, “Always thinking of make up and clothes” and Natalie giggled which made her cough a lot. He got her a small glass of water which the girl thanked him for, and then drank the glass in several gulps.

“I needed that” Natalie said, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

“So... erm...” Harry began.

“Yes?” Natalie said, turning to look at him eye to eye.

“How long do you have left?” Harry managed to get the question out this time.

“A matter of a few hours” Natalie said, all trace of joy from her face gone in an instant. “I can talk for a little while due to the potions I am getting, but it will only last another few...” her voice went as she closed her eyes, and Harry panicked to see as she appeared to be dead. A quick feel on her neck allowed him to ascertain that Natalie

was alive, but for how long. Harry looked around the clean, crisp white room they had placed her in and fury built up inside him. This wasn't the place that Natalie should have to die in. He released her hand, not the one she had used to wipe her mouth but the other one, and he stuck his head out of the door to get the first healer he could. He opened the door and found himself looking into the caring eyes of Poppy Pomfrey.

"I can't say I wasn't expecting you" Pomfrey said. "Miss MacDonald told me that she had let you know about her condition"

"Is there anything you can do for her?" Harry asked, closing the door quietly. "Surely there is a potion you can give her?" he asked, and Pomfrey nodded.

"I can give her one that will keep her awake and talking up to the point she dies, but for that to happen she will feel pain like never before. I can do that, but it goes against my oath as a healer... I'm sorry" she added, and turned and walked over to some of her colleagues.

"Well, I'll sort something out" Harry muttered low voiced. He went back into the room and disconnected the items that Natalie was connected to then opened the door to call Pomfrey over again. "There is nothing you can do?" he asked, and Pomfrey again shook her head.

"I'm sorry" she said.

"Then in that case, I'll take Natalie with me" Harry said simply, and he turned and walked back to the bed and picked up the girl with very little effort at all. Harry carried her out into the corridor where he found Pomfrey and most of the healers on this floor waiting for him.

"Where are you taking Miss MacDonald?" Pomfrey asked.

"To do your job, Healer Pomfrey" Harry said, and he apparated away with Natalie in his arms and arrived in the hospital wing at Hogwarts. Lying Natalie down on the nearest bed, he went to the store room where Pomfrey kept all the different things she might need in the course of a school year. "Accio Bezoar" Harry said, and a single grey

and ugly looking object came flying towards him. Harry rushed back to Natalie who was awake and staring around at the sight of Hogwarts before her.

“What on earth?” she asked Harry.

“Take this” he told her. “This might save your life” he added, then paused as there was something else to say to her. “Do you know how I can sometimes save people from dying?” he asked, and Natalie nodded. “Well I think that I can do the same for you, only it is dangerous for you. I’m not telling you to say no... but it is only right that you know the risks” and Natalie looked right into his eyes.

“Harry, I trust you with my life... what’s left of it anyway. If you think you can do it, and then do it” Natalie said. Harry nodded and then took her hands in his own and began the magical healing process. Natalie sighed and closed her eyes, and Harry began to slip into that trance like state he went into. The last thing he heard before his mind shut down was the sound of people rushing over and Hannah, Susan and Hermione speaking at once.

“NOT AGAIN!” they said at the same time.

“Great” Hermione added.

“Theres never a dull moment, is there?” Hannah asked sarcastically.

“Wonder if we will have a normal year this time round?” Susan wondered around. There was the sound of running feet and they turned to see Pomfrey dash into the Hospital Wing muttering about the fact it was not even the school year and Harry had already got in here. She looked at Harry and then loudly declared she was thinking that it was time to update her C.V for looking for a new job.

“I wonder why Harry is doing this?” Hermione asked, “The last time he did it on his own it nearly killed him” and Hannah smiled gently.

“It’s his saving people thing” she told her, “He can’t help it” and then she frowned for a moment then her expression brightened. “What if

we touched Harry and gave him some of our magic and he was to act as a conduit?" she suggested.

"Conduit" Hermione corrected, but agreed it sounded as good a plan as any. She, Hannah and Susan grabbed chairs, sat down on them, and placed a hand on Harry's back and closed their eyes and concentrated hard on their magical cores.

#

"How long has it been?" McGonagall asked for the forth time since she had run in to discover the scene she was now looking at.

"Almost four hours" Pomfrey said. "And I don't know how long this will take. Things are never easy with Mr Potter" she added. The two women stood and watched as Harry tried to heal Natalie helped by his three wives. A short while later and Luna and Neville arrived along with most of their luggage as well as that of the Potters. Rudi was staying with Ben at his house. This had greatly pleased Rudi until Hannah had told her it would be separate beds.

"Guess we are early for lessons" Neville said.

"Yeah, Harry must be eager this year" Luna giggled.

"I'm not that eager" Harry said, and they turned to see that Harry was back in the world of the living and was shaking his head several times as if to clear his mind. Hannah, Susan and Hermione all looked a little dazed but that cleared after a few moments. Pomfrey rushed over to do checks on Natalie and found her cured of all traces of leukaemia.

"Have you ever thought of becoming a Healer?" Pomfrey asked Harry.

"Nah" replied Harry, "I don't want to put you out of a job!" he jokingly finished.

"That's good to know" Pomfrey said.

"I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you earlier" Harry apologised to the school's ever present nurse.

"Forget it" Pomfrey said, "I know how close and defensive you can be with your friends and family. At least" she added brightly "You didn't destroy the Hospital Wing. I was wondering if I should get the decorating people in!" and they all laughed at the little joke.

"May I ask what your plans are?" McGonagall asked. "You are more than welcome to go to your tower now" she added.

"Thank you" Harry said, "We'll do that but apperate to Grimmauld Place to do our Prefect duties" but McGonagall shook her head.

"The girls can certainly, but you can not" she smiled at Harry's reaction, "Or shall I find a new head boy?" and she put her hand into the tartan cardigan she was wearing and handed over the Head Boy's badge. "Congratulations" she said, and shook Harry's hand.

"Who gets the vacant Gryffindor prefect place?" Neville asked.

"If she accepts, Miss Granger... Mrs Potter... oh to heck with it, Hermione!" McGonagall managed to get it out.

"Thanks" Hermione said, and took the badge that McGonagall was offering to her. Harry began to hand over his own prefect badge to McGonagall, but the Headmistress shook her head.

"Keep it as a memento" and she would take no more on the subject. "What will you be doing for the rest of the day?" she asked. Harry didn't answer for a full minute and he looked out of the window at the Great Lake and seeing how it shone in the daylight from the rays of the sun hitting it.

"I would love to go sailing" Harry said, "And not in a sailboat but in a little motorboat" he said turning back to them.

"That's a good idea" Hannah said, "I'll go and get James and be back soon" and after asking if she could use the Floo in McGonagall's office, she left the Hospital Wing.

“Well, if you excuse me, I must get back to preparing the coursework for this year” McGonagall said, but got interrupted by Hermione.

“Coursework be buggered all the way to Mars!” she said, and Hermione got stares from her head of house. “There are more important things than books and cleverness” she said then frowned. “Have I said that before?” Hermione asked, tapping the side of her head in thought.

“First Year. Underground. Just before I took the potion to allow me to go through the flames and get the stone” Harry said, with a perfect and complete memory of the event in question.

“You can remember that?” Hermione asked.

“I remember everything about you” Harry said, “From your cleverness and good looks, right down to that little mole on your....”

“HARRY!” Hermione yelled going as red as the Weasley twins’s hair.

“You get the point” Harry smiled, then taking Susan and Hermione on each arm and led the way to the doors of the Hospital Wing and later to the outside.

“Don’t forget me” Natalie said, and she jumped off the bed and followed Harry, Susan and Hermione as they walked round the corridor, and out of sight with Luna and Neville close behind.

“You know that I am hoping that they can have a normal year this time round” McGonagall said.

“I hope so too” Pomfrey said, made sure no-one was in the room. “I missed you” she purred as she led the way to her small bedroom at the back of the Hospital Wing. There was the sound of locking charms being placed on the door, and just before the silencing charms got placed there could be heard a soft... “Minerva!” but of course nobody was there to hear it

#

Harry used his wand to cut down some of the trees in the Forbidden Forest and conjured them into a large motor boat. He charmed it to go red and had a name in thick white letters: CAROLINE. Hermione had raised her eyes and looked at her husband.

“Caroline?” she asked, “As in Radio Caroline?”

“Argh” Harry said, closing one and making noises like a pirate. Hermione giggled and got into the little craft which resembled something from the 20’s. Hannah came back holding her and Harry’s first child and climbed aboard.

“So, is this a gentle cruise?” Hermione asked.

“It will be with James onboard” Harry replied, and he waved his wand at the motor which started up and Harry began to sail into the middle of the lake. The sun was beginning to set and it made the water go a nice shade of gold. As Harry cut the engine to idle, he turned to look at Hogwarts. The castle had been healed of most of its scars both inside and out. Even though students would be coming back, it was going to seem empty with the loss of many of their friends and fellow students.

“Cheer up” Susan said, moving up to his side and putting an arm around him. “This year is going to be different, and is going to be for the better” and Harry leant down and kissed her on the lips.

“You know what?” he asked.

“What?” replied Susan

“Sixty Nine is just divine” Harry told her.

A/N:

Enjoy this chapter.

See how many jokes, and inside nods you can get in it;

Reviews and pms in normal manner

Regards;

Pixel

Return to Hogwarts

The group had arrived at the train with an hour to spare, and they began to ensure that people got on alright and that they got settled. Harry nodded to the few students he knew.

“Theres not a lot” Harry said, a little bit sad.

“Not a lot is better then none at all” Hannah replied.

“True” Harry admitted, and then turned his attention onto the pair of Ben and Rudi. The pair where holding hands as they walked down the platform and they looked like a happy pair.

“Harry!” Rudi greeted and hugged Harry tightly, much to amusement of the other people on and off the train.

“Good Morning, sir” Ben said politely. Even though Harry had said that he could use his first name, Ben was a bit too scared to do so and either called Harry “Harry Potter”, or called him sir.

“Looking forward to this year?” Hannah asked.

“We are” they both replied, and got onto the train. The rest of the boarding went smoothly, and Harry was the last person on before the train set off. Harry had started to head down to the end of the train out of habit, but then remembered that he was conducting the Prefects meeting in the first coach behind the engine. Harry was unsure as to what to say, so settled on thanking them all for helping him in the fight over the winter and to look out for the younger students. He also asked them to make sure that the older students didn’t go out of the station as he had a rather interesting surprise waiting for them at Hogsmeade. Harry and his wives returned to what had become known as his favourite spot and for the first time he enjoyed the ride – having nothing to worry about this year.

“You alright?” Susan asked Harry as they passed though York. The sight of an un-scheduled steam engine passing full – and full of school children to boot – made several of them dive for their cameras and note books.

"Yeah, just hoping I have a nice normal year" he replied.

"Whats one of those?" asked Hermione from across the compartment. She was reading that days copy of the Quibbler and so Harry couldn't tell if she was joking or being completely serious.

"Hmm" Harry said, then turned back to Hannah who was staring out of the window. "You okay, babes?" he asked putting an arm around her.

"I was thinking about James" she said turning away from the speeding countryside and leaning into Harry. "I missed him for ages and then find him safe and sound. We spend a few weeks together and then we have to part again" and she put her head against Harry's chest and breathed in his scent. Harry ran his free hand up and down her back in smooth soothing motions which seemed to calm her after a little while.

"Cheer up" he said, "I'll tell you all about the surprise I have planned" and he flicked his wand at the door and it closed and muffled all of the sound so people out in the corridor couldn't hear. "Now I assume that Hermione knows what a Tachikoma is?" he said, and Hermione nodded slightly confused, but nodded all the same.

#

"FIRST YEARS OVER HERE PLEASE!" Hagrid's booming voice could be heard from the other end of the platform. "EVERYBODY ELSE IS TO STAY HERE" he added, and most of them accepted it and watched as Hagrid took the first years away and to the boats.

"Now watch this" Harry grinned at his wives, Luna and Neville, Natalie, Rudi and Ben. The Boy-Who-Had-Lived-Died-Lived Again-And-Defeated-Voldemort-And-Holder-Of-More-Names-Than-Can-Be-Mentioned-In-One-Sentence-And-Still-Be-Grammatically-Collect, gestured at the numerous blue objects lined up. Hannah, Susan, Hermione, Neville and Luna all smiled nodded understanding at what Harry was planning to do. Harry waved his wand at the objects and

then turned to the waiting students. "Now I thought that the Thestrals would like more time off, so I got some replacements" he told them all.

"What are those?" a Ravenclaw asked.

"Those are our transport to the castle" Harry said, then returned his gaze to the waiting objects. "Tachikomas...HUP!" and all five Tachikomas jumped up to their standing positions.

"Greetings Harry Potter" they chorused, much to the surprise of the waiting students.

"How did you get them to work? And where from?" Hermione whispered from Harry's left.

"I took the models we got, and enlarged them. After that, it was a relatively simple matter to give them some intelligence in order to make them understand me" Harry said as he watched the looks of people who had never seen a Tachikoma before. Harry's wives, Neville and Luna, Rudi, Ben and to a certain extent Natalie took it all in their stride as if this was an everyday occurrence. Several more intrepid people moved closer and touched them, and this caused the Tachikomas to respond as real people.

"Ohh... You and your sense of humour" Hannah groaned, but smiled all the same. "You're bad at times" she added.

"But you still love me all the same" Harry said, and he planted a kiss on her lips which caused people to erupt in cheers and catcalls. The kiss lasted for a full minute and threatened to go on for much longer until Hannah pulled away.

"We'll finish this later" she said in a low voice.

"Sounds good to me" Harry said back and Susan and Hermione both looked very happy at that exact moment. It looked like a very good homecoming to Hogwarts tonight! "Everybody pick a Tachikoma and jump inside" he shouted, then added "Nobody pick the front one as that's mine!" and everybody moved to get inside the Tachikomas which Harry had already magically enlarged inside so they could fit

more than just one or two. Each Tachikoma could now fit at least twenty people, the exception being Harry's which was big enough to accommodate just himself and his wives, Neville and Luna, Rudi and Natalie. Rudi had just climbed inside when Harry looked down at Ben who was walking down towards the last Tachikoma.

"Tell Rudi I'll see her in a bit" he called, and Harry decided that he could just squeeze in another person.

"Come and get in this one" he said kindly, and the Tachikoma bent down again so Ben could climb into the machine. After tapping the side of the lead Tachikoma, Harry gave the command to head out and towards the castle. It sure felt nice to be able to get away with almost anything. And Harry knew that Hermione could never stop him – he would just simply let it be known that her mole was right above her folds. And Harry wasn't thinking about those folds in her robes either!

#

The Great Hall looked as if nothing had happened and was a testament to the hard work the House Elves had done over the months leading up to the new school year. The house tables had been set out as per normal with the Teachers's table looking a little depleted from its more normal numbers. Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw tables (where Hannah and Susan for Hufflepuff and Rudi, Ben and Luna for Ravenclaw sat) where at about fifty/fifty in terms of numbers. Those that had survived had mostly got over their injuries, but there where a few that had to complete a weeks worth of treatment before returning to Hogwarts. Slytherin House's table was full of younger students and some older ones who had escaped Voldemort's culling. The hardest sight of all was that of the Gryffindor table. Out of a maximum number of a hundred students, there was only Harry, Neville, Hermione, Natalie and those new Gryffindor First years seated. The sight of just thirteen students sat together for company brought home the dreadful cost of the battle. The Gryffindor survivors and the first years sat in the middle of the tables, with Ginerva Weasley sat at the far end near the Doors. Nobody had wanted to talk to her, not even the Ghosts it was said. Harry glanced over at the Hufflepuff table and smiled gently at Myrtle talking to her new – or old

depending on how you looked at it – fellow Hufflepuffs. She seemed to be taking life quite well, and Harry was privately amused when he realised that Myrtle could just about out-rank all of the Born Again Christians in the world – mainly because she had been born again! The sound of tapping made Harry look towards the top table where McGonagall was going to make her first Welcoming Speech as Headmistress

“I would like to welcome the returning students back after the trying and testing time we have all faced over the last few years and months. It isn’t easy to face up to your fears, but we did so, and we defeated evil in its most potent form. To our first years I want to wish you luck on the start of your school lives. Look to the older students for guidance and support. And contrary to popular belief, I do not turn into a lion and I do not have three heads” and there was a polite air of amusement and McGonagall continued. “I have only a few more things to say before we begin the feast. Number One: The forest is forbidden to all those who do not wish to die a most painful death. That does not mean, Mr Potter, that you can go for a Sunday morning stroll. Just because you are The-Boy-Who-Lived, does not mean you are The-Boy-Who-Escapes-Punishment!” and Harry smiled at that. As he owned the castle he could go to the forest anyway. “Number Two: magic is forbidden in the corridors... unless it is for a good reason. Number Three: The tower on the south side of the castle is not to be entered into unless it is by permission of either the Potters or the Longbottoms. Number Four: First years are not allowed to be on house Quidditch teams. Number Five: Should you see one of the many house elves who work here, you will be polite to them. Number Six: There is no rule number six. And without further ado, tuck in” and the students tucked into the feast which was as delicious as any Harry could think of. The feast was a success and Harry guided the First year Gryffindors to their tower which had a replacement portrait of a witch, wizard and house elf playing together in the grass.

“Cabut Draconus” Harry said, and it swung open and admitted the new and old students. It took some time to get them all in, but Harry, Neville and Hermione was assisted by Natalie who promised to tell them a tale about Harry if they where all good and did as Harry asked. Harry with Hermione and Neville in tow took the scenic route back to the tower which Hermione could now call home and he noticed that

although the castle was repaired in structural terms, the walls still bore scars with some of them still sporting dark black spots where fire had touched. By the time that they got back to the tower, Hannah, Susan and Luna had already gone to their respective bedrooms. Harry and his wives would be taking the room used by the girls last year while Neville and Luna would be taking the one used by the two boys.

"See you in the morning" Neville said to Harry and Hermione.

"Good night" Hermione said.

"Remember the shield charm" was all Harry said and Neville went red and ran up the stairs. Hermione gave a yawn which Harry found quite sexy if he had been asked at that moment.

"I'll see you in a bit" she said, and after giving Harry a kiss she too went to bed. As for Harry, he just looked around the room. It had remained largely untouched by the battle with only the windows being broken, but they had been repaired long before now. He turned down all of the lights except for the two above the fireplace and went to look out of the window. The stars shone in their multitude like silent sentinels of the night, and they shone down onto the grounds with the moonlight covering the lake. As he heard Hermione's footsteps disappear into the bedroom, he took his wand out of his pocket and put on his deepest blackest cloak and made his way down to main entrance.

"Who is that?" asked a voice and Harry dodged a stunner which was shot in his direction.

"It's Harry, Natalie" Harry said, picking himself up off the floor. "Why aren't you in bed?" he asked.

"I can't sleep" she admitted. "I keep thinking about what happened" Natalie told him.

"I know how you feel" Harry reassured her.

"So what are you doing here?" she asked him.

"I have to go pay somebody a visit" Harry said.

"At Nine-Thirty at night?" Natalie asked. Her tone of voice held the belief that she didn't hold water with that for one moment. Harry decided that Natalie would know about it anyway so he told her the reason why he was sneaking out at night.

"I have to go and visit him, to finish something I started a lifetime ago" Harry said, and Natalie could understand. Hermione had told her about a few of the details, and the younger girl had been horrified. She had thought that magical people wouldn't have done such a thing like that, but one person had done so. It had shocked Natalie MacDonald to her core, and she swore to help get vengeance for Hermione anyway she could.

"I'm coming with you" she said at last. Harry thought for a few moments, then decided that she knew everything anyway so it didn't really matter. Besides, he might need somebody to stop him from hurting the person badly. Together they walked up to the large gates which had been replaced after the battle and walked a little way towards Hogsmeade. Then after taking Natalie's hand in his own tightly, Harry and the girl apparated to Azkaban Prison to visit one of its inmates. Prisoner 24601

Ronald Bilius Weasley.

A/N:

Chapter 70 for you all to enjoy. I know I had said this was going to be final chapter, but I going to keep going until I reach the magic ton! Liam Clearly (RIP!!!) (burdick1701e) will know what I mean by that!

Not a lot of you (budrick1701e and Seel'Vor) got the nods and inside jokes in Chapter 69 so I will list them for you:

One:- N7242C is William "Husker" Adama's Mk2 Viper in the sadly departed BSG 2003 version.

Two:- Natalie says “Never better” to Harry when he asks how she is. Hermione says this in PS (film)

Three:- Bezoars can save lives and cure a lot of stuff. Snape say that in PS book and film.

Four:- “There are more things then books and cleverness”. Again something Hermione said in PS book and in a different setting in the film.

Five:- Caroline references the famous pirate radio ship station Radio Caroline. Please Google for more information.

There are a few references to the books in here as well so look out for them.

The Tachikomas in this chapter have been mentioned before in this fic, only as models though. This chapter, we get to meet them as talking characters. And for die-hard Ghost in the Shell fans, the Tachikoma which speaks is the same one that Batou uses.

To joejackson:- you got you wish regarding Hermione’s mole! Hope that satisfies your perverted mind.

Clues for next chapter: Don’t want to be in Ron’s shoes when he meets Harry and Natalie! There will be some sex with Hermione so it’s best to get the tissues ready and send the kids out of the room. I will also warn you that I am going to do a chapter (maybe the same one...) where all four of them, Harry Hannah Susan AND Hermione have sex together. It will be lemony then 10,000 tons of lemon all squeezed into juice. If you look forward to that, then you might want to cover the monitor!!!!

I am going to do a few chapters where Harry makes an appearance or two, but where the focus rests on “supporting cast”

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner please.

Regards:

Pixel and Stephanie Forever

THE ONE TRUE GOD OF FANFICTION!!!!!!

Taking Care Of Unfinished Business

or

71 down, only 29 chapters to go

Harry and Natalie had to go through several levels until they arrived at the right one and proceeded to walk down the damp and dismal corridor to the cell which held Ron Weasley. However... there was a slight hitch with the plan Harry had concocted – the cell was empty. The pair rushed back up to the Auror who was stationed on the front doors to Azkaban and demanded to know what had happened. The Auror had replied that he had seen Ron in his little bed only that day, so he was confused. All three of them went back to the cell where it was found that the shape the Auror thought was Ron, was in fact just some pillows arranged to look like Ron was sleeping.

“We need to get to the Ministry” Harry said, and he apparated himself and Natalie there at once, even though it was impossible to do so with the charms around the island prison. As soon as they arrived at the Ministry, the pair headed up towards Tonks’s office where the woman was still hard at work rebuilding magical Britain. She was putting in long shifts at a time and only took a break to spend the weekend with the Potters and Longbottoms.

“What can I do for you?” asked the beleaguered Minister.

“Ron Weasley got out of Azkaban” Natalie said for Harry.

“How in Merlin’s name did he do that?” Tonks said, dropping her paperwork onto the desk.

“I have no frakking idea” Harry said, but I have a sneaking suspicion I know where he is” and he eyed Tonks and she nodded.

“I suspect that you’re right” she said and Tonks told the pair to follow her down to the Auror mess room. It was being used as their offices on account that their normal ones had been destroyed during the war.

“Good Evening, Minister” Katharine Riottz, “What can I do for you?” she asked.

“We have a prisoner escape from Azkaban – Ron Weasley” Tonks said. “Harry thinks that he knows where he is, so I need a few Aurors to go and recapture him”. Katharine got the Aurors into rows of five and addressed them.

“I need some of you to go with me and the Minister” Katharine said. “All those who wish to join take two...” all of the surviving Aurors took the two steps forwards before she could finish the sentence.

“We take care of our own” one of them said, and Harry was proud and pleased that they had all volunteered to come on this assignment. Harry wanted it to be as spectacular as possible, and so he had put through a call to the Weasley twins who had sent over a couple of boxes containing some of their newest Fireworks. After being told what was to happen they had also decided to come along for the trip. The Weasley family wasn’t going to know what was about to hit them, and Harry and the members of the “Ron Weasley Arresting and Diagon Alley Barbecue Squad” apperated to just outside the Weasley’s home – known to one and all as the Burrow. The twins and a pair of Aurors had detached from the group to set up the artillery barrage, while Harry, Natalie Tonks, Katharine and the rest of the Aurors waited for the signal. The moment the first rocket was light and started its display, Harry cued the Natalie to play the music player he had brought along and which had been charmed to play a particular tune at a very loud volume. The first rocket went up and was followed by several more, some of which hit the roof of the house. Harry pressed the play button and the air was filled with the marching music of “The Imperial 51st – Vader’s Fist”, known to one and all as “Darth Vader’s music” and the arresting party moved away from their hiding place and moved towards the house. To those Weasley’s looking out of the windows, it seemed like hell on earth and that Harry was the devil incarnate.

“GET UPSTAIRS AND HIDE” somebody (and Harry assumed that it was Molly Weasley) yelled, and Harry with a joyful smile simply blasted the door of its hinges, and led the Aurors inside. As he did so, he remembered something that Tonks had told him about concerning

how the Aurors where funded and from where they got the money from.

“Good Evening. We come on the business of Her Britannic Majesty The Queen!” Harry said happily and directed the Aurors to arrest both Molly and Arthur Weasley. When Bill came running down the stairs, he was grabbed by two burly male Aurors and taken quickly away to the Ministry.

“What is the meaning of this?” Mrs Weasley said as she struggled.

“It means you be quiet” Tonks said darkly, as she stepped into the house. She scanned the room and found the person she was looking for. “Arthur Weasley, for harbouring an escaped criminal you are suspended without pay from the Ministry” and Harry began chuckling. There where times he loved being Harry Potter and this was one of those times. Charlie Weasley took one look at the Aurors and surrendered without a fight and was led away, though not with cuffs on. Molly Weasley had just looked around at what was going on, and then looked at Harry with a deadly glare as her husband was also led away.

“After all we have done for you, you have the nerve to do this to us?” she shrieked

“What have you done for me?” Harry asked back. “You kept me from knowing about what my parents left me. You did everything that Dumbledore told you to do, and never questioned him on anything. You and your family kept Sirius in Grimmauld Place even though you knew he was innocent. Then there is the fact that Ginerva, your daughter, dosed me with a Love Potion, and Ronald also did the same to Hermione” and Harry paused chuckling, at her discomfort. He gave the Aurors a glance as they went round the house and secured all possible escape routes out of the house. “You also failed to come to the aid of Aurors which is a serious offence, but we’ll let you off for that. We’re here to get that evil bastard of a son of yours and put him back where he belongs” and he would have continued but he felt like hitting somebody, and Harry never hit a woman (although he was tempted to make an exception). The Aurors and Harry went up to the top most parts of the Burrow, and searched

each and every room before deciding upon the attic. Harry carefully walked up the steps to the attic and then jumped up and into it. He rolled to the left in order to avoid a dodgy looking spell Ron fired at him. As Harry picked and dusted himself off, he saw the Aurors subduing and taking Ron downstairs. He was under the effects of a stunner, several to be strictly accurate, and he followed them back outside and met up with Natalie.

“You finished?” she asked.

“Yeah” Harry said, “Its time to go home, Natalie” and taking her hand in his, he apparated right back into the Gryffindor common room so she didn’t get into trouble with patrolling Prefects.

“Goodnight Harry” Natalie said, and she went to her dorm of which she was the sole occupant. After watching her disappear round the corner of the spiral steps, Harry left and started the long journey backed to his shared tower. As he did so, he thought of Hermione and how this might bring some closure to what Ron had done to her. Because he had escaped, he would have to have a completely new trial, but Harry had something that would stop him from ever reproducing. This took into effect that Dobby had ripped off his testicles because he had had them rejoined – for lack of a better term. By the time he returned to the tower, his wives where in bed, so Harry decided to sleep on the sofa and cast a charm to ensure he woke early. He was looking forward to Muggle Studies in the morning and not just because it was something he could do well. He couldn’t wait to see the look on the First Years’s faces when they saw the old movie. They where going to think it was an actual recording of the Goblin rebellions.

#

The charm worked and Harry woke before anybody else, and showered and dressed before getting stuff done like a little tidy up of the room but the house elves had done that. With nothing else to do, Harry walked out of the tower and into the grounds. He had a vague idea on where he was going, but his mind took hi on Auto-Pilot until he was standing in the middle of the Quidditch pitch and he gazed around the empty stadium. There was a slight breeze and the flags

on the top of each of the grandstands fluttered and Harry closed his eyes and imagined the students cheering for his team. Only this time it would not be all that many. The number was barely into double figures as a total for the entire house. Given the fact that out of that total the first years couldn't play, and also the fact that Hermione refused to fly when she could avoid it, which meant that Gryffindor only had three people eligible to play. Harry was wondering if it could be done, then decided to forget about that as he looked at the empty stands. His mind kept flashing back to the games that he had played with Dean, Seamus, Lavender, Rafael and Parvati, and thought about the fact he would never play a game with them again. Looking at his watch Harry decided to head back to the tower where he met Hannah coming down the stairs.

"Up early" Hannah said, "I noticed you didn't come to bed last night. Care to explain?" she asked.

"I had something that cropped up" Harry said. "I... ended up at the Burrow. Turns out Ron escaped so I had to go and get him back into custody" he finished and Harry didn't lie to his wife, he just simply didn't tell her everything.

Hannah would no doubt learn all about it in the Prophet later that morning. He was about to say more when he was joined by Susan and Hermione and then all three kissed Harry a proper good morning as they had done for the last couple of months. Looking at his watch, Harry decided to tell them what had happened before the Prophet arrived at the school. After setting up a privacy charm on the door to their tower, Harry sat each of his down and plompt himself down into the large squashy armchair and faced them all.

"I...went to see Ron Weasley last night, in order to get some closure for Hermione after what happened to her. But when I got there he had escaped, so I went straight to the Ministry and talked to Tonks. After getting most of the surviving Auror Corps, we went straight to the Burrow and arrested Ron again. We also arrested Bill and Charlie, and Tonks suspended Arthur Weasley without pay for helping an escaped criminal" Harry said, and without a break either!

“Oh, Harry!” Hermione said and rushed over and flung her arms around her husband and cried on his shoulder. “You didn’t have to do that” she sobbed.

“You might not have been my wife when it happened, but he still attacked somebody whom I consider to be a good friend of mine and one of my oldest. And now that you ARE one of my treasured wives, it means that Ronald Bilius Weasley is going to face a very unhappy future indeed” and Harry’s shoulder got more wet as Hermione launched into even more sobs and shaking. She realised that after so long, the terror of Ron (and his raping of her) that had played in her mind for a long time would finally be over. Harry explained that there would be a trial again because technically he had been released by the Ministry government – even if it had been under Voldemort.

“I love you!” chorused Hannah and Susan and joined in the hugs and crying. After Harry had got away and changed into dry robes, he dropped the privacy wards and after Luna and Neville came down from their room, they headed down towards the Great Hall and the first day of their last year at Hogwarts.

A/N:

Well this is the latest chapter in this chapter.. as you are aware.

My thanks to Mr Bud Rick who read the first half of this fic, and knows what is going to happen to the afore mentioned Ron Weasley. There is a reference to Star Wars – one of only a few since I started the fic. There are a few references to the previous chapters in this fic, and something else – if you spot it – so enjoy!

I’d like to take this chance to ask you all to review my other fics please so I get a few more then just a single review or two or three. Please review at you lesure!

To joejackson, please can you reply to my PM about Section Nine Laws please, and also update “Not Another” PLEASE! I need that update.

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner.

Regards;

Pixel

Aka

O' Evil One

Aka

Trebor

Aka

Bongo Wongle.

AND

THE BEST DAMNED WRITTER OF FANFIC ON FANFIC(dot)NET.

I AM THE MIGHTY GOD OF FANFIC

BOW BEFORE ME!

Taking Care Of More Unfinished Business

Lessons passed quickly for Harry, his wives and friends which seemed a miracle from the gods. The classes had to be the most different and mixed up ones as there wasn't enough from each house to hold duel classes as normal, so what happened was that the members of a particular year got placed together if there wasn't enough numbers. This worked out well for Natalie as she was the only 5th year Gryffindor who had survived, so at least she didn't have to sit in an otherwise empty classroom by herself. Tonks had said that the date for Ron's new trial was the day after the first Quidditch match of the season. McGonagall had talked to Harry at some length about not having a Quidditch cup this year because of not having all that many eligible players, but Harry had argued that Quidditch was one of the things they had fought for and for what people had died for. The matter was settled when Harry used his status as the owner of Hogwarts to announce that Quidditch matches would be held and the first was Hufflepuff verses Gryffindor. It had caused some speculation as to what Harry had planned as Hermione had politely declined to play Quidditch, though she offered to commentate the match which Harry accepted at once. That left Harry no option but to surprise everyone. He had secretly teaching Natalie how to play decent Quidditch because he was planning to start the match with the Gryffindor team – he just hadn't told McGonagall how many would be in the starting team. As for the rest of the school, life seemed to be getting to some kind of order after all that had happened. Harry had the seating rearranged in the training centre to rows of cinema seating, and Hogwarts now had a fully working cinema. McGonagall often handled the popcorn machine, though under the direction of Myrtle. Myrtle had been found with stomach ache after eating too much, though she complained that she hadn't eaten for over half a century. One afternoon found Harry reading a book on Wizarding Law, something Susan had given to him last birthday, when Hermione frowned and sighed.

"Whats the Norse God of thunder?" she asked.

"Thor" Harry replied without looking up from the book. "He is also the ruler of the Asgard. He goes round defeating aliens and is friends with the US military"

“How do you know that?” she asked. Harry didn’t do Ancient Runes to the best of her knowledge and this surprised her a great deal. What he said afterwards was just downright crazy to her.

“I watched Stargate” Harry said. During their time on the run from Voldemort, and while searching for the remaining Horcruxes, Harry and group had become fans of the show – Rudi in particular. It had been fun to watch them and comment on what they could have done with magic instead of using guns like the show. Hermione was about to press further on Harry’s knowledge of the show when there was a knock on the door and Neville answered it.

“Hello, Ben” he said, and let Ben into the sitting room. Rudi spent a great deal of her free time with Harry and the rest when she could, though Harry had said she was free to do and go where she wanted.

“Is Rudi here?” Ben asked Harry.

“Yeah” Harry replied, “She’s upstairs with Hannah and Susan getting ready” he added. It was the day of a Hogsmeade visit, and Ben was taking Rudi on a date to the Three Broomsticks. With no more Voldemort, the cut off time for returning students had been extended to 7PM, and Ben was planning to take full advantage of that fact. When a day had been announced, Ben had met with Harry and run it through what he wanted to do on the date, after first asking permission (and calling Harry “Harry” and not Mr Potter).

“No she isn’t” came a voice, “She is standing right in front of you” and Harry and Ben looked at the stairs leading up to Harry and his wives bedroom to see Rudi was indeed ready to go. She was wearing a purple velvet skirt with matching stockings and black buckle shoes. On her top half was a purple blouse with a blue jumper in her hands. There was a short pause before Ben fell to the ground and didn’t make a move.

“Somebody pass me a bottle of Rejuvenating Potion” Harry said sarcastically, and after Luna passed him a bottle, Harry poured the contents down Ben’s mouth and they waited a few seconds for it to take effect.

“What happened?” he asked as Rudi came over to him.

“Looks like Rudi is a stunner” Harry said.

“We should have used her instead of wands” smiled Neville, and then received a smack on the head from Luna.

“You’re not going anywhere” she growled, then dragged him up the stairs.

“I’ll get you two something from Hogsmeade” Harry called. There was no reply but the slamming of a door, and Hannah wisely cast a silencing charm before they could hear anything going on.

“We’ll be going now” Rudi called and she and Ben held hands and left the room. And proceeded to go to Hogsmeade. Harry, Hannah, Hermione and Susan waited for several minutes, then simply apparated to The Three Broomsticks and took the most private booth by arrangement between Harry and Rosmerta. Butterbeer was brought over – on the house – and they settled down to wait for Ben and Rudi to arrive. Harry was certain that Ben wasn’t going to do anything; it was Rudi he was more concerned about. Then again, Harry thought, they both knew where to stop. As it was the two didn’t spend a lot of time there, and they headed down to Honeydukes to pick out sweets and other items.

“As theres nothing going to happen, I suggest that we repair back to Hogwarts and have a really good day” Harry suggested, and after managing to take all three of his wives in his arms, he led the way back to the ancient castle.

Hannah used the Floo to go to her parents house and bring James over for a day. She took the opportunity to have Pomfrey give him a check up and James got a clear bill of health. Harry got the motorboat out of the little boathouse he had built and they all had a great time sailing around the lake until the sun began to set and they headed back inside where James was introduced to Hogwarts food. Harry laughed and smiled as he saw lots of fellow students looking at James and all saying what a good looking baby he was. Neville and

Natalie moved closer to Harry to talk about what was going to happen the next day with the Quidditch match as there had been no training sessions or new members to the team except Natalie herself. What was Harry planning on doing they asked, but Harry would not give anybody an answer outside of his inner circle which was his wives plus Luna and Neville and the Weasley twins. Ben and Rudi also knew, but both were sworn to secrecy. If they told anybody then they understood that they would never see each other on a date until next summer – a threat that both Ravenclaws took very seriously!

“Knock knock” Natalie said, and let herself into the sitting room of the shared tower. “Came to get any last minute instructions for tomorrow” she added, taking a seat opposite Harry. Natalie noticed that Hannah still had James as Harry had said a change of scenery might be nice for his first born child. “I erm... got him this” she said and pulled out a red and gold rattle from her robes and passed it over to Hannah.

“Thanks” she grinned.

“I made it myself – and without magic” Natalie added proudly, and Hannah looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled at the Gryffindor.

“Do you want to hold him for a while?” she asked.

“What? Really?” Natalie stuttered, and Hannah handed over baby James who cried at first, but settled down soon after and actually went to sleep. Natalie looked around at the closeness of the Potter family and the love between the Longbottoms. She had felt a closeness that was as powerful as any spell or charm she had ever used. Her parents when they had been alive had loved her, and had allowed her to still attend Hogwarts in the hope that a cure could have been found for her condition. Even though she had known Harry since the previous Christmas, it was getting towards another one and she felt a little upset that she would not be seeing one with her parents. Not wanting to breakdown in front of everybody, Natalie handed over James to Susan and ran out of the tower sitting room.

“Whats got into her?” Neville asked.

“I’ve no idea” Harry admitted. “I hope she is alright because we can’t play with one member down on the team” and Neville agreed with that.

“One minute she was sitting here in our cosy family group and.... Oh!” he said, and Neville figured out at the same time as Harry what had caused Natalie to break down so suddenly and run.

“Her parents!” Harry said, half exclaiming and half shock. “She told me that her parents had been killed in the 2nd Dark War” then he paused, and a look of thoughtfulness and delight came upon his face. He turned to his three wives and said, “Care for another addition to the family?”

“We’re going to have to work on your ‘Saving People Thing’ before you adopt every last orphan in the world” Hermione said. Harry took that as a vote in the ‘Yes’ category, and raced up to his room and grabbed the Marauders Map and he came back down waving it madly. “Can’t get far” he called and Harry, Hannah and Hermione popped out of sight at the same time that an Owl came from Tonks with a letter addressed to Harry.

“It can keep until he gets back” Luna said taking the letter from the Owl. After giving it an owl treat, the Owl decided zoom round the room before heading back towards the ministry – helped by a very localised tail wind.

#

The three had caught up with Natalie before she could reach Gryffindor Tower, and they took her to the tower and they took her aside and offered her the chance for Harry to adopt her. Harry stressed that she would keep her name and anything to do with the name ‘MacDonald’ and Natalie had flung herself into Harry’s arms and had cried for several minutes. The papers had taken no time at all, but the biggest problem had come when they had returned to the tower. Harry took the letter and read it and was partly surprised by its contents which made him sit down and pass the letter to Hermione – it was only fair that she knew the contents. The Weasley family’s trial

was going to be tomorrow. That would have been fine with Harry only he had to play a Quidditch match as well.

“This is turning out to be a bad day” Harry moaned.

“At least Ron is going to get sent down properly” Hermione said.

“What you need is a good evening” Hannah suggested, and Harry raised his eyebrows, but she shook her head. “Not like that” she added. “I was thinking more of a paintball fight” and it was agreed that it sounded a very good idea. Plans got made quickly but the paintball fight had a twist – it would use muggle equipment. Harry suckered many of the other students into the game and he made house teams for the game. Having such few members, Gryffindor stuck together and Harry set up a very good defence plan of their position due to Harry, Neville and Hermione using the Marauders Map. It soon came down to Harry versus Susan, and the raven haired boy simply took cover against the stone wall of the castle and let Susan come towards him.

“Come out from where you’re hiding” Susan called as she snuck around the grounds. Harry silently crept up towards her whilst lying low in the grass which Harry had grown higher magically. When he was quite close, he stopped and took aim in his sights and took out Susan with a perfectly placed shot right between the eyes. Susan was in no danger or pain because Harry had given each student safety goggles and had put a shield charm on them – just to be certain.

“I needed that” Harry admitted when he collapsed laughing into an armchair in their tower. “Not even the Weasley’s trial tomorrow can upset me” he declared happily.

“What time is the trial?” Neville asked, concerned that there might not be time for them to get back for the Quidditch game. Harry looked at the letter again and studied it for a few moments.

“It starts at 8:30am. The game starts at 9:30, but I’m sure that I can convince the Hufflepuff captain to agree to a short delay” Harry smiled at Hannah and Susan as he spoke. A soft tapping at the

window alerted him to Hedwig who wanted to come in. Hedwig had flown away while the war had been fought, but had returned to Harry after she had known it was safe. Harry let Hedwig in and she landed gently on his shoulder. He untied the letter from her leg and ruffled her feathers in thanks and Hedwig hooted softly. She was glad to be back with Harry after all that had happened to him, and Hedwig was of the understanding that Harry had missed her a great deal as well. "Damn" he swore softly, and all in the room looked at him in amazement. "I've almost forgot about them" and Harry had to have a very large goblet of Pumpkin Juice in order to calm down.

"Whats got Harry in a state?" Hermione asked, and she and her co-wives (an odd term, Hermione had thought) looked at the letter together.

Harry

Forgot to say in the first letter about the other thing that was for your attention.

Your relatives' trial has been slated for 2:30pm tomorrow. I know this is all a big mass of things for you to deal with, but I hope that you can get here. If you can not, then please arrange for your Pensive memories to be sent before the trial starts.

Regards;

N. Tonks

Minister for Magic

"If anybody wants me" Harry said slowly getting up out of his chair, "I'll be in the hospital wing seeing Pomfrey" and this drew looks from most of the others.

"Why?" Hannah asked, "Is something wrong? Are you ill?" she pressed.

“No” Harry said, half out of the room, “But I suspect that I am going to need the use of some of her more potent Calming Draughts” and Harry left the room.

“How can we help him?” Hermione asked, and Susan looked at Hannah, then herself and finally at Hermione.

“Want to make a movie?” she asked, with a hint of an evil smile.

“What kind of movie?” Natalie asked, partly confused and partly interested.

“A movie that’s only made and seen by adults” Hannah said, catching on to what Susan was thinking of. The biggest problem was getting Hermione to kiss another woman – the rest would develop as they went along.

A/N:

Well this will be the last chapter for a little while, as I have accidentally sprained my wrist. I was doped up to the eyeballs to get this out for you all!

There is a slight Stargate reference here, though Thor is of course a real Norse god. Hermione asking the others if they knew can be explained by the fact she is a little overworked with homework and prefect duties. Harry simply couldn’t resist sticking that into the convocation though, and who can blame him – I quite like the little Gray dude myself!

I was reading my previous chapters and noticed that I hadn’t done the trial for the Dursleys, so there’s going to be a mixed up chapter on its way. That will be Chapter 74, because Chapter 73 will contain Hannah/Susan/Hermione action, and I believe my fellow writers call it lemon. Well I will put more lemon into it than there is in a bottle of undiluted Lemon Juice. I have had this planned for a couple of chapters and the original idea dates back to a very early chapter (the one during Christmas), so I thought this might be a good thing to “relax” Harry before a stress inducing day. The last six lines are

dedicated to joejackson and I hope it will keep his dirty and perverted American mind occupied until I get it done.

Including this entire chapter and A/N notes, the chapter stats stand as such:

Words: 208,556

Reviews: 626

Hits: 163,125

Chapters: 72

Special mention to queenofspades19 who got the 600th review for this fic on April Fools Day! This is the second time she has gained a hundred series review.

While I take a short break, I will reply personally to all Reviews and to any questions you may have and want to ask me.

Reviews and Pms in the normal manners please:

Regards;

Robert

How To Jump A School From One Place To Another And Back Again

There was however a slight problem with Harry's plan of going to see Pomfrey.

"Harry!" Tonks called from behind, and Harry turned to see her running down the corridor.

"Whats wrong?" he asked as she stopped in front of him, completely breathless but with a serious look on her face. He conjured a chair for her and Tonks sat down after thanking Harry and getting her breath back.

"Seems we didn't get all of the Death Eaters" she said. "Some of them survived and have regrouped and are holding several students families hostage and want a ransom for them" and Harry shook his head. He thought that they had accounted for all of them, but it seems that it had not been accurate.

"Where are they?" Harry asked, wondering where they could be.

"Riddle Manor" Tonks replied. "I have Aurors surrounding the place, but they have an Anti Apparition shield and other stuff set up round the perimeter. While we can't get in, they can't get out. But if they start to kill people, then we can't get in to stop them. The wards are so powerful that even you couldn't get in past them" she added. Harry was looked at the walls hoping to gain some answer to the problem. No doubt the students concerned would want to join in the fight, but how? How can you apperate a school student into a shielded area? How could you apperate a school...

"I've got it!" Harry yelled, and he grabbed the nearest student that happened to be passing. "Do you know where I live?" he asked, and the little first year nodded meekly – after all Harry Potter was talking to him. "Go there and get all three of my wives, and bring them to Professor McGonagall's office" and Harry fished around in his pocket and brought out a Galleon. "If you can do this in less then ten minutes, then this is yours" and the first year ran off towards the tower Harry resided in.

“What have you thought of?” Tonks asked as she ran after Harry.

“Just wait” Harry said, and the pair ran towards McGonagall’s office.

#

“And that’s how what we do” Harry finished his outline for what seemed to be an outrageous idea. The first year had got his galleon after bringing Hannah, Susan and Hermione to the office before the ten minutes where up.

“But Tonks said that they where shields up” McGonagall said.

“I know, but the shields only go round and not up” Harry said.

“But the wards extend for three hundred meters” Susan said.

“So we apperate” Harry said, then he turned towards Hermione. “How many people would it take to apperate a very large object?” he asked her.

“Depends on the size” the resident bookwork replied, “And on what it was made out of” she added.

“Several hundred thousand tons and large blocks of stone, and other materials” Harry said, and folded his arms and leant back to await the storms of everyone there.

“You can not be serious” Hannah said.

“I am” Harry said.

“You want to levitate the entire SCHOOL?” Susan said.

“It can’t be done” McGonagall said.

“It can” Harry said. “If we charm the castle to be as light as possible, then it should work”

“Can it be done?” Tonks enquired of Hermione.

"In theory" Hermione said, and her mind was filled with the complexities of what Harry had suggested.

"Once we apperate, we send people out on brooms to deliver the Aurors and arrest the Death Eater scum backed up with some of the older surviving students" Harry said. After almost an hour of discussing, it was agreed that it might just work, but nobody knew if the castle would hold together.

#

"Everyone is here" McGonagall said. They had agreed to make an announcement that evening at dinner, which by fate was a mere minute away. Harry thanked her, before charming his voice to carry over the entire hall.

"This is Harry Potter! Moments ago, this castle received word of a Death Eater hostage taking against our families was underway. We do not know the size or the strength or the disposition of the enemy forces. We will dispatch the Auror forces from this castle. How? Why? Doesn't really matter now. What does matter is that as of this moment, we are at war! Our plan is to take out the Death Eaters by Apperating above the surviving Death Eaters and take them by surprise. I want all broom owning students to come forward to the front table. Further announcements as we get them, thank you" and Harry cancelled the charm on his voice. There was a few looks of surprise on peoples faces and then a large number of them moved forward towards Harry and the group stood at the top table. It really showed how much they trusted Harry that they all agreed to help him in his plan – no matter how absurd it seemed. The Aurors involved in the plan took the brooms and headed to the highest towers of the school. Harry, Hermione and McGonagall did the complex magic needed in order to move something with the same tonnage as an American Nimitz class aircraft carrier.

"We're ready" Hermione said at last.

"The doors and other entrances to the castle have been secured, and all students are braced for this" McGonagall said.

"Lets get this show on the road" Harry said, he took one look at the people in the Command Centre. "JUMP!", and the castle vanished.

#

One of the remaining Death Eaters was taunting the Aurors surrounding them. She happened to look upwards, and Delores Umbridge saw the sight of a very old Scottish castle appearing in the sky and rushing downwards coming towards her.

#

"REPORT!" Harry yelled.

"Altitude 99,000... falling like a rock" Hermione said.

"Launch! LAUNCH THEM ALL!" Hannah, Susan and Luna yelled all at the same time. Neville was listening to them over one of the headsets he had kept as a keepsake from the war.

"Well... this ought to be different" he muttered, and gave the signal for the Aurors to launch from the towers and fly downwards and thereby circumventing the wards placed round Voldemort's former home. When the last ones had cleared the tower where he was, he yelled "VIPERS AWAY!" and Harry replied himself.

"Standby.....JUMP!" Harry said, and the resultant blast wave from a hundred thousand tons of stone and other bits suddenly vanishing blew Umbridge off her feet. It was most likely that she didn't see what was the item that killed her. It was a muggle toilet seat with her face on it.

A/N:

Well that was a totally random chapter, but I do not bloody care in the slightest. This is one chapter that brings me closer to the magic 100 mark I am hoping to get to. I am going to hazard a guess that you know what inspired this chapter, so I won't bore you.

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards:

Admiral William "Husker" Adama

Bollocks

The press had clamoured to know how Harry had jumped the entire school from its normal place. Thankfully, there had been the threats of those parts of the press actually being shut down for the foreseeable future. The castle was doing quite well for something that with being ancient had gone for a nice little fall. The only thing broken had been a few small glass objects. Luna had seen the bright side of the whole episode.

“At least we got the castle dusted” she had remarked, much to the amusement of others.

“At least the house elves have less work to do for now” Hermione had replied. Harry had gone to sleep that night with him thanking those in charge above that school would be well over in around nine months time. The next morning Harry had to attend the trial of his relatives, though his evidence would be in the form of Pensive memories – Harry not wanting to lose his temper during questions. There was also the fact that the Weasleys also had to be tried and a Quidditch game sandwiched in between both cases made Harry seriously want that Time-Turner Hermione had used in third year, and he was fully prepared to ask Tonks to either give him one, or get ready to arm wrestle him. The Hufflepuff captain had agreed to a delay in the game to allow the trials to go as planned.

“We all here?” Hannah asked. She would be taking the opportunity to visit James at her parents house, while Harry had the better tasks that day.

“Lets see” Harry replied, and began to point to various people in the room. “Hermione...check! Susan ...check! Luna ...check! Neville ...check! People so small you need a telescope to see them ...check!...” Harry would have continued, but Rudi interrupted.

“Hey! I’m not small. You’re just taller then I am” she protested.

“She has you there” Susan giggled.

“Whatever” Harry moaned, then checked that everything was going correctly and it was.

“How are we getting paid?” Neville asked.

“Cheque” Luna said, quick to catch on to Neville’s wink. Harry smiled at the joke as the others laughed, then one by one they went through the fireplace and to the Ministry of Magic.

#

The Weasley’s had all pleaded guilty to all of the crimes and got harsh sentences. Bill and Charlie got a year in Azkaban and a 10,000 Galleon fine paid to Hermione. Percy got away with his crimes as it was proved he was acting under orders from his superiors – but Harry oddly didn’t mind that at all. He was after bigger fish after all. Ginny also got away with her crimes because she had already pleaded guilty before the brief reign of Voldemort, and Harry didn’t mind in the slightest once again. He did speak up for Arthur Weasley though, saying that he had respected the man and that he had been doing what he thought was best for his family. There was also the fact that both Dumbledore and his own wife had been blackmailing him into attacks concerning Harry and the others. Harry suggested that Mr Weasley’s record be cleared and that he go back to work at once – something that made the older man cross over to Harry, apologise and shake his hand. Arthur Weasley said that if there was anyway to make it up for what he and his family had done, Harry need only let him know, then he walked away and out the courtroom. As for Molly Weasley... She was given a five year sentence in Azkaban – suspended for two years and made to go on a parenting course. Harry was very hard pressed not to laugh at that, and only succeeded by thinking of the now dead Umbridge giving the equally dead Dumbledore an intimate lap dance! The best was to come after all, and Ron was led in dragged by two Aurors. Mrs Weasley made a motion to possibly help Ron to escape, but there was a loud rustling of robes, and 756 wands suddenly came out of nowhere. Mrs Weasley backed off very quickly and just left the courtroom and did not return. Tonks came and took the place of the witch who had been running the other trials, and looked at Ron like one would look at a piece of the dearly departed Severus Snape’s porn magazines.

(Several Slytherins had discovered it while they cleared out their common rooms and his old office – Harry kept one of the magazines, though just to find out what porn was like in the wizarding world. He told Hermione it was research).

“Prisoner 24601, you stand here accused of attacking Ministry officials, members of the public and resisting arrest. How do you plead?” Tonks asked.

“Not guilty” Ron spat at the floor, and one of the two Aurors – Harry’s mind came up with the name of Joe Jackson – sent a jet of water into Ron’s mouth.

“I knew you’d say that” Tonks said grimly, then she took a look around the courtroom to make sure everybody was paying attention and understanding that being Pureblood didn’t make you better than muggleborn witches and wizards. “After careful thinking, I am going to order you to finish this week in Azkaban, and then be released” and it was at this point Harry stood up.

“I protest!” he said loudly, causing stares from almost everybody in the room.

“What is your protest, Mr Potter?” Tonks asked formally.

“I wish to invoke Section Nine, sub-section twenty-four” Harry replied. The only people who did not look confused were Harry, his three wives and the Longbottoms. Section nine was one of the very first laws dating all the way back to the first session of the Wizengamot way back in 967.

“For those of us who do not know or can not remember that particular ruling, would you care to explain?” Tonks said, confused as most of the Courtroom. She glanced at the public gallery to see that Hannah, Susan, Hermione, Luna and Neville all looked quite quite smug.

“It would be my honour” Harry said, and he left the seat he had stood up from, and walked down to stand in front of Tonks and the rest of the Wizengamot, and slightly in front and to the left of Ron and his “escort”. “If I were to explain fully we would be here until the day that

hell froze over. As even I can not wait that long, I'll explain in the shortest possible way. The part of Section Nine I am invoking concerns offences to a Most Honourable and Ancient house – and all offences committed against those who are part of that family. Ron Weasley made such an offence against Hermione, and I am invoking and demanding my right as head of the House of Potter”, but Ron suddenly thought of something that might get him off and away.

“She was never part of Potter’s family” he said with a snarl.

“He does have a point” Tonks conceded, but Harry had already thought of that.

The sun penetrated the Gryffindor common room, and Harry was trying to get over the fact that Ron wasn’t speaking to him. He glanced next to him as Hermione also worked on her homework. The resident bookworm sighed as she finished it, and having nothing else to do, decided to help Harry with his. After that, there had been nothing else to do but wait for something to come along. Hermione was also mad at Ron for being such an arrogant arsehole and she told Harry so.

“Hermione?” Harry asked after a few moments of thinking.

“Yeah?”

“Whats the date?” Harry said.

“February the 21st” Hermione automatically replied. Harry took a look at all of the younger Gryffindors and suddenly came up with an idea to get his bushy haired friend to smile again.

“I know what we can do” he said brightly.

“What?” she enquired.

“Lets run off to Gretna Green and get married” Harry smiled, and all sound left the room as everybody heard what Harry was saying. Hermione caught Harry’s eye twitch and decided to play along.

“Why not?” she said, grinning as hard as Harry was doing. She ran up to her dorm room and got her cloak and after coming back down again, she and Harry left the tower to its stunned silence.

“It may have seemed that it was a joke, but it was serious enough to constitute a proposal and therefore Hermione was a part of the House of Potter – going by Magical Law” Harry said, and Ron saw that he was screwed again.

“Can you tell us what you want to happen to the prisoner?” Tonks asked. She shifted slightly in her seat as she hated sitting in this place, or any of its cousins come to that. She decided to pass a law stating that all courtroom seats had to have some cushions installed onto them.

“Gladly” Harry said. “Sub-section twenty-four demands that the offender has his reproductive ability removed”, and Tonks nodded.

“We’ll give him a potion or two to sort that out” she started and the court burst into much talk, but Harry interrupted them all with his fifteen next words.

“With a sword” Harry said, “And I want it done here and now without him being unconscious”

“Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!” Ron yelled, and he struggled against his bindings and his two guards. He managed to get free, somehow, and he started to run, but he was tripped up by Auror Jackson. Ron fell forward and onto his face.

“Ooops” Jackson said.

“Nice one” Harry smirked, “Tonks junior” and the court laughed and hooted at Harry’s joke at Tonks who took it in good stead.

“We might as well do it now” Tonks said, and the Aurors removed Ron’s lower clothing, and placed the offending parts on a conjured table. Harry pulled out his sword from its scabbard and turned to face Ron. There was time for Harry to notice that the Aurors had sneakily given Ron a hardened penis – presumably so that it hurt all the more

– and Harry swung the sword into the air and then slammed it down and severed Ron’s penis from the rest of his body in a little spray of blood and flesh. Harry used the ball on the handle of the sword to crush Ron’s testicles. Ron had already passed out with loss of blood.

“Take him away” Tonks ordered, and Ron’s now modified body was dragged away out of the room. “We will return in the afternoon for the trials of the Dursley family. This is to allow a few minor issues to be cleared up and also to give Mr Potter time for his Quidditch match” and Tonks got a laugh from most of the people in the courtroom.

After a few more legal issues, Tonks dismissed the court and Harry went straight to the nearest Apparition point and returned to Hogwarts – Neville having left as soon as Ron had been dragged away in order to get things going and Susan and Hermione took the Floo while Luna took the chance to shop with several school friends. Harry raced up to his room and changed into his Quidditch robes, then met up with the waiting Neville to go down to the pitch. Natalie was waiting inside the Gryffindor changing room having already got into her robes.

“I’ve already had McGonagall down here twice to demand that you start the game. She doesn’t know yet” Natalie said and Harry understood what the girl was referring to.

“Well shall we go?” Neville asked, and the trio got onto their brooms, and Harry wandlessly opened the doors that led to the pitch and led the way out. There was a great deal of cheering from the crowd before it suddenly went quiet as they saw three, and only three members of Gryffindor line up in the air – Harry as Captain, Beater and Seeker, Neville as all three chasers and a Beater with Natalie acting as keeper. Hooch flew over to Harry and had some very heated discussions with him concerning only Harry, Natalie and Neville. It was ended when the Hufflepuff captain coasted over and demanded that they started the game, or he would forfeit the match – and Hooch had no choice but to start the game. Hermione began the commentary and for the first time that anybody could remember, no students, staff or guests had to strain to listen. Everybody was watching as Gryffindor struggled to play the game, and it hit home about how hard it had cost Gryffindor House in the 2nd and great

Dark War. They watched as three of the oldest surviving house members fought for honour.

A/N:

Only one mention here – to joejackson. Thank you for allowing me to use that bit from your fic in mine. I added you as Ron's Auror as a thank you from me to you.

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards:

Robert

Aka

Pixel

Aka

O' Evil One

Dealing With Dursleys / Settling Down To Normality

The match had ended in a win for Gryffindor with a score of 200 – 50, though Harry suspected that Hufflepuff had thrown the game as it was surprising the team had only scored 50 points when there had been only three Gryffindor players to counter them. Harry was too sad though to think about it much, and as he shook the hand of the Hufflepuff captain, Harry watched Neville and Natalie drift over to Hermione and have a talk with her while floating in mid air. Harry had one other thing to do and he whipped out his wand and spoke a few muttered words.

“Panthera leo imago” and a large lion burst from his wand and took position in the middle of the pitch as Harry flew to one end of the pitch, and turned to face the floating lion head. He kicked his Nimbus 2000 into action and flew straight into the middle of the image which let out a mighty roar so powerful that it made the stadium shudder. As Harry passed through the lion, it split sixteen smaller lions which everybody understood symbolised the missing members of the Gryffindor team. There was a deathly silence and then every single student, staff member and guest stood and burst into applause as they rose to their feet. Harry didn’t stay for that though because he simply turned his broom to the left, and headed silently towards the castle.

#

“Send for the Dursleys” Tonks called, and several Aurors marched in all three Dursleys who looked daggers at Harry. According to Tonks, it had been a interesting experience to question the Dursleys, and Dudley had tried to pinch Tonks’s bottom again but was stopped when he turned into a pig – “Suitable” had been Tonks’s own words. Harry’s relatives were stood in front of the entire Wizengamot and Tonks looked down on them with disgust on her face – it was shared by the other members of the Jury, who strangely enough had all been present at the final battle at Hogwarts, well the students anyway. “Do you have anything to say before I ask the jury for the verdicts?” she asked.

“Your animals!” Vernon spat out.

“That’s true... I am an animal” Tonks said, and changed into an owl, flew around the courtroom once, then changed back again. “And a lot of men can attest to that” and the court descended into laughs for a short while. “I will now ask the Jury of the Wizengamot to give their verdicts” and Tonks turned to the members of the court. “What are you verdicts?” she asked, and a red haired man stood up and addressed Tonks.

“On the charges of mental child abuse, physical child abuse, endangering a child’s life, fraud, not ensuring proper medical care for a child, torture of a child and starvation of a child namely Mr Harry Potter and breaking the Harry Potter Law, and sexual assault of a Ministry Auror, we find the defendant Dudley Dursley... guilty!” and Dudley started to open his mouth like a fish out of water. Harry smiled from his private box surrounded by Hannah and their child, Natalie, Hermione, Rudi and Ben (who were holding hands), and the Longbottoms. For some reason Susan was not with him, but Harry put that down to girl things, and he wasn’t all that concerned. Harry turned his attention back to the verdicts.

“On the charges of mental child abuse, physical child abuse, endangering a child’s life, fraud, not ensuring proper medical care for a child, torture of a child and starvation of a child namely Mr Harry Potter and breaking the Harry Potter Law, we find the defendant Petunia Dursley guilty!” said the man, and Harry was almost grinning like a pleased Goblin. However Harry’s good sense of hearing suddenly alerted him to the fact that somebody was running down the corridor towards that very room.

“Something’s wrong” he whispered to his wives and friends, but the red haired man spoke once more.

“On the charges of mental child abuse, physical child abuse, endangering a child’s life, fraud, not ensuring proper medical care for a child, torture of a child and starvation of a child namely Mr Harry Potter and breaking the Harry Potter Law, we find the defendant Vernon Dursley guilty. We also find all three guilty of the additional charges of conspiring to murder Harry Potter, and of conspiring with a member of a banned organisation” and the man sat down.

“Thank you for your work” Tonks said as she thanked the Jury, and then looked at the Dursleys who all looked as if they had all just been frozen in time and space. “Dudley, Petunia and Vernon Dursley. You have been found guilty by a properly construed jury. I hereby sentence you to spend your days back in the muggle world, though it will be with a permanent magical guard watching over you. If you should meet a magical person, you will be polite to them. If need be, you will allow them to spend the night with you or as long as that person needs. I am also draining up to 75 percent of your banking accounts” and it was at his that Vernon managed to speak.

“You can not do that!” he yelled, “We belong to the normal world” and at that moment a tall and distinguished person stood up and spoke for the first time.

“They can, and they will” and the Dursleys looked right into the face of John Major – the muggle Prime Minister.

“But... you’re a...” Vernon’s face fell as he saw the Prime Minister. “How could you be elected?” he asked.

“Magic” Major replied, and then searched out Harry in his private box. “Thanks” he said.

“Any time” Harry replied, and Major gave the Dursleys a wave of his hand then the two fingers and apparated away. “I’m going to enjoy politics” Harry whispered as Susan snuck into the box. “Where have you been?” he asked, seeing Susan’s flushed and happy face.

“Had to see Pomfrey” she said, and Harry stared at Susan and she nodded at his unspoken question. “I’m pregnant” she whispered and Harry leant over and kissed her on the lips. After the last of the legal matters, the case was dismissed as finished with and they went straight back to the castle where there was a small party with the aid of the Weasley twins. Later that night, Harry was lying bed with Susan wrapped up in his arms.

“I love you” he whispered.

"I love you too" Susan said, and there was a lot of use concerning the bed springs that night as all four – Harry, Susan, Hannah and Hermione had a very fun night indeed! It carried on well into the next morning and the four only came down when it was almost lunchtime much to the amusement of Luna and Neville. After getting something to eat, most of them had nothing to do but lounge around the tower. Harry though had decided that he was going to have to get some new players as it would not be right for the next match. Harry was sat in Gryffindor tower in what would have been the Seventh Year boys dorm, and looked at a list of names of students eligible to play for the house team. He was staying on as well as Neville and Natalie, which meant he had to find the rest of a full first team plus a full back up team should something happen to any first team member. Despite her well known fear of flying, Hermione had offered to fly for the house because of two reasons. One was the fact she had to face her fears someday, and the other was that she owed it to Harry and the spirit of those Gryffindors who had died in order to keep her safe while Voldemort was in control. It was so well kept a secret, that McGonagall had not known until she had turned up in front of her. Giving up on the list, he tucked it into his pocket and headed out of the tower and passed the Albus Dumbledore memorial toilets and went to the great hall for dinner. There was something he had to do to fill a vacant post in the school faculty, and when Harry had mentioned it to the concerned people, they had both fainted and needed care from Pomfrey for several hours. As it happened, both of them had already arrived and where sat at the Gryffindor house table even though they didn't go to Hogwarts anymore.

"Evening, Harry" Susan said, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"Miss Bones" Harry heard McGonagall shout across the hall, "Fifty points to Hufflepuff for your good news...And that doesn't mean the rest of you can try it" the witch said to the rest of the students. They ate the meal as normal, but waited at the end as Harry had mentioned he was making an announcement concerning a vacant post.

"As you all know, the potions lesson has been filled in by the other teachers until I was able to find somebody to take up the duties. Happily I have found two people who will fit the bill nicely" Harry said,

and he waited for the mass to start to think where the new teachers where. "Starting on Monday morning, your new teachers will be Professor Gred Weasley and Professor Forge Weasley" Harry added using the twins own alternate name for themselves. The twins looked at each other before jumping up and doing a dance round the entire hall.

"Woooooo" they cried out, "We're teachers" and the hall descended into fits of laughter at the twins actions.

"They will take different lessons to fit in with their private business arrangements" Harry said after it had all calmed down. "I also have something else to say about the extra things that Hogwarts will be doing this year. There will be a Halloween ball as well as a Yule one, and both will be open to students of all ages and curfew will be lifted for those events. We fought the fight; we lived and died it for freedom. Now lets enjoy that freedom and let nobody take it away from us again" and Harry was nearly knocked off his feet when he discovered that he had hit the right note with the students. There was singing from the oldest students, led by the enthusiastic Weasley twins, and it took him a few moments to understand they where singing the same song that Harry had heard in his first year.

Hogwarts, Hogwarts

Hoggy Warty Hogwarts,
Teach us something, please,
Whether we be old and bald
Or young with scabby knees,
Our heads could do with filling
With some interesting stuff,
For now they're bare and full of air,
Dead flies and bits of fluff,
So teach us things worth knowing,
Bring back what we've forgot,
Just do your best, we'll do the rest,
And learn until our brains all rot.

Harry couldn't help but lead them into a second chorus of the song, and it finished with the Weasley twins singing a third and final chorus

but in the same funeral like tone they had used in his first year. A few tears fell down his face, and he (as the owner of the school and castle) dismissed the students. He crossed over to the Gryffindor table where Rudi had breezed over to, and she had the look of someone who had been freshly kissed – it wasn't hard to guess who it was as Ben wasn't looking at him directly. As long as they didn't go past the kissing stage, then Harry was fine with the relationship.

"Never saw you as the concerned person before" Hermione whispered to him.

"I've mellowed in old age" Harry said, grinning at Hermione who beamed at him.

"You know", she murmured seductively, "I can do something that rhymes with mellow" and Harry looked at Hermione with surprise. He had never asked her to do something like that, not after thinking about what Ron had done to her, and Harry had been fine to let her take her time and had been happy to just do kissing and a little bit more. Now it seemed that Hermione was ready, and he was going to enjoy that night a lot. His thoughts got disrupted as Hermione dragged him out of the hall by the hand in the direction of their tower.

"The things Harry will do for his wives" sniggered the twins, and both received glares from Hannah and Susan.

"Don't see you with any" they replied.

"Well... that is to say..." Fred and George both spluttered, and the rest of them burst into laughter.

"I have a girlfriend" Fred said, and George looked at his twin in surprise.

"You never told me that?" he said, "Who is it?"

"Katie Bell" Fred replied, and after that revelation, there was talk about who would be taking which lessons on the Monday.

#

"I'll walk you back to your dorm, if you want" Ben said shyly.

"We live in the same dorm, silly" Rudi giggled.

"Oh yeah" Ben blushed.

"Well you can walk with me anyway" the girl offered, and they walked together hand in hand towards the Ravenclaw common room. It was where they stayed even when it was nearly midnight. They had ended up on the sofa and were lying on it getting the warmth from the fire which never seemed to go out when a student was in the room. Harry had often speculated that it was charmed in some way, and it certainly appeared to be that.

"Rudi?" Ben said quietly.

"Yeah?" she replied.

"Can I kiss you?" he asked, and looked confused at Rudi's sudden giggles. "What?"

"It was the way you asked" Rudi smiled.

"So may I?"

"Why not?" Rudi said, and Ben leant closer to his girlfriend's face and kissed her on the lips. "That was nice" she said.

"I aim to please" Ben smiled.

"Now..." Rudi said reaching for her wand and casting a privacy charm here and there, "I'll show you my idea of a kiss" and Rudi closed her eyes as her and Ben's lips locked and her mind melted as she floated off the sofa locked in an embrace, and the pair glowed a pale pink, red and gold as there was a bit of accidental magic used.

"Wow" Ben said after they had landed.

“Yeah” Rudi agreed, “Now that’s a kiss” she added dreamily. After another kiss settled under a large duvet that Rudi had kept from her time on the run with Harry and the rest, they slept under it after setting an alarm charm so they woke before the rest of Ravenclaw came down and discovered them.

A/N:

Well that’s that for another chapter. A mixed bag of emotions for Harry as he thinks about the Gryffindors who had died, and I hope you like the spell he comes up with. (NOTE TO JKR: I OWN THAT SPELL! HANDS OFF!).

We also get to see what goes on with the Dursleys, and their punishment is to be nice to the magical world. Rather fitting don’t you think? (hee hee). Added bonus in that section was the fact that Susan is now pregnant, but don’t expect that to last (dark things ahead and only two other people ((and well respected people I can trust)) know what I mean).

Trivia:

Resumed use of Susan’s maiden name. This is to avoid confusions with either herself, Hannah and Hermione when a professor or somebody else wants to talk to one of them.

The school song. I love that song, and have a copy of it on my MP3 to listen to. As for its inclusion in this chapter, WHY THE HELL NOT? The Weasley twins singing to the funeral march all appears in the first book.

I also decided to have a bit of a romance between our pairing of Ben and Rudi. After what shes been through, and the way her father treated her (see previous chapters), I think that Rudi deserves it. More on that romance later

Hermione also allows herself an indulgence and her little “M” rated moment and eyebrow raising moment in the great hall with a lot of people present shows Gryffindor courage.

By the way, ONLY 25 CHAPTERS TO GO TILL I REACH THE
MAGIC 100 CHAPTERS.

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner

Regards;

Pixel

King of the Singing Potato Men

Aka

O'Evil One.

Aka

THE ONE TRUE GOD OF FANFIC WRITING

(I'm not bragging, reviewers actually have said that I am one of the
best fics on this whole flipping site.)

Death

It was said that Harry floated around the castle for several days after Susan's announcement – he was that happy about it. It would be a week or so before they knew if it was a single baby, a twin or more. Susan had it on record that she wanted pain relief if it was more than twins, for as she herself put it:

"I'm not passing out an entire Quidditch team", but this had got Harry thinking albeit jokingly. The days passed with Fred and George adapting well to their new roles as teachers, though McGonagall suspected that they were using the lessons as a bigger mixing lab for their joke shop but was content to leave them be for the time being. This was mainly because of the fact that they were more popular than Snape ever was. The previous holder of that post, Professor Sharpe had decided to do Defence against the Dark Arts, which was now an almost redundant subject. The day of the test to see if Susan was carrying more than one child had had a small problem when there had been a scuffle between her and a Slytherin student, though nobody could say for certain who it was. When Susan didn't return to the tower, Harry headed off to the Hospital Wing as it was likely that Susan had gone straight there to save time.

"Ah, Mr Potter" Madame Pomfrey said as he came into the wing, "Isn't Susan with you?" she asked when it twigged that Harry alone had walked into her place of work.

"I thought she was with you" Harry said slowly and carefully. "There was a scuffle, so I assumed that she had come here early to see you. I'm the only one that can apparate through the wards, and she didn't have a port..." Harry's voice trailed off as he realised what had happened. He was about to call for Dobby, when he remembered that the elf had died so Harry simply apparated from one place to the other and ended up in the middle of McGonagall's transfiguration class. "We need to talk" he said, and McGonagall decided to give the class the rest of the lesson off, and Harry waited for the class to empty before speaking. "I think Susan has been kidnapped" he said sharply.

“What makes you think that?” McGonagall asked with panic edging into her voice.

“There was a scuffle between her and one of the Slytherin students, and she hasn’t been seen since” Harry told her. “I think that a portkey was shoved into her hands and taken away out of the castle. The wards took heavy damage during the fight and I’ll bet anything you want that we missed something” he growled.

“We should go and investigate the spot she was last seen at” McGonagall said.

“My thoughts exactly” Harry began, but stopped short as a wave of pain hit him in the stomach and his left arm. He would have crashed into the desks if McGonagall hadn’t caught him.

“Are you alright?” she asked.

“Susan’s in pain” he said, and he started to rub his neck like he had sprained it or something like that. “Let’s go” and they set off for the spot where Susan had last been seen, and found Hannah and Hermione already working on casting detection charms to find Susan.

“We’ve got nothing yet” Hannah said, answering the unspoken question from Harry.

“It’s confusing because there’s so many people passing through here over the last hour or so” Hermione added, “It would help if we could search for something more powerful” then frowned for a moment before suddenly brightening.

“What?” Harry asked, uncertain what was going on with his wife.

“Because Susan is carrying your child, your magical signature would appear with hers. We should be able to find yours at the very least, as long as you haven’t been down this corridor today” and Hermione started to wave her wand around in a complicated pattern and after a few moments a small area of the corridor glowed briefly in a dazzling display of gold.

“Harry” Rudi said, and Harry turned round to see the girl running down the corridor towards him. “I heard what happened to Susan, and I know who did it!” she exclaimed. Harry dropped down and grabbed her by the shoulders.

“What do you mean?” he demanded sharply.

“I saw Millicent Bulstrode push into Susan. When everyone picked themselves up, she’d gone, but I thought she had gone to the hospital wing right away” Rudi said, and she looked a little upset in case Harry thought she had been bad. And Harry noticed this and his expression changed towards her.

“I’m not angry at you” he said kindly, then let her go and straightened up. “I don’t know why, but I think that Susan is in danger” Harry kept his voice low to avoid Rudi from hearing. “Shes in pain because I can feel my neck and stomach hurting. Any ideas what we can do?” he asked.

“First we need to go and place Miss Bulstrode under arrest and question her” McGonagall said.

“Yeah, and lets use Veritaserum while we’re at it” Harry growled. “Go down to potions because we’re making some of that right now” and Rudi spun and ran as she had heard him. “Go to the Slytherin common room” he shouted after her retreating back.

“We better hurry before we miss her” Hannah said as she pulled her wand out of her robes.

“I seriously doubt that” and Harry snapped his fingers and they found themselves standing in the middle of the Slytherin common room. “Good evening everybody” Harry said sarcastically, “Where is Millicent Bulstrode?” he asked, and several Slytherins decided to just point at the retreating figure.

“That’s her” added a sixth year, though Harry could already see it was indeed her.

“Thank you. Ten points for services to me” Harry said, then pointed his wand at Millicent. “Accio” and Millicent flew backwards towards Harry to stand right in front of him. A double team of binds shot out of the wands of Hermione and Hannah’s wands to secure the girl.

“Where is Susan and what have you done to her?” Harry asked.

“Why should I tell you?” Millicent sneered.

“Because I’ll kill you here and now if you don’t tell me” Harry said.

“You’d never do that”

“Care to try me?” Harry questioned and pulled out the sword he had called for. He drew it out of the scabbard and allowed it to glimmer and shine in the light.

“It doesn’t matter anyway. In a short time my master will be reborn using the blood of his enemies, and there is nothing you can do to stop it from happening” Millicent sneered. “Pansy said you was too stupid to work it out” she added, and Harry suddenly knew that Pansy had to have been released by Voldemort from Azkaban after the attack on Luna before the Dark Reign. Voldemort had to have had a back up plan of some kind in case he was defeated, and his mind was brought back to that night almost a lifetime away in the graveyard. The flashback concerned the way Voldemort had been brought back to life, “Blood of the enemy unwillingly given”, and Harry groaned loudly.

“Harry?” Hannah asked, uncertain as to what was causing him any pain.

“There has to be some Death Eaters who went to ground, and they’re planning to do another graveyard type of resurrection” Harry said.

“We must get there quickly” McGonagall said at the same time as Hannah and Hermione did the same.

“We have to know where Susan is though. An I don’t think that shes going to give us the location” Hermione added. Harry had to think for

a moment, and he stared into Millicent's eyes and he made his mind up.

"You never saw what I am about to do" Harry said loudly so everyone in the room could hear, as Rudi (who had entered the common room quietly) passed him the veritaserum. "Hold her" he said in a low voice and – rather surprisingly – several Slytherins sprang forward to hold Millicent's head and body even though she struggled a lot through her binds. Harry forced open her mouth and put several drops of the liquid into her mouth then closed it and waited ten seconds for it to take affect. He knew it was working when Millicent put on a glazed expression as if she was drugged – which she was of course. "First question" Harry said. "What was your mission concerning Susan?"

"I was to bump into her and shove the portkey into her hands and activate it" Millicent replied.

"Where did it take her?" Harry asked his second question.

"Black Manor" Millicent slurred.

"Is that where the rebirth is to take place?" Harry demanded.

"Yes"

"Did you know she was pregnant?" Harry enquired.

"Yes. That was an added bonus to the plan" Millicent was about to slump forward but was held in place by two burly Slytherins who both wore disgusted looks.

"What is going to happen to her and my child?" Harry asked, now he sounded slightly panicked.

"The child was to be cut out of her womb and used to bring back my Master" was the reply.

"And Susan?"

“The blood traitor would die” and Millicent slumped forward and her holders let her fall onto the stone floor with a crunch, and nobody moved to help her except Rudi who prodded her with one foot.

“Shes out” the Ravenclaw announced, then gave her a swift kick in the ribs, “Cow” she muttered.

“We have to go and get Susan NOW!” Harry shouted the last word. “Who is with me?” he asked.

“Well count us in” Hannah and Hermione said.

“I’m in” Rudi said.

“No” Harry said quickly. “I don’t want anybody hurt if I can help it” but Rudi protested loudly.

“I’ve faced Voldemort, I fought him and I’ve hit him as well” she said, I’ve faced as much danger as you did while we was on the run. If you don’t let me join you, I’ll curse you into the middle of next week!” and Harry smiled despite the situation.

“Join the party then” he conceded. Harry saw McGonagall fidgeting – not something she did a lot – and Harry knew what she was thinking of. “I need you to take her to the Ministry, and alert the Aurors and send them to where we will be” and McGonagall nodded.

“Lets get going” Harry said, and concentrated on getting them all to where Susan was being held. It was a black and foreboding place created out of what looked to be heavy black stone. Harry could sense wards protecting the place, but they didn’t simply matter to him as he told Hannah, Hermione and Rudi to stay close to him and keep that way until they had passed through the wards. When they had done so, they spread out into a fan shape and advanced on the manor, and Harry felt relieved that nobody had spotted them. It was a different matter when a hooded figure saw them in the entrance hall and it was a free for all melee as spells were exchanged at an equal rate by Hannah and Hermione. Rudi stuck to Harry as he ran through each and every room until they came into the main hall where Susan

was tied to a large stone table in the middle with several people stood nearby.

“Stupidfy” Rudi yelled at the top of her voice as she stunned the one Death Eater who had a knife. The others turned and fired spells at the girl who was dragged to the floor by Harry – the spells only missing by mere inches.

“Nice one” he said, then fired a double stunner at the two closest people to them. The surprise had to have been on their side as they managed to subdue the last remaining Death Eaters, and Harry could see Pansy Parkinson among the fallen. He could hear the arrival of Aurors and the sounds of the wards breaking down to allow them passage. Rudi watched the doors in case there was any Death Eaters left as Harry rushed over to Susan and untied the ropes binding her.

“Harry” Susan cried out as she threw herself into Harry’s arms.

“Gods, Susan. I thought that I had lost you” he said, equally as tearful as his wife. Susan was one of the five things he held dearly the others being: Hannah, Hermione, Quidditch, Rudi and the sense of life he had gained after so much that had happened.

“Is she alright?” Hannah asked, as she, Hermione, Tonks and Katharine Riottz came running into the hall.

“Yeah” Harry said, still hugging his wife tightly. “Shes a little shaken up, but we’ll have Pomfrey to take a look at her when we get back to Hogwarts” and Harry glanced at the sight of the Death Eaters. “Deal with them” he hissed, and he began to lead Susan from the hall and to the safety of Hogwarts. Auror Riottz and Tonks had started to move to bind the fallen followers of Voldemort when Pansy suddenly jumped up and fired a evil looking green curse at Harry.

“LOOK OUT HARRY!” Hermione screamed and Harry turned to see a powerful banishing spell sent towards him. This particular spell did the same thing as a normal banishing spell, it was more powerful and was used to banish a person – thereby killing them. Harry could see everybody in the room bring wands up to produce shield charms

when he felt himself shoved out of the way as somebody took the curse for him. The shot hit Susan square in the chest and it picked her up and slammed her into the far wall where she slumped against it with her back to it. Harry simply belted over like he was flying and rushed to Susan. She was lying in a strange manner and her neck was at an odd angle... Oh Merlin! She'd broke her neck.

"Susan? No no no no no no no no no no no. Wake up honey. Please please please please wake up. Oh God! Oh God Oh God..." Harry was frantic in his attempts to get Susan to come round. "SPEAK TO ME!" he yelled as tears ran down his face. Everybody else in the room was frozen at the sight of Harry cradling his wife's broken body. Hannah, Hermione, Rudi, Tonks and Katharine Riottz stood with tears in their eyes, while Pansy just looked pleased. Even if she didn't bring back her master, she could cause Harry some pain and loss as a substitute. Pansy knew that she wouldn't get past the people in the hall so she just stood with her face grinning like a mad person. Harry was still trying in vain to get Susan to speak to him, but he was beginning to understand that it was all a useless gesture. The table that she had been tied to suddenly broke into two and the windows smashed as Harry released raw magical energy in his grief and stunned mind. Susan's eyes where closed as if she was resting. How could Susan be dead? How? She was carrying his child for gods sake so she couldn't be dead. Harry's mind tried to put the thought through that this might be a bad joke of some kind. But then the horrible truth dawned on Harry that Susan was dead, and that there was no way that she could be brought back even if Harry and the rest used the magical transfer. It couldn't heal a broken neck – just to bring back life. Harry carefully lay Susan gently onto the floor as if she was sleeping and he didn't want to wake her up. He slowly rose and turned to Pansy with a face that had never been so angry and full of rage, and his eyes blazed with fire. "YOU'VE KILLED HER!" he yelled, "YOU'VE FUCKING KILLED HER YOU, YOU BASTARD FUCKING BITCH!" he pulled his wand from where he had tucked it, and pointed it at the smirking Pansy Parkinson. "CRUCIO!" and Pansy jerked as if she was a puppet. "CRUCIO CRUCIO CRUCIO!" Harry sent the spell three times at her, and she jerked around until Harry stopped. Nobody made a sound or a move to stop Harry because they where still stunned from Susan's death and also from the fact that Harry was using an unforgivable on Pansy. Pansy was

shaking as she managed to get herself up onto her feet again and looked at her, and Harry had never felt so much rage, so much anger and so much hatred that he went insane. He walked and closed to the distance between himself and Pansy, and he stopped before her. "Die" Harry and he drew his sword from the scabbard (he had put it on when he thought something was wrong), and stabbed Pansy directly in her heart. He pushed it all the way in to the hilt then pulled it out again. Pansy looked down at the blood bursting from the gaping hole in her chest, then looked at Harry with an accusing look on her face.

"You've killed me" she said, then fell to the floor.

"Die" Harry said, "DIE DIE DIE!" he yelled and used the sword as an axe and swung it repeatedly into Pansy's chest like a man processed. He swung it again and again into Pansy causing blood to spray up and cover the floor and himself. Harry was covered in so much of Pansy's blood from head to toe that his robes were soaked in it, as well as his hands, face and hair. "DIE YOU FUCKING BITCH. YOU'VE KILLED SUSAN... YOU BASTARD YOU BASTARD YOU BASTARD!" Harry was yelling, and there was some speculation as to if the building would collapse on top of them all. By now all of the Aurors who had arrived, had sent the captured Death Eaters to the Ministry and they stood with Hannah, Hermione, Tonks, Rudi, Katharine Riottz and watched the sight of the madness of Harry Potter as he set about the mutilation of Pansy Parkinson's body. All the women present had tears in their eyes and so did a lot of the men there and Hannah looked them all, and finally finished at Rudi who nodded.

"Stupidfy" Hannah said quietly and a single stunner shot across the hall and hit Harry in the back.

"Wingardium Leviosa" Hermione said, and Harry's stunned form rose a few feet into the air. Hermione brought him over to the stunned group before placing him on the ground gently in front of them. Rudi meanwhile looked at the blood soaked form of Pansy lying near the broken stone table. Even though she didn't know Harry as well as others, she considered him to be one of her best friends. She drew herself up to her full height and looked at the nearest Aurors.

“Dispose of that... that thing” she said coldly, and her eyes blazed with the same fire as Harry’s had what seemed like a life time ago. Aurors moved forward to take care of Pansy’s body and Rudi turned to look as Hannah cast a cleaning charm on Harry to clean him of the blood and when she was done, Hermione brought Harry back to life again. Harry turned over on to his knees and crawled over to where Susan lay. It was such a pathetic sight that Rudi began full scale crying and was held tightly by Hermione who patted her head every so often. Harry had reached Susan and was holding her hand and whispering to her. It was a shared but unspoken belief that Harry was driven mad, and it was hoped that it was only temporary.

“Oh Susan... I’m sorry I’m so so sorry” was all that Harry said for a solid five minutes. Hannah held him as he cried his eyes out as she herself was doing, only she was doing so silently. Hannah had only just convinced Harry to leave Susan, when a mistake was made by one of the male Aurors.

“I’ll take her body back to the Ministry as evidence” he said, and Harry wrenched himself from Hannah’s hold on him and snapped out of view only to snap back in front of the Auror, and he slammed the startled man into the wall with one arm while Harry shoved his wand between his eyes.

“Touch her, and I promise you this. You’ll end up like Parkinson!” Harry snarled, and the man’s eyes darted wildly towards Tonks.

“Harry? Let him go” Tonks said, careful in her word so she didn’t anger Harry any further than she was. Harry looked at Tonks then back at the man before pushing himself away. “Auror Maxintov, you are hereby suspended from duty. Return to the Ministry and wait in my office” she ordered, and the Auror nodded quickly and disappeared from sight – glad to be away from Harry.

“We...should get back to Hogwarts” Rudi said hesitantly. The other Aurors moved around securing evidence and marking and taking pictures of everything in the hall. As they watched several of them conjured objects associated with Death Eaters and Voldemort and placed them around the room before taking notes and things like that.

It was a major breach of rules, but Tonks didn't care one little bit and neither did the Aurors. They owed an un-repayable debt to Harry, and they were as sure as hell going to make sure that there was no possible way short of god himself interfering to get the captured Death Eaters out of the one way trip through the veil – Tonks had already decided that that was going to happen – the trials would be a formality. Harry went over to Susan's body and bent to pick her up, straightening up with Susan lying across his arms limply like a broken rag doll. The sound had dropped to such a low level they everyone jumped when there was the loudest CRACK that they had ever heard in their lives. They looked automatically up to the ceiling to see if the roof was caving in, but there was no stonework falling towards them.

"What was that?" Hannah asked.

"Harry?" Hermione was looking round the hall for Harry.

"He's gone" Rudi said quietly, almost a whisper, "I saw him pick Susan up and that's when the crack happened. I don't know where he's gone" she added.

"I do" Hannah and Hermione said at the same time. Hermione grabbed hold of Rudi's hand and they all apparated to the gates of Hogwarts, with Hermione doing a side a – long for Rudi who was too young to do it herself.

#####

Harry's eyes had tears running down his face as he apparated directly to front door of Hogwarts, and he carried Susan's body inside. Because of the time spent at Black Manor, it was now the end of lessons for the day but Harry didn't really think about that. His main concern was to put one foot in front of the other and to repeat that process until he reached his final destination somewhere in the castle – he didn't really know where he was going. He was just passing a mixed group of students when one of them screamed and the rest looked round to see Harry walking ever so slowly going past – Susan's long hair hanging down and moving with every step Harry took. The scream made all the students in the area stop what they were doing and start talking loudly to see what was so wrong as to

cause someone to scream loudly. Teachers came running out of classrooms to see the sad sight of Harry with his wife's broken body going past them.

"Whats going on here?" The Weasley twins asked as they pushed their way through the mass, and they both stopped when they saw what.

"Move" George said quietly.

"Go away from this place" Fred added, but they only moved away to the edges of the corridors.

As Harry came near, the Hufflepuffs from Susan's (and Hannah's) year fell into step in front and behind him and assumed an honour guard behind him. The corridors seemed crowded as almost every student tried to see Harry as he walked past. Harry was still crying silently with tears running down his face and getting his robes wet from them. The one operational part of Harry's mind thought of the tale he had once heard about Moses parting the Red Sea, and it seemed to fit as the students parted ranks to allow Harry passage down the middle and they pushed themselves up to the walls. Harry was followed by the Hufflepuff honour guard and the Weasley twins and as he walked, every student bowed his or her head in respect of Susan. Professor McGonagall was talking to Professors Sharpe and Sinista when she came upon the crowd of students. She was just about to ask what was going on when she saw Harry's tall figure over the heads of the smaller people.

"On no" she said as she wavered on to the spot. "Oh sweet Merlin no" and she was stunned into silence. All colour drained from her as she moved aside to let Harry pass, followed by the Hufflepuffs and the Weasley twins. Both of them looked as pale as any of the ghosts in the school, and both were thinking it was a bad nightmare they were having. McGonagall was about to follow them when she decided that it would be better to not have anybody else follow Harry, and to allow him privacy in order to grieve. She did manage to whisper to Fred that he could dismiss the Hufflepuffs when they reached wherever Harry ended up. She had just got the students to

turn the other way and go to an early dinner when she saw Luna and Neville rushing towards her.

“Whats going on, Professor?” Luna asked, all traces of happiness gone from her.

“I don’t know” McGonagall said after a full five seconds of thinking of what to say, “I honestly don’t know what has happened” and she walked away to deal with the students, tears streaming.

“He went that way” said a shocked Professor Sharpe. The Professor wasn’t shocked by much, but at that very moment he was shaking violently on the spot and had to sit down in a chair summoned from the nearest classroom and Sinista did the same. Luna and Neville where about to go when they got overtaken by the speeding bullet which was comprised of Hannah, Hermione and Rudi. Luna and Neville went after them and caught up to them as they followed the corridors. Hannah suddenly remembered she had the Marauders Map in her robes and she slowed to look at it to see where Harry was. Harry was heading towards the hospital wing with the Weasley twins and the Hufflepuffs following. If you put aside the fact that Susan was dead, the odd thing was that there was a small black dot almost on top of Harry’s – only with no name on it. Nobody had ever seen anything like it before on the map and even Hermione was puzzled when she glanced at it.

“Hospital Wing” Hannah said simply, and together the friends ran there. Only Pomfrey and the Weasley twins where present when they arrived with tired leg and out of breath.

“Shush” Harry said from one of the many beds, “Susan’s sleeping. Can’t you see that?” he asked. Nobody knew what to say except that everyone looked at Susan’s body lying on top of one of the neat little beds. Hermione had the map in her hands when she looked up at Susan. Suddenly it was all clear as to what the little dot was! She crossed over to Pomfrey and told her what she knew, and the medi-witch agreed it was possible.

“We where expecting a baby” Harry whispered as he held Susan now slightly cold hand. He used his other to brush away a loose strand of

hair that had fallen out of place. "Now Susan and the baby are gone" and he shuddered with the grief.

"Mr Potter" Pomfrey began, "We might be able to save the child"

A/N:

I'm not going to do a short A/N here, I'm letting this stand as it is.

Please send all reviews in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel

If I Could Turn Back Time...

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"Mr Potter" Pomfrey began, "We might be able to save the child"

#

"What?" Harry asked quietly.

"Susan is dead, but the baby is still alive" Pomfrey said. "It's possible to use a very precise magic to transport the child into another's body. It involves the powerful magic of Phados. It has not been used in almost a thousand years, and I would not mention it lightly or attempt to do it except that I know how much this means to you"

"Thank you" Harry said, his voice broken and filled with all different emotions.

"We must decide who is to carry the child to full term, and it can not be Hannah" Pomfrey said, "She has only had a child a year ago" she added. Hermione, Luna, the newly arrived Natalie and Rudi all volunteered themselves for the task at once. It was a difficult decision for Harry and not one that he could deal with.

“Decide it yourselves” was all he said, and he turned back to Susan and held her hand as if she was merely sleeping. Hannah approached him and touched his shoulder lightly.

“You should get rest” she said, “You staying by Susan’s side isn’t what she would have wanted” and Harry jumped up and faced Hannah.

“How do you know what she would have wanted?!” he screamed. Harry raised his hand as if to strike Hannah, and she looked slightly afraid of Harry. As if he read her mind, he looked at the offending extremity and lowered it.

“I’m sorry” he said, “I guess you are right. Will you...” Harry’s voice broke into a sob, “Will you stay with her?” he asked, and Hannah nodded.

“Hermione and I will make sure no harm comes to Susan” Hannah promised him, and Harry bent down to arrange Susan’s hair, put her folded hands on her chest and kissed her on the lips.

“I’ll see you later” he whispered.

“We’ll take you back to your tower” Fred said.

“I’ll go ahead and make sure that nobody stops you” George said. With a last look at Susan’s figure, beautiful even in death, Harry walked out of the Hospital wing with the twins some distance in front of him, and cleared the path of students. Natalie and Rudi looked at each other then went after Harry and took place either side of him. When they reached one of the many bends in the corridor, Harry, Natalie and Rudi turned off and used a little passageway to go not to the tower but instead ended up in the Great Hall. McGonagall took one look at him and was shocked at the state of him, as he entered and she dabbed at her eyes. Natalie and Rudi followed Harry as he bypassed the Gryffindor table and went to sit at the Hufflepuff one. The Hufflepuffs made room for Harry and the girls and they sat down. A nervous talk resumed as students stole glances at Harry. Harry just looked down at the table and didn’t take any food or drink – he just

sat and looked at the table with his mind replaying the whole incident of Susan's death.

~#~

"Do you want something to drink?" Rudi said, offering Harry a goblet of pumpkin juice.

"No" Harry said flatly.

"Tea?" she asked.

"No" Harry repeated. Around him was an air of uneasiness on the Hufflepuff table, but nobody could look at Harry in the face directly. Natalie and Rudi tried to get Harry to eat or drink something, but it was to no avail. As people left, they went over to Harry and said how sorry they were that Susan had died, and Harry muttered a thanks until he was one of only a handful in the hall.

"You still don't want anything?" Natalie asked.

"No" Harry told her. "I want to get out of here" and he got up from the table and took the long walk back to the tower followed by Natalie and Rudi. They waited with him until Hannah and Susan came in. There was an exchange between the girls and the two nodded.

"Why don't I show you the Ravenclaw common room?" Rudi said.

"What? Oh yeah that would be nice" Natalie said catching the hint. After both hugging Harry goodbye they left the towers sitting room.

"Harry? Pomfrey managed to do the magic and transfer the baby into Hermione" Hannah spoke softly.

"Good" Harry said.

"Pomfrey said that I need to rest for a while so I'll be down as soon as possible" Hermione said giving Harry a kiss on the cheek. "We can sort out the... arrangements for tomorrow. Pomfrey put a status charm on Susan to stop... well you know" Hermione didn't know what

to say. As she headed towards the stairs she stumbled a bit and Hannah was at her side in an instant.

“I’ll help you” she said and they disappeared upstairs. Harry heard them go up, but he was looking at a piece of parchment. He wasn’t going to pay it any interest, but it had Susan handwriting on it. He picked it up to look at the beautiful script of his wife and read a full piece of parchment on the use of Time-Turners. The two Paragraphs near the end caught his attention, and made Harry sit up on the sofa with a start.

The use of Time-Turners was restricted by the Ministry of Magic in 1901 , and all but five were destroyed in order to stop people from taking one unnoticed. The Time-Turners were given to the care of the Unspeakable and they answered only to the head Unspeakable and the Minister in power. This was to stop Witches and Wizards from going mad when seeing themselves from a past or future time zone.

One Time-Turner was used by Hermione Granger in order to attend more lessons than she had time for during normal school day. During the Battle of the Ministry in 1996, most Time Turners were destroyed – the exception being the one used by Hermione Granger which was not in the Unspeakable Department at the time of the attack. This is the only surviving Time-Turner known to exist at this moment in time.

If Harry was reading it right – and he hoped he was – he had the chance to bring Susan back from the dead or maybe to change the past. He knew he could do it, but at what cost? He knew that the girls would be some time so he took his Invisibility cloak and slipped out of the castle and apparated directly to the Ministry and went right to Tonks’s office, scattering several employees in the process.

“Harry?” Tonks said as Harry burst into the office, “Whats wrong... apart from the obvious” she added.

“I need to use a Time-Turner to go back and save Susan from dying” Harry said, and Tonks looked at Harry as if he had gone mad again.

“Before you say it, there is one left and it’s the same that Hermione used in our third year” he added.

“Harry? You’re talking about changing the lives of everyone on the planet! Do you have the right?” Tonks asked.

“Yes” Harry said. “I saved your arses more times than I care to remember. You, Aurors, students and every man, woman and child who lives on this earth owes me this” Harry was practically yelling at the top of his lungs. “If you deny me this, then I will leave Hogwarts and England to live somewhere else and let the next Dark Lord take over” Harry put both hands on the sides of the desk. “And don’t think I’m joking Nymphadora, because I’ll leave right now” and the expression in Harry’s eyes told Tonks that he was serious about what he had just said. She looked at Harry for a long time (a full ten minutes) thinking very hard about what he said to her. Everyone – whether they knew it or not – owed Harry more than the entire planet could give back.

“Alright” Tonks said, “I’ll give you the Time-Turner” she said, “Just...promise me that you will give it to me... back to me ... err ... that is my past self. Argh! You know what I mean” and Tonks smiled for the first time since he had barged into her office.

“Thank you” Harry said, truly very grateful. Tonks called for the witch in the outer office to run down and to pass a message to the first Unspeakable they saw. Harry sat himself down in the large leather armchair and waited in silence until the Time-Turner came. It took till Harry had reached fifteen minutes in his head before the Unspeakable came with the time turner in a small box. Harry looked at the very same one that he and Hermione had used to free Sirius in their third year, and he gave a little snort.

“What?” Tonks asked.

“I was just thinking that there were so many Time-Turners when we fought at the Ministry, and yet there was only five existing” Harry said.

“That is because those were ones that had come from the future. We kept them locked for the safety of the world” the Unspeakable said, speaking for the first time since entering the office.

“Makes sense” Harry conceded. He took the time turner out of the box and put it around his neck, and fingered the chain as if remembering. Tonks looked hesitant for a moment then passed Harry a piece of Parchment. “Whats this?” he asked.

“It’s a message from me to my past self” Tonks said. “It will tell me that you’ve used a Time-Turner, and that is needs to be locked up~” but Harry didn’t buy that at all.

“There more then that there” he said, “What else is in it?” Harry asked.

“A short message to tell me not to have the Prawn Cocktail for lunch... I think it’s repeating on me” Tonks smiled.

“Thanks for that, I really needed to know” and Harry rolled his eyes.

“Three turns should be enough for what you want” the Unspeakable said, then just as Harry was about to activate the Time-Turner, Tonks suddenly called out to Harry.

“Tell me to pick the blue ball. I’ll know what it means” and Harry nodded then turned the Time-Turner three times and the room swirled into a blur as Tonks, the Unspeakable, the office and the world vanished to be replaced with the same scene, only three hours ago. Harry instantly apparated to Black Manor – directly into the hall – and hid in the darkest corner while under the invisibility cloak and he waited for Pansy Parkinson, the other Death Eaters and Susan to appear. Harry simply sat down with his back to the wall and placed the cloak over his body. The coldness of the place chilled Harry to the bone, and when he saw Pansy and the Death Eaters come into hall and prepare the stone table for Susan to be tied up, he was struggling with himself to not get his wand out and curse them all there and then.

“Is everything ready?” Pansy asked.

“Yes, we just need the blood traitor to get here and then we can return our Master to us” said a Death Eater with sickly yellow skin.

“Then let Millicent know that it is time” Pansy said, then chuckled madly. “The bonus of the plan is that we will destroy Potter in one go. The death of his wife and unborn child... and we rule the world” and she and the Death Eaters made last minute preparations for the sick ceremony that they were intending to carry out. If all was to go to plan, Harry would disrupt those plans and also save Susan and his unborn child’s life.

A/N:

Well I couldn’t be that mean could I? Well actually yes I could be even meaner but I will not. Now people who are observant will notice that the last few chapters have had the last paragraph of the previous chapter at the top. This is because the last few chapters are part of an “In-Fic mini series” and form a very important part of the next chapter.

There are several bits of trivia in this fic which I will list: Susan’s essay contains the warning that Hermione told Harry about witches and wizards going mad when they see themselves in a previous time. It also mentions the Time-Turners getting destroyed in the DoM battle in OOTP, and the fact that Hermione used one in third year. Susan has left out the fact that both Hermione and Harry used it to free Sirius at the end of PoA. Now I have made a reference to the Power Rangers movie, and see if any of you eagle eyed readers can spot where it is, and who mentions it in the movie.

A Special mention to Ranger Dragen who reviewed Chapter 76 – this makes him/her the only reviewer from Chapter 1 all the way to Chapter 76. I know that others have done that, but what I mean is that he/she reviewed on the day that I uploaded the very first chapter. Many thanks to him/her for being one of my long term reviewers. Only one other person apart from myself had a version of this chapter, and that was my good friend budrick 1701e. To maintain security... he only received the version 0.5 and not the finished one.

Hint for the next Chapter: Chapter 78 – The Picard Manoeuvre
(suggest you Google that – and its not the shirt tugging either).

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards;

Robert

Aka

Pixel And Stephanie Forever

The Picard Manoeuvre

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#

Harry was shaking as he watched the Death Eaters carry out their plan to kill Susan and his child. His wand which had been in his hand since the moment was moving up and down with all the shaking he was doing. Suddenly there was a flash and Susan was standing in the hall and was surrounded by Death Eaters. She was lifted onto the table where spells and a lot of muttering took place. At the end of all that, Pansy raised a silver knife and held it above Susan’s stomach. It was at this point that the past-Harry and the past-Rudi came rushing in.

“Stupidfy” Past-Rudi yelled at the top of her voice as she stunned the one Death Eater who had a knife. The others turned and fired spells at the girl who was dragged to the floor by Past-Harry – the spells only missing by mere inches.

“Nice one” he said, then fired a double stunner at the two closest people to them. The surprise had to have been on their side as they managed to subdue the last remaining Death Eaters, and Harry could see Pansy Parkinson among the fallen. He could hear the arrival of Aurors and the sounds of the wards breaking down to allow them passage. Past-Rudi watched the doors in case there was any Death Eaters left as Past-Harry rushed over to Susan and untied the ropes binding her.

“Harry” Susan cried out as she threw herself into Past-Harry’s arms.

“Gods, Susan. I thought that I had lost you” he said, equally as tearful as his wife. Susan was one of the five things he held dearly the others being: Hannah, Hermione, Quidditch, Rudi and the sense of life he had gained after so much that had happened.

“Is she alright?” Hannah asked, as she, Hermione, Tonks and Katharine Riottz came running into the hall.

“Yeah” Harry said, still hugging his wife tightly. “Shes a little shaken up, but we’ll have Pomfrey to take a look at her when we get back to Hogwarts” and Harry glanced at the sight of the Death Eaters. “Deal with them” he hissed, and he began to lead Susan from the hall and to the safety of Hogwarts. Auror Riottz and Tonks had started to move to bind the fallen followers of Voldemort when Pansy suddenly jumped up and fired an evil looking green curse at Harry.

“HARRY! LOOK OUT!” Hermione yelled, and this was Harry’s cue to apperate. He jumped from the corner where he had hidden, to stand directly in front of Pansy. There was enough time for him to see his past self react to the shout, and his mind thought about the muggle TV programme called Star Trek: The Next Generation and in particular an episode where one of the characters performed what he had just done – though under very different circumstances.

“DON’T! EVEN! THINK! ABOUT! IT!” he yelled at her, and he slapped the wand out of her hand.

“Potter? But you were over there. How the hell did you get here?” Pansy was as confused as everybody else.

“I’m faster than light” Harry winked at her, then stunned her. He went over to Susan who was staring with an open mouth at him.

“That was amazing” she said, “It was like you were in two different places for a moment” and she nodded.

“I know, I just suddenly thought of being in front of Pansy and there I was” Harry said, telling only a partial lie to Susan.

“Well never mind” Susan said. “I’m glad you saved me” and she kissed Harry on the lips.

“So am I” Harry said, “I lost you once...and I couldn’t afford to do so again” and Susan put a puzzled look on her face.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“Not now...I’ll tell you all later” Harry said, and then for some reason Susan didn’t know, Harry pushed something under his robes and out of sight. For a moment it looked like Harry was wearing a necklace but he never wore one. After congratulating Harry on his achievement, the Aurors who had arrived took the Death Eaters away for trial, and Tonks said that most of them would be pushed through the veil anyway. Harry for some reason was not entirely happy about that, although it could’ve been argued that there was a great deal of confusion in his mind about which timeline he was thinking about.

“You alright Harry?” Hannah asked.

“Huh? Oh yeah... just a little tired really” Harry said, “I could do with something to eat back at Hogwarts” and the group returned to Hogwarts, though this time they used the Knight Bus. Hermione had suggested using a portkey or the Floo network but Harry had argued it had been years since he had been on it, and he wanted to see

where he was going. "I'm tired of not knowing what I'll be facing" he had mentioned.

"Is this the Knight Bus?" Rudi had asked when she saw it came into sight. She'd never been on it with her parents who had the view of keeping her in the house or the garden at all times.

"Yeah" Harry said, "Quite fast as well" he added.

"Not as fast as you though" Hermione pointed out with a wink, and Harry decided to have a little fun at Hermione.

"That's not what you said in bed the other night" he smirked.

"EWWW!" said Rudi cried, "Get a room".

"Now that's a good idea" Harry said, putting on a thoughtful look on his face for a few moments.

"Harry!" Susan said, "Keep that up and we'll spank you" then blushed as she realised what she said.

"I'm into that sort of thing" he winked at her once again.

"All aboard" shouted a witch. Harry wondered where Stan Shunpike had gone to, then remembered that he had been killed by Voldemort just before the Battle of the Line. It took them nearly an hour to return to Hogwarts, after first breaking down and then – out of no where – pink paint spread over Harry and over the top of his robes.

"Bloody public transport" he muttered.

"Never mind" Hannah said, "Have a shower when we get back".

"Yeah" Harry said, and walked into the castle and had to be laughed at by the various students. "Go away or I'll dock points" he threatened a pair of Ravenclaws who had turned pink with laughter.

"Don't be so hard on them, they can't help it" Hermione said trying to not burst out laughing herself.

“Grrrr” was all that Harry replied with. The moment he got into their private tower, he hopped into the shower and got rid of all of the paint that had been spilled on him. He wasn’t angry about it any more as he thought it might have been the spirit of Peeves – and the fact that Peeves had been spirit – so he let it drop. He dropped his towel into a wash basket and walked down the steps into the sitting room.

“What are you wearing?” Susan asked.

“This?” Harry asked as he waved a hand over his chest, “Fred and George made it for me” and Harry was wearing a red and gold t-shirt with the motto ‘I fought Death Eaters, searched for Horcruxes, killed Voldemort, Survived the Second Dark War and all I got was this lousy T-Shirt’ in black thick letters.

“Can we get some?” Hermione asked.

“I’ll ask the twins when I see them at dinner, speaking of which it is time” Harry said, and led the way down as he had got a huge hunger. He knew that he was going to have to tell them all about the Time-Travel thing, but he would do so when in the privacy of their sitting room.

“Heard you had some fun” Neville said as they found him and Luna coming from the direction of the library.

“Just a few snake bites” Harry smiled. Neville saw what Harry was wearing, and asked if he could put his name down for a few as well.

“Great” Susan rolled her eyes, “Now those two will have a new line of products to sell” and she and Hannah giggled. They split at the tables as Hannah, Susan and Luna wanted to talk amongst the Hufflepuffs about the upcoming Halloween Ball, and Harry was about to sit down when he looked at his watch and backed away from the table.

“Whats wrong?” asked Neville.

“Got to save somebody” Harry said, and he apparated directly from the hall and returned a few moments later holding a dish of what

looked to be Prawn Cocktail. "I'll tell you later" he said to his male friends expression and questioning look. After dinner, Harry had taken his Nimbus 2000 and went flying round the grounds for an hour to contemplate and think about what he was going to say to his wives, Luna and Neville about his time travelling. After deciding that he might as well get it over with, he returned to the tower, flying in through the open window and landing in the middle of the room.

"Hi Harry" Rudi greeted.

"Hi" Harry replied. "Erm, I need to talk to this lot on our own" he said, as kind as he could.

"Can't I know?" Rudi pouted, and Harry knew she wouldn't go unless threatened. Therefore he went and did something that would do the job.

"If you don't go, theres no more dates for a month" he said darkly.

"I'm gone I'm gone" Rudi said as she scurried out of the room.

"I love that girl" Harry said and shook his head. After a moments thought and after he had put up a few privacy charms on the door, he sat down in his favourite armchair and started his explanation.

"So I died?" Susan asked.

"Yeah" Harry said, "No... I don't know" he added thinking hard.

"How far have you come back?" Hannah asked.

"About three and a half hours" Harry told her.

"Do you know anything that we should be aware of?" Hannah wondered.

"Only one or two things" Harry said, "And one of those concerned Tonks not having the Prawn Cocktail for dinner"

"And the others?" Luna asked.

“Those are things that I can not tell anybody, not even me three beautiful and gorgeous wives” Harry said. “Sorry” he added as he apologised and shook his head in mock disgrace. As he did so, there was the sound of tinkling which Hermione knew right away.

“And when was you going to tell us about the Time-Turner?” she asked almost casually.

“Oh that” Harry said slowly. “I know you’re going to tell me that I should hand it over, but I’m not going to” and as Hermione moved he added, “Theres reasons why I can not give it back, but those are reasons that I alone must know” and they all nodded an acceptance.

“So what are you going to do?” Neville asked.

“I’m going to keep it in my trunk and only use it for situations where there is no other way out” Harry said, “And we must never tell anybody about it except ourselves. If it needs to be used, then I’ll be the one to use it” he added, then as Hannah was about to speak, there was the sound of footsteps coming down the stairs.

“Not talk about what?” Natalie asked, and Harry swore quite fluently in several languages – one of which even Hermione was not conversant with.

“Well as you’re here, you might as well know” Harry said, then he thought about something that bugged him slightly. He turned to look at them all and asked whether or not he should go and fetch Rudi and let her know about the secret.

“If you tell her, then she might accidentally tell Ben about it as well” Hermione pointed out. “You may as well tag him along... since he is going to be part of the family one day” she added, reminding him about the fact that he had adopted Rudi as his daughter.

“I’ll go and get them if you want” Natalie offered, but Harry said he would do it. He looked at the Marauders Map and saw that the two

where coming this way anyway. Harry let them as they came up to the entrance to the tower.

“Whats the matter, Harry?” Ben asked, the boy having dropped the “Sir” part almost all the time he was in the same room as Harry.

“I need you to both promise to keep this a secret until I tell you otherwise” Harry began, “I’ve come back from the future because Susan was killed when she was taken by the last of the Death Eaters. I got a Time-Turner from the Ministry and came back to save her. I hid in a corner until I saw my past self and that’s why you saw two of me at the same time for a few seconds” he finished.

“How do we know you’re the Harry you say you are?” Susan asked.

“Simple” Harry said, and a look worthy of the Weasley twins crossed his face, “During today you changed your bra from a plain white one to a lacy black one with little red bows on the cups”

“It’s him” Susan said, going a bright shade of red.

“It’s the same you wore on our wedding night – just before you did something with that pot of Ice Cream” Harry continued.

“THAT’S ENOUGH” Susan shouted going even redder. If Susan went on like this, she’d go into the infra-red zone.

“Getting back to business” Hannah said quickly, “What are we going to do if Tonks ever finds out?”

“I’ll tell her I was under orders to not tell her and keep it with me” Harry said. They talked well into the night until Harry was so tired with having gone through two different timelines and the strains of seeing Susan die – if only temporary – had proved too much for him, and Harry had gone to sleep in the middle of a sentence. It was the cue for them to go to bed, and Natalie took Ben and Rudi back to the Ravenclaw common room. Luna and Neville went to their room and the trio of Hannah, Susan and Hermione carried Harry upstairs, onto the bed and tucked him in before slipping down to the Room of

Requirement to fulfil one of Harry's dreams. Susan was the last one out and she grabbed the video camera to record all of the events.

#

The next day was a complete disaster for the group right from the start of potions. The twins had both taken the lesson and had asked the group to make a potion that would turn red when correct, and pink when mixed wrongly. It was all going well until Harry's – who had followed the instructions to the letter – turned a nasty shade of Umbridge Pink. The twins claimed it was a harmless tanning product and that any effects such as burned skin would go in a few moments if it wasn't right for the consumer.

"Add some more Bat Wings" George said confidently, and Harry did as he told and added several more wings, going red as it mixed in with the other ingredients.

"That's better" Harry said relieved.

"Now that you have all brewed them, I would like you to take a sample and give it to the person next to you" Fred said, and there was the sound of ladles and sloshing of liquid as they complied with the request. There was only one person who did not comply with that though, and Harry looked at his cauldron with panic.

"What does it mean when it turns pink again?" he asked, then Harry noticed the level of liquid was rising rapidly.

"Really?" George asked, and he came over and looked into the cauldron. "You added the bat wings?" he asked.

"Of course" Harry said.

"Tut tut, Mr Potter" the twins said, "That's no way to speak to your Professors" and Harry just stuck his tongue out at them both.

"I'm sorry" Harry said, and he bowed low. "Would the great and wonderful Professors please tell us what it means when the contents of this cauldron turn green and bubbles out of the top?" Harry asked

using his best Hermione-ish voice – earning him a reproachful look from his wife.

“It’s done what?” Fred came and looked over as well, “That’s never happened before” and the twins made a few notes in small note books that they carried. Before anyone could react, the contents suddenly exploded and turned into a solid mass which came across the classroom eating desks and chairs alike. Students started talking loudly until George called for calm and there was a semblance of that.

“Now as your Professors in this subject you’ll do as we tell you” he said, and the contents suddenly jumped forward and ate more chairs, desks and anything else it came into contact with.

“So what do you suggest?” someone asked, and the thing reached the closest students.

“As your Professors we advise you to BLOODY RUN FOR IT” Fred said, and everyone legged it out of the room as quickly as they could.

A/N:

Well another chapter for you to all enjoy and love, and so I hope that you’ll like the main reference in this chapter. I was thinking of ways to solve the Time-Travel problem, and the Picard Manoeuvre popped into my mind as a way to solve it. There’s also a dig at all those stupid T-Shirts you can get – but something the twins would most likely do.

To joejackson: if you put me in your fic as the Auror who drags Umbitch kicking and screaming out of Hogwarts, I’ll reveal the full details of the Hannah-Susan-Hermione video the girls are making for Harry.

Somebody asked to see a lesson taught by the twins, and so here is the disastrous result!

I would like to take a short break so if anyone wants to do me a chapter, you can Pm me with your idea – I really deserve a break after doing this fic since day one! GIVE ME A FRACKKING BREAK OR ELSE

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Harry's Breakdown And Grief

By the time of the Halloween Ball, Harry was completely and totally bored witless. There was no hunting for Horcruxes, no Voldemort to worry about, no Death Eater attacks to deal with – Harry was just plain old bored. There was the Gryffindor Quidditch team practices to do, the trials of all those who had tried to kill Susan (and Harry had “suggested” to Tonks that Pansy and Millicent received sentences in Azkaban, while the older Death Eaters were pushed through the veil. They had been supporters of Voldemort for years whereas the girls had only been after fame and fortune), and last but not least the planning of the Halloween Ball itself.

“Hagrid says that he will be able to grow the Pumpkins in time” Hannah said, as she came into the sitting room.

“As long as they can be done by this time tomorrow” Harry replied, and he checked off an item on his checklist. “Anyone know when the fireworks are coming from the twins?” he asked.

“No” Rudi said from under a pile of cloth. She was helping Natalie and Ben make large scale decorations that would hang in the great hall, and the girl came out from under the pile. “I’ll go chase them up for you” she offered.

“Thanks” Harry said, and watched as the girl left to go and find the Weasley twins. Hannah opened the door and called out that she would find them in the small shop that had been set up in one of the old classrooms. Harry had had a nice long talk about it with McGonagall, and it had had a grand opening attended by Harry and group plus a good deal of the school. Hannah closed the door and looked over to Harry.

“Forgetting something?” she asked.

“No” Harry said while sorting out several large magical party poppers.

“You haven’t kissed me since this morning” Hannah giggled.

“Well I’ll deal with that now” Harry said, and he apparated the ten feet to stand next to her. Harry placed one hand on Hannah’s head and wrapped the free arm round her waist and tilted her backwards slightly and kissed her like in some old fashioned romantic film they watched either in private, or in the cinema which Harry had had built before the Ministry’s fall.

“Mmm” Hannah moaned dreamily, “That was nice” she told him. “It’s a pity there is no chance of us doing anything else” his wife added wistfully.

“You never told me you was a ‘Back Seat Of A Car’ person Hannah Potter” Harry said, and Hannah giggled.

“You never asked” Hannah replied.

“Goes for us two as well” Susan and Hermione said, the two where working out what food would be served in the next day.

“Pity we don’t have a car though” Hannah said.

“No” Harry said, “But” he added as he pointed out of the window, “I do have a Tachikoma with leather seats and is soundproofed and unmoveable unless I say so” he winked, and turned to Natalie, Luna and Neville. “If anyone asks, I’m going to spend the next 2 hours in the back of my Tachikoma with my wives – try not to disturb us” and Harry and his wives popped out of sight.

“Well at least they’re keeping Harry out of our hair” Neville said.

“The sacrifices that women make” Natalie smiled.

“Never really acknowledged” Luna agreed.

“Oh get away you two witches” Neville laughed.

“Is he talking to us?” Luna asked Natalie.

“I think he is” she agreed. There was some laughter, and then the three began the planning of a certain set of circumstances which

Harry had been putting off since the previous winter. It concerned the fact that Harry was going to have a lot of speeches made about him, concerning the end of the war. McGonagall also had something to say about Harry and what his options were going to be after he left Hogwarts. Neville and Luna had talked alone about the fact she might be offering him a job as professor at the school.

#

The Halloween Ball was a success as Harry had predicted, and there was nothing more pleasing than to see people without the trouble of war to concern them. There was dancing, eating, drinking and couples snogging each other senseless. Afterward there was more dancing, where Harry had personally booked the Wield Sisters, The Dancing Skeleton Troupe of the United Kingdom and the Spice Girls. The party had wound down at around midnight and the Great Hall soon emptied of people leaving only Harry sat at the top table alone. It was almost half one in the morning when Hannah and Hermione discovered him sitting in the throne like chair that was used by the Head Teacher of Hogwarts. He had the cloak to his dress robes lying on the table in front of him and was working his way through his second bottle of Firewhiskey whose vintage had turned out to be 1981 – again.

“Don’t you think you’ve had enough?” Hannah asked, her lavender coloured dress tinged with moonlight.

“No” Harry said flatly.

“Whats wrong, Harry?” Hermione asked, she had ditched her dress in favour of jeans, blouse and a cardigan.

“Theres too many people who should have been here” he said, shaking his head.

“I know” Hannah said sadly, “We’ll always remember what happened to everyone”

“Even the Slytherins” Hermione added, “They stood and fought” she said, “Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs too” and Harry nodded glumly, then slammed a full glass of Firewhiskey down his throat.

“Too many Gryffindors” Harry said, tears running down his face and cheeks, “Too bloody many” and then he looked up and peered at the tables. Several times that night he had seen – or at least thought he had seen – Dean, Seamus, Lavender, Parvatti and almost all of his friends from Gryffindor. Harry looked the otherwise empty hall and noticed that it was suddenly filled with all the Gryffindors who had died in the war. They all looked at him while they stood Semi-Transparent and all were dressed in Gryffindor robes with smiles on their faces. Harry drunkenly stood up and started to sing a very haunting song.

There's a grief that can't be spoken.
There's a pain goes on and on.
Empty chairs at empty tables
Now my friends are dead and gone.

Here they talked of revolution.
Here it was they lit the flame.
Here they sang about 'tomorrow'
And tomorrow never came.

From the table in the corner
They could see a world reborn
And they rose with voices ringing
I can hear them now!
The very words that they had sung
Became their last communion
On the lonely barricade at dawn.

Oh my friends, my friends forgive me

“Is Harry alright?” Hannah asked Hermione.

“I think so” she replied, “He has had to face more than any of us, and he feels responsible for every single one of the murders Voldemort

and his followers committed” and Hermione shook her head. “He just needs to get it out of his system” she added.

“The drink or the grief?” Hannah asked.

“Both I guess” Hermione smiled, “Have we got any Hangover Cure?” she asked.

“Yeah, it’s in my trunk next to the contraception potions” Hannah replied, and Hermione did not ask why she had contraception potions. Harry meanwhile was ploughing on with his song while he looked at the faces of the dead.

That I live and you are gone.
There's a grief that can't be spoken.
There's a pain goes on and on.

Phantom faces at the window.
Phantom shadows on the floor.
Empty chairs at empty tables
Where my friends will meet no more.

Oh my friends, my friends, don't ask me
What your sacrifice was for
Empty chairs at empty tables
Where my friends will sing no more.

Harry finished the song with a drained look on his face, and he watched as one by one they all disappeared with a wave of their hands. Harry reached down to the almost empty bottle of Firewhiskey and poured out the last of it into his glass and as the last ghost shimmered away, and raised his glass and drunk it.

“Harry?” hesitated Hermione. Harry sought out Hermione and came down from the top table to stand in front of her.

“I want to ask two things from you and Hannah” he requested.

“Whats that?” Hermione replied.

“First take me home and second, is to catch me...” Harry stopped speaking and passed out and Hannah and Hermione had to move quickly to grab him so he didn’t hit the floor. After making Harry hover in the air, they towed Harry back to the tower where they undressed him and put him to bed after giving him a dose of Hangover Cure. All three of his wives got in as well and each holding Harry in turn in order to comfort him in his sleep.

A/N:

Well this concludes Chapter 79, and YES I have figured out how I can fill out ten chapters so I’m up to Chapter 90. I’m going to do a series of chapters describing what the major characters have felt during the events of this fic. Even if you all don’t like them at least it brings me ten chapters closer to my target of 100 chapters. See where the Les Miserable reference is located.

As it’s a long way away though, I am going to give you three things about the final chapter.

1: Chapter 100 – Goodbye Farewell Amen (MASH fans will now that’s the shows final episode title)

2: Harry goes past Nicolas Flammel’s age

3: The Magical and Muggle worlds are united.

I would like to dedicate this chapter to my deceased Goldfish “Bob” who helped me to write several of these chapters. He will be sorely missed by me.

Reviews in the normal manner.

Regards:

Pixel

Young Hearts Roam Free With Love

It was almost ten the following morning when Rudi came back down the stairs. They were going to Hogsmeade and he had been waiting ages for her to get ready. During the time when Ben had been held as a prisoner by Voldemort and his forces, he had feared that he had lost Rudi forever. Even though it was his first year at Hogwarts, Ben knew that he was in love with Rudi Dykes. He had not seen her at all, but there was a rumor that she had escaped the battle in the company of Harry Potter and his wives and friends so she could've have been alive. Confirmation had come when he had come round after catching the after effects of a spell and seeing Rudi looking down at him.

"Ben?" sniffed Rudi.

"Rudi? Is that you?" Ben asked almost as a whisper.

"It's me Ben" Rudi said, tears stopping almost at once. "I thought you were dead" she said pulling him up into an embrace.

"All the time you had gone, all I could think about was you" Ben said, opening his eyes.

"Me?" asked Rudi.

He had been slightly afraid when Harry had adopted her because Harry was very protective and cautious about people. He had been nervous when he had asked permission to date Rudi – but relieved when Harry said yes after winding him up. She had changed over the time that she was on the run, and was the prettiest of the second years. Even though they were both old enough to go into the third year, McGonagall, Harry and Tonks had decreed that they had to do their second year. So it was that everyone was a year older then they should be – exceptions being First years of course.

"I'm ready" Rudi said as she came down the steps from her dorm. Ben came out of his thoughts and turned to look at Rudi who was indeed ready. She was wearing a pale blue T-shirt with a purple skirt

with silver leggings – Rudi had clearly been getting fashion tips from Luna again.

“Wow” Ben said, as she gave him a twirl.

“I thought you’d like it” Rudi giggled.

“You’d be right” Ben replied. They held hands as they walked out of the tower and went down to Hogsmeade. Normally students were only allowed to go on visit days, but Harry – in his position as owner of the castle, and also as savior of the known world – had told them that as long as he knew where they had gone it was alright to go to the village. They looked in several shops where Ben bought a pair of necklaces with half a heart on each, and when combined it made a full one – something that Rudi said was sweet of him.

“You want to go for a Butterbeer?” she asked.

“Sure” Ben said, and they walked through the village to the Three Broomsticks and went inside, picking the same booth that Harry liked the best. It was the only one that had privacy charms on it, which helped Ben’s nervousness vanish a good deal. Even though Harry had said he was fine and alright with him dating Rudi, Ben still thought that Harry might pop right in front of them.

“Two Butterbeers?” asked Rosmerta, coming over from the bar to their table.

“Yes please” Rudi said, “And can we have a Pumpkin Pasty each please?” she asked.

“Of course” ever present Rosmerta smiled, noted down the order and went off to get it.

“I really like your outfit” Ben said, trying to start the conversation.

“You’ve already said that” Rudi smiled.

“Oh” Ben blushed, which Rudi thought was both funny and sweet at the same time. Rosmerta came back with their order and refused

payment from either Ben or Rudi saying that it was part of house policy to not pay any of Harry's family or friends. They drank their Butterbeer in the nice surroundings of the pub and ate the Pumpkin Pasties, and afterwards there was a bit of awkwardness between the pair as Ben was drawn to Rudi and in particular her chest. 'Stop it, you idiot' his mind told him, and Ben suddenly looked down at the almost empty bottle of his as the tips of his ears went red, and Rudi giggled madly at his distress.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

"No" Ben said hastily, "Just thought of something embarrassing" he finished.

"Well I'm finished here so we can go for another walk or do some more shopping" Rudi said as she finished her Butterbeer.

"Sounds good to me" Ben said, and they went out of the Three Broomsticks, and went to one of the clothes shops that was in the main street of the village, a little way past the Owl Office. They went inside and Ben was dragged round the women's section, and at first he was baffled by the dresses that some wore, but he decided that shopping wasn't all that bad when they reached the underwear department. While Ben was looking at a set of lacy black underwear, he suddenly thought of Rudi wearing that. 'Where the heck did that come from?' he asked himself, decided it would be a good idea if he could get Rudi finished in this part before anything happened further. He helped to carry what seemed like a hundred bags, but was in fact only ten back up to the castle and Rudi safely stored them in her bottomless. When she came back down, she saw a slightly upset Ben.

"Whats the matter?" she asked, putting an arm around him.

"Can I talk to you?" he asked.

"Of course you can, silly" Rudi smiled in an attempt to put her friend at ease.

"No I mean alone" Ben said glancing at the few other Ravenclaws in the common room.

“Oh sure” Rudi replied, and they went out of the castle and ended up outside the Quidditch pitch, they went inside one of the changing rooms for some extra privacy. “So what is it you wanted to say to me?” she asked Ben as they both sat down.

“I wanted to apologize to you” he stammered.

“For what?”

“Well when we was in the Three Broomsticks, I was looking...” his voice trailed off.

“Looking at what?” Rudi wondered.

“I was looking at your chest” Ben said quickly.

“I didn’t get that” Rudi said, “Say it slower”, and Ben took a deep breath.

“I was looking at your chest” he said, and then prepared himself for a slap in the face – which didn’t come.

“I knew that” Rudi was giggling like the school girl she was, “I don’t mind though” the girl added.

“You...You don’t?” Ben asked, astounded he was having this talk at all.

“No” Rudi said, “Though I had hoped you would wait a few more years to plunder my body” she sighed wistfully.

“Erm...right” Ben said.

“All boys do that sort of thing all the time” Rudi said.

“They..... They do?” Ben asked, careful in the choosing of his words.

“Oh of course” Rudi went on, “They just get better at hiding the looks over time” she added. Rudi looked at Ben who was looking at the

floor, and she decided that as they were all alone anyway.... A wave of her wand closed and sealed the doors while another did some privacy charms.

"What was that for?" Ben asked, curious as to why Rudi had slapped some around them.

"I didn't want you getting embarrassed that's all" Rudi said kindly, then took her jacket off. "Don't worry" she added, seeing Ben's eyes go wide, "I'm not going to take all my clothes off" and Ben relaxed somewhat.

"That's good" he managed weakly.

"It's just my top" Rudi said casually and she removed her T-Shirt as simply as she had mentioned it. Rudi had a plain white cotton bra on and Ben could see her young breast quite clearly, and he looked at the floor.

"I...I... I'd better go" he blurted, but Rudi reached out a hand and gently pushed him back onto the bench.

"Ben...listen to me" she said calmly, "I would not be doing this unless I trust you completely".

"You trust me?" Ben asked, wondering how he was able to both stay conscious or in fact stay alive.

"Of course I do" Rudi said, then she leaned in for a kiss. Ben was surprised at first but then held Rudi as he kissed her back. As he did so he hoped that Harry wasn't watching him from under the Invisibility cloak. If Harry could defeat Voldemort with a sword, then what would he do to someone kissing his topless adopted daughter? Rudi – being the smart girl she was – saw him hesitate after they pulled apart, and she asked him what the matter was.

"Just wondering if Harry's under that cloak of his" he said.

"Right now Harry Potter is in bed" Rudi winked and Ben understood that there was nothing to worry about.

"That's a relief" Ben said. He started to look at Rudi but turned his head when he reached her chest area again.

"Am I upsetting you?" Rudi asked, concerned for her friend.

"No" Ben said, "I just never expected this to happen... at least not this early in our relationship" and Rudi giggled for a few moments then stopped.

"If you want to you can...touch them" she told him, and Ben's head snapped up and around to see that she was being serious.

"T-Touch t-them?" he stuttered like Neville used to do years previously.

"Not my bare boobs, but through the Bra" Rudi said, then the girl looked thoughtful for a moment then added, "Well I guess that touching the top of them wouldn't harm me" and when Ben didn't respond, the girl took his hand and placed it on the top of her left breast and made it squeeze it a little. The moment it made contact her mind raced at around 500,000 RPM as she felt somebody else's hand touch a place where only hers had been before. When they broke apart, Rudi looked at her watch and cried out in alarm.

"Whats wrong?" Ben asked, "Did I hurt you?" he said quickly but Rudi shook her head.

"Theres a Quidditch match this afternoon and we have to get out of here" she said quickly.

"Bugger" Ben swore, and Rudi put her T-Shirt back on and the pair headed out of the changing rooms and back to the castle.

"And where have you two been?" Harry asked when they across him in a corridor.

"We went to Hogsmeade, did some shopping, had a drink at the Three Broomsticks, came back here to drop off the shopping, and

then went for a little walk. We only just got back” Rudi said and Ben nodded enthusiastically.

“I see” Harry said, putting on a McGonagall look for a quick moment. When he had seen them coming towards him, he noticed that Rudi’s T-Shirt was slightly creased as if it had been taken off for a while, but Harry wisely didn’t say anything to them in case it embarrassed the pair. “Well I hope to see you at the Quidditch pitch for the match – they have me commentating perish the thought” and Harry walked off.

“That was close” Ben said as they headed down a little known passageway.

“Ben? Can we keep what we did secret?” Rudi asked, “As much as I liked what we did, I would rather we just stuck to kissing until we are a bit older”.

“I don’t mind” Ben said, relieved that there wasn’t a chance that he would be caught. He fully believed that Harry would execute him on the spot if he caught his hand on Rudi’s... well on any part of Rudi other than her hands or parts when dancing.

#

A/N:

Well this is a chapter where it concerns people other than the main group. I thought that Ben and Rudi deserve a chapter where the main group has only a supporting cameo role.

The chapter itself would really be a K+ or T for those who are interested.

Harry’s comment at the end is a joke to the fact that he never seems to view other matches other than Gryffindor matches. He mentions this in Chapter 7 of this very fanfic.

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards:

Robert

Aka

Pixel And Stephanie Forever

Before Battle With Snakes

The school year rolled on and soon it was time for the next match for the Gryffindor Quidditch team against Slytherin. Harry had last minute practices right up to the night before the game in an attempt to get the rebuilt team into some sort of shape. What had touched him the most was when students from Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff came up to him and said that they were willing to play for Gryffindor, but Harry had declined with thanks. If Gryffindor was to lose, then it would do it on its own terms and go down with guns blazing and flags flying. What was annoying him now was the fact that he had no substitute seeker, the first having taken a bludger two minutes into the last training session.

"I think Snape's ghost is haunting me" he complained as he slammed into an armchair.

"Well isn't there anyone you can call up on?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah, theres someone else I could try, but..."

But what?" asked the bushy haired girl.

"You don't like to fly" Harry said giving a half smile, and Hermione smiled for several moments then told Harry that she would fly if it was absolutely necessary.

"Might as well get over my fears. If you can defeat Voldemort, I can fly on a broom stick" she laughed as she was reminded of her flying lessons in their first year.

"Any idea about what sort of team we'll be facing?" asked Neville, who had just arrived from the training session.

"A stronger side then us" Harry said, "We're going to need a bloody miracle in order to beat them" he added.

"I know how you feel" said Natalie. The girl was talking to Hannah and Susan about the latest gossip concerning the lead singer of some band or other. "It seems so empty in Gryffindor without the

others talking, joking, laughing and arguing. And I'm the only Gryffindor who is in the 4th year, so I miss not having people in my dorm to talk to" she added.

"At least you have people your age to talk to" Harry said, "And you can come and go here if you wanted to talk to us" he said kindly.

"Thanks, Harry" Natalie said then resumed her talking and gossiping.

"Whats worse" Harry said, turning back to the Quidditch match, "Is that all of the Slytherins have faster brooms then I do. I'm thankful that I've given the team a bunch of Firebolt EBF's, or else we wouldn't have a chance in hell" and Harry was telling the truth. When he had sorted out a squad, he had ordered a complete set of Brooms to be delivered to Hogwarts that evening. He had gone to the Firebolt offices himself to place the order, but he had been met with dismissal about the timing of the order. Harry smiled inwardly as he remembered the convocation.

#

"How can I help you?" asked the young woman on the reception desk.

"I'd like to see your manager please" Harry said, hood still up because of the rain outside. The woman looked at Harry's hooded face and asked him to wait while she got him. Once he was in the manager's office Harry asked for a set of Firebolts to be delivered to Hogwarts that evening.

"You must be kidding" the manager replied, "You want us to have four Firebolts ready for shipping tonight" the man looked a little surprised and wasn't being a good manager at all.

"I am not kidding, though you don't need to deliver them I'll take them with me" Harry said "And I'll not be paying for them naturally" and the manager went several shades of "Vernon-Purple" and Harry was smiled under the hood.

"Not paying for them?" the manager asked, "Who do you think you are? Harry Potter?"

“But of course” Harry said, and removed the hood from his cloak.

“I’ll go get the brooms, Mr Potter” the manager was back tracking as fast as humanly possible. “Sit in my seat and make yourself comfy while I get them, and please help yourself to drinks” he added, and the manager headed out of the office to get the brooms. Harry had just finished his first cup of tea when the manager came running back in carrying seven large and thin packages under his arm.

“Seven?” Harry arched an eyebrow, “I asked for four. Whats with these extras?” he asked.

“These are prototypes for the Firebolt EBF. We where going to test them at our test range in the new forest, but I think you might be able to test them more ably then us” the manager said. He unwrapped one and showed it to Harry who looked over them with a keen eye, and Harry’s sense of humour kicked in as he looked at the handle of one of them.

“Can you fly these in please?” he asked.

“We could, but may I ask why?” the manager asked.

“Because I want to make an impression on the Slytherin team – that’s why” Harry said, running his hand over the top of the broom.

“I can organise that” the manager said, “I’ll have them apperate to the castle gates and then fly to the pitch” he offered.

“That would be very nice” Harry said, knowing that he could have whatever he wanted. Before setting off to go there, he had looked at he list of businesses that Sirius had given him, and one of them was the entire Firebolt company along with half ownership in the Nimbus company. After talking about the next day’s plans, Harry left the Firebolt office and headed down the road to the Nimbus ones. The moment he stepped into the offices, he was greeted like a VIP. Harry hated using his status and the staff at Nimbus knew that, and also the fact that Harry always wanted to pay for things. The boss of the Nimbus Company had offered Harry a job with them which he could

do at weekends, and Harry had accepted. There had been a snitch when Harry said that he didn't want to be paid for it, so it was agreed that he would be given products from them instead. This was why Harry went to London every Saturday and was Nimbus's chief test pilot and Harry enjoyed it very much. When his wives had found out, they had bought him a stiff scarf, flying helmet and goggles so that he looked like an old fashioned muggle pilot. When he had first worn it all, he had been laughed at by most of his family and friends but Harry had enjoyed himself immensely. He was slowly learning to be relaxed in his life and he enjoyed flying at breakneck speeds and cheating death from 18,000 feet on one occasion. He was able to escape injury because Hermione had bought him a parachute and insisted the he wore it when ever he went to a massive height. The staff at Nimbus has laughed until they saw him with no injuries at all, and had promptly asked for a dozen to be sourced and issued to the other test pilots.

"Good Evening, Mr Potter" said the young lady whose name appeared to be Amelia Earhart – if she was wearing the right name tag.

"Drop the Mr part" Harry said, "You know I hate that"

"Sorry... Potter" Amelia said.

"Is Fred in?" Harry asked.

"Yeah he should be. I saw him go down to the workshops about half an hour ago" the witch replied.

"Thanks" Harry said, and then made his own way to the workshops where Fred Noonan was tinkering on something or other.

"Hi, Harry" he greeted, "What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I hope you can fix her" Harry said, and removed his Nimbus 2000 putting it down on the workbench nearby and Fred set to work.

"What is exactly wrong with her then?" he asked.

“Well the broom is alright, I just want her completely rebuilt” Harry said, and explained that he didn’t want to take a chance that they could lose the match against Slytherin.

#

Harry woke the next morning after spending the night “relaxing” with his wives. If sex became an Olympic sport, then Harry and his wives would win gold, silver and bronze medals.

“If we could tap the energy that we give off, I reckon you could light up London for a whole year” Harry said afterwards, and all four had laughed. After receiving a “good luck” tribute from each of his wives in turn, Harry had a shower, dressed for the Quidditch match and then went for his broom. There were actually two brooms waiting for Harry, but he went straight for the Nimbus 2000 even though he had a Firebolt. He loved the Nimbus a great deal and favoured it against all other brooms out on the market. The good thing was that his broom was acting like it was a completely new model which would help him a great deal in the game with Slytherin and the final game with Ravenclaw. After he met up with the team, he gave them a team talk which was vaguely reminiscent of the ones that Oliver Wood used to give when Harry was younger.

“Now I know that some of you are nervous about starting your first game for Gryffindor against Slytherin, but you should know that I have never lost a game for our house against them lot” Harry said. “I’ve picked you because you’ve trained for this, you’re ready for this. Look to each other for support and we’ll all get through this” and there was a determined nod from everyone and they got onto their brooms and zipped onto the pitch. As they flew round the pitch in formation, Harry could hear the commentator for the match – Luna this time around – announce the Gryffindor team line up. From the way she started, Harry assumed that she had already announced the Slytherin line up.

“And now we come to the Gryffindor team” she said to the happiness of the crowd. The Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw students cheered almost as loudly as the Gryffindors did. From his vantage point in the sky he could see James sitting on Hannah’s knee. She must have used the

Floo network to get to the Gary Glitter Children's Nursery which had the double meaning slogan of "Because we like kids" though only Harry got the dubious joke. Luna meanwhile was announcing the team line up. "Keeper Natalie MacDonald, Beaters: Benjamin Pierce and John Macintyre, Chasers: Neville Longbottom, Hermione Potter and Ignatius Cream. Annnndddddd their captain and seeker, !" Luna drew the words out like an announcer at a muggle baseball game. Hooch came onto the pitch.

"I want a nice clean game from all of you" she said reaching down to the box containing the quaffle, the bludgers and the snitch. She released the bludger and the snitch, flew into the air and let go of the quaffle.

"The quaffle is released and the game begins" Luna said, and the game began in a swirl of players.

A/N:

Well that's another cliffhanger to end on, but it's a good one.

There are references to the HP books, and also some of my favourite programmes and films. The Firebolts that Harry gets for the team are Firebolt EBF's. EBF standing for Extra Bloody Fast! There is also a reference to Gary Glitter if you can spot it.

And now to a serious matter

I have posted a new fic called "Santa Claus: The Movie – Connie and Joe" AND NONE OF YOU HAVE EVEN LOOKED AT IT OR REVIEWED IT. (note: I'm sticking my tongue out at you and blowing a raspberry at you all). Please review the fic as it is not the one with the Santa who gets killed and then gets replaced by someone else. IT IS NOT THAT ONE. The film I base it on was made in the 80's and had Dudley Moore in it. PLEASE REVIEW OR ELSE I WILL NOT WRITE. SO YAH BOO SUCKS! I know that you must have got an alert because you get it for "True Friends" Is a couple of reviews really too much to ask?

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Quidditch, Joyous News And Invasion Planning

Considering the fact that Harry was playing with a team which sorely lacked in the experience department, it was a surprise that they were losing by a margin of 10 – 150. Harry knew that their score would be even worse if he couldn't find the Snitch any time soon, so he resolved to look for it as soon as possible in order to still give Gryffindor the edge to win. With the Slytherins on 150 points, catching the snitch at that very moment would give Gryffindor a score of 160, and Harry hoped it could be done with his motley collection of players. He had been able to find no other players as a reserve force which was something that Harry intended to fix by the final game. If Gryffindor was to lose the Quidditch Cup, then they would field enough people to send out two complete teams and go down with honour. A loud scream made him turn round in time to see both beaters collide with each other and fall to ground, and Hooch blew her whistle in order to stop the game while Harry sped towards them both to grab them before they hit the ground. Neville and Hermione did the same and the two boys grabbed the beaters while Hermione collected the brooms.

"At least it isn't you this time" Pomfrey said as she came running across the pitch to the two knocked out boys. Both Benjamin and John had tried to hit a bludger at the same time and only succeeded in hitting the other person.

"Are they going to be alright?" Harry asked, concerned about the state of both of them.

"They'll be fine in the morning" Pomfrey said, "But they are out of the game" she added, "I'm sorry" she said glancing at Harry and levitated the two boys away.

"So now we either forfeit the match, or Neville becomes a beater" Harry said in a team huddle under the Gryffindor posts.

"You don't have to do that" came a familiar voice.

"Indeed they don't brother" said an equally known sound.

“What are you two doing here?” Harry asked, breaking the huddle to look at the Weasley twins.

“Come to the aid of an old friend” George declared proudly.

“Right” said Fred.

“I don’t understand” Harry said, shaking his head, “You left Hogwarts years ago so you can’t play. Beside” he added, “You would have graduated already” and that’s when both twins looked very happy indeed.

“We didn’t do our NEWT’s when we left when Umbitch was here” Fred explained.

“So we are taking them by Owl correspondence” George finished, and it dawned on Hermione that this would make them students again. She whispered in Harry’s ear and hope spread on Harry’s face followed by relief.

“Grab a broom and do a few laps” he said, and the twins zoomed off on the abandoned Firebolt EBF’s and did a few high speed laps and turns to get familiar with them. These were faster and more powerful than the regular Firebolt and Firebolt XL’s that Harry had given them for Christmas two years ago. Luna happily called out the substitution and the crowd went wild with excitement as students who remembered the twins knew the game was now in Gryffindors favour.

“Ready to restart?” asked Hooch and Harry nodded. Hooch was about to blow the whistle when the twins suddenly whipped out their wands. Harry was halfway to his when the twins transfigured their clothes into Quidditch robes, and Harry relaxed slowly. The Slytherin team looked positively sick as they knew the game was all but lost to them. Hooch blew her whistle and within two minutes the game was 100 – 140 and Harry knew that there was only the snitch to get and they would win the game by a stroke of bad and good luck at the same time. Fred and George showed why they had such a reputation as the beaters of their time at Hogwarts as they simply belted and blasted bludgers away from the team. Harry saw the snitch at the other end of the pitch and noticed the Slytherin Keeper in hot pursuit.

Harry was never going to reach it in time on his Nimbus 2000, but he had an idea. He looked for the nearest Gryffindor player – Fred – and told him to fly as fast as he could towards the Snitch while he held on as fast as tight as possible. Fred nodded and set off after the Snitch while Harry held on to the tail of the Firebolt EBF so that Fred was towing Harry. With the Firebolts superior speed, they soon caught up and Harry kicked his Nimbus into power and sped past Fred and the rather startled Slytherin seeker. Harry's plan had been a simple but elegant one. Fred would tow Harry across the pitch and when close Harry would let go and fly towards the Snitch and grab it. While the Nimbus could never have reached the speeds the Firebolt achieved (and no one knew what it was yet anyway), it would pick up the same speed if it was towed then add to that the Nimbus's own top speed and Harry briefly had a slingshot and he used this to grab the snitch out of the air and into his hands. Harry was going so fast that he went right through the middle hoop of the Slytherin goal and only slowed down to a safe speed over Hogsmeade. Harry turned round and went back to the pitch where the Slytherins waited to congratulate him and the team for a well fought game. Harry was pleased that the Slytherins had changed since the Second Dark War, and Harry shook hands with the Slytherin captain, a short black haired student called Hitler and then went for victory lap round the pitch. They stopped briefly for Neville to pick up Luna as he always did while Harry did the same for Hannah, James and Susan. Susan got on Hermione's broom while Hannah got on to Harry's broom with James. Hannah had been unsure of taking James in the air while so young, but Harry used a sticking charm on his son so he didn't fall from the broom. They flew in formation past the cheering Hufflepuffs and the Ravensclaws, and Harry could see Rudi and Ben waving wildly at them. When they reached the Gryffindor stands, the group stopped in line with the empty seats at the front for several moments then one by one they turned and broke formation and headed off towards the ground. As he had Hannah and his child on the same broom, Harry decided to go the long way and took large circular spirals down to the ground partly to re-assure Hannah more ten anything. After hitting the showers Harry trekked back to the castle surrounded by the team.

"Thanks for helping out" Harry said to the twins.

"Don't mention it" they said to him.

“Well thanks anyway” Harry said, and the group talked until they reach the castle. Harry looked at his watch and saw that it was almost time for lunch. “What was the final score anyway?” he asked Luna.

“160 for Gryffindor and 150 to Slytherin” Luna replied, and then she looked thoughtful. “I bet that you will play as good as that or better when you play us later on” she added.

“Time will tell” Harry said, “Time will tell. And if my watch is right, it is time for a late lunch” and he led the winning team into the Great Hall and where a magnificent lunch awaited them. Harry sat down next to Hannah and took his son from her so he could put him on his knee and feed him a few scraps. Hannah protested in vain as she knew that Harry would never do anything to harm James, it was just that she didn’t want James to turn into a Dudley Dursley though she smiled as Harry played the doting father up to the hilt. Hannah dismissed her fears as she watched them and a small tears of happiness ran down her cheeks as she had thought she would never have such a joy in her life.

“I hope I have a baby like James” Susan said in Hannah’s ear.

“Well it would be a funny looking girl” Hannah replied giggling.

“I just hope I have a lovely baby” Susan said.

“You’re not the only one” Hermione said, and the two Hufflepuffs turned to look at her. “I’m expecting twins” Hermione said in a quiet voice, and the other two girls had a look of surprise on their faces.

“And Harry was using those potions that night” mused Susan, “Its 100 percent guaranteed never to fail” but Hannah shook her head and smiled.

“Trust Harry to beat the odds” Hermione said what Hannah was thinking of. Promising to keep it quiet until they got back to the tower, the girls watched as Harry picked jame up into his arms and took him for a little walk down the outside corridor. When the Potters had returned to the tower, Hermione told Harry her news.

“Bloody... BRILIANT!” he cried dancing madly round the sitting room.

“He acts like a big kid some days” Susan muttered.

“It’s probably because he never had a childhood with those bloody muggle relations of his” Hermione said, “Professor McGonagall often said that they were the worst kind of muggle” she added and Hannah and Susan agreed.

“Do you think that I might be able to see my own son once in a while?” Hannah asked.

“Hmm?” Harry said.

“I mean I’m just his mother after all” Hannah carried on.

“Huh? Oh sure” and Harry passed James back to Hannah.

“You looked so cute playing with James” Susan said.

“Me?” Harry protested, “Cute?” and feigned being sick.

“Get away” Susan laughed. Hermione looked incredibly out of it for several moments, so much so that Harry asked her what was wrong.

“I was thinking” she said.

“About?” Harry asked.

“When we started in our first year, I would never have imagined you to be married to me and that we would have children together” Hermione said. “I just hope I am a good mother” she added.

I don’t hope you are” Harry said, “I know you are” and he leaned over and kissed her tenderly on the lips. “I can hardly believe that I’m a father” he added. Tapping at the window made Harry turn and cross to open it and it allowed Hedwig to soar through. She looked happier then she had done for some time and Harry had to put that down to the fact she was spend a lot of time with a large Eagle Owl.

'Whatever floats Hedwig's boat' Harry thought. She landed in front of Harry on the coffee table and released the copy of the Evening Prophet from her talon like claws. "Thank you Hedwig" he said picking up the paper. Hedwig hopped over to where Susan gave her some ham from a sandwich while Harry read the headlines which made grim reading.

French Ministry Mobilises Their Aurors

Attack Expected At Any Moment

In a surprising move this afternoon, the French Ministry of Magic have demanded that our Ministry of Magic should stand down and surrender to us. They have sent a formal note demanding that we either defeat Lord Voldemort or we allow them to run our forces. Minister Tonks has replied that Voldemort is already defeated, but her French counterpart doesn't believe her and has given her until 11am tomorrow morning to provide proof or surrender control to him. Minister Tonks's reply was unprintable. Our Aurors are ready and awaiting orders, but they number less than a tenth of the French.

"Oh that's just brilliant" Harry said, and he threw the paper on to the sofa. Hermione picked it up and read it. Her reaction was the same as Harry's was. Hannah and Susan also joined in the obscenities when they read the article.

"What do we do?" Hannah asked.

"Easy" Harry said, "We get them before they get us" and it was the simple manner in how Harry said it that gave Hermione a start.

"We might have surprise on our side, but how do we keep going after they counter us?" she said.

"We take some back-up" Harry said. He patted his pocket and said "Anyone fancy a trip to Gringotts?" he asked.

"Harry James Potter!" Hannah said. "You can't ask the Goblins to fight for us again"

"It's not proper" Hermione added, but Harry shook his head.

"All I want to do is to get some money" he said, "And if Griphook is there well... who knows?" Harry shrugged, "We might talk about my investments, weather or perhaps the news" and he winked. "Fancy a trip?" he asked winking at them.

"We better drop off this tiny terror off at my parents" Hannah said, and Harry looked at James to see that he was trying to eat the sofa for some reason or other. "This ones going to eat us out of house and home" she smiled as she picked up her son.

"We could always live here" Harry said, "Lets see how he does with stone" and they left to use McGonagall's fireplace. He could have used the floo in their tower, but it was offline for repairs. He had put a call through to get it repaired and had got a stream of Scottish expletives and Harry wondered the engineer was called Scott. McGonagall wasn't in her office but they went in anyway and Flooed directly to Hannah's parents house. Then apparated directly to Gringotts where people looked on in surprise that it was possible to do that.

"Morning" Harry said to the head teller, "Is Griphook about?" he asked.

"He is standing right behind you" Griphook said, and Harry turned to look at him.

"Oh there you are" Harry said. "I was wondering if I could have a little chat with you"

"Certainly Mister Potter" and Griphook took them to the one room he never took any of his other clients – his private office. If he had to see any clients, then he used a meeting room to talk with them. It had been over three hundred years since a human had seen the king of the Goblin Nation's office.

"I assume that you have heard the news about the French" Harry said as they sat down.

"I have never trusted the French" Griphook said, "They are untrustworthy and are stupid when it comes to matters of the world" and Griphook smiled broadly showing his teeth.

"Can I suggest something?" Harry said to him.

"Anything" Griphook said.

"Have one of your workers research what "Colgate" is would you?" and Harry refused to say anything else about that. "I was wondering if I could borrow some of Goblins as an escort" Harry said.

"I know what you want to do" Griphook said, "But Goblins can only interfere in the affairs of a foreign nation. But," he continued, "I can give you some advanced Armour".

"That would be very kind indeed" Harry smiled straight-faced. "I would love to stay longer but I really must go and talk to Minister Tonks" Harry said leaning over to shake Griphook's hand. He was just about to stand up when there was the sound of shouting and lots of commotion outside the office and the sound of indignant female voices. The door to the office was blasted off its hinges and in walked Natalie and Rudi.

"Sorry about that" Natalie said, and Harry was reminded of what Hagrid said the first time he saw him on the little hut on the rocks before he started Hogwarts.

"We read the paper and knew you'd do something" Natalie said.

"We both did" Rudi said.

"And I came to the same conclusion as well" Ben said as he came running into the room with Goblins hot on his heels. Griphook spoke several words of Gobbledegook and the guards left and Harry replaced the door to its proper place.

"Natalie I could say yes to, but you two should return to Hogwarts" Harry said.

"But I can help you" Rudi said.

"Against fully trained and battle hardened Aurors?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Maybe not" Rudi admitted, "But I can speak and understand French well enough so I could hide under your cloak and spy on them" and Harry admitted that it was a good idea.

"Fair enough" he said, and then looked at Ben. "What about you?" he asked.

"Where Rudi goes, I shall follow" the young Ravenclaw said.

"This is going to be risky" Harry said to his wives.

"Harry, I'll follow Rudi to the gates of hell and back again if it helped" Ben pushed in determined to go.

"Be it on your own head then" Harry said, then turned to look at Griphook. "I assume that we can use the Floo?" and Griphook agreed and in a short time the seven of them found themselves in Tonks's office talking to her, and the senior Aurors.

"So let me get this straight" Tonks said, "You want us to go to the French Ministry of Magic, send an underage witch and wizard to their Auror department to collect information, get said information back to us and then storm the place and stun them?" and Harry nodded.

"More or less" he said, "More or less" and Tonks ran a hand through her hair.

"That's a tall order" she said, "And we still don't know how this has happened.

"I'll bet 10 sickles that French supporters of Voldemort are behind this" Harry said. "They'll attack us here, let it spill out to muggle London and then the UK and France will go to war" and it all made perfect sense.

“But we can’t go against their Aurors” Tonks said, “We number a tenth of them” and it was Hermione who answered for Harry.

“This way we can save lives and stop anyone from dieing” Hermione said, but Tonks shook her head.

“I won’t allow it” she said.

“Even if it means another war that we can’t survive this time?” Rudi asked, speaking up.

“I wont allow it” Tonks said again, “And that’s my final word” she added.

“I’m really sorry Tonks” Harry began.

“About what?” Tonks said, looking up at him.

“I’m sorry about this” Harry said, then stood up straighter and looked directly at Katharine Riottz. “As the senior Auror present and as a member of the Wizengamot, I am ordering you to remove Minister Tonks from office and place her under protective custody” and there was suddenly silence in the room. Nobody made a move as they all tried to digest what Harry had just done. He had just ordered the arrest of the Minister for Magic, something that had not happened in over 500 years. Tonks was the first to react and she pointed a finger at Harry.

“Arrest Harry Potter” she ordered, but the Aurors didn’t make a move – they where stunned at what had just happened.

“Senior Auror Riottz” Harry said, “I am a member of the Wizengamot and head of the Auror Corps. On my personal authority as such, I am giving you a direct order to place Nymphadora Tonks under house arrest” and Harry stared into the eyes of Riottz.

“ARREST HIM!” Tonks screamed at the top of her voice almost at the same time. As one person, Hannah, Susan, Hermione, Natalie, Rudi and Ben all stood in front of Harry.

“You’ll have to get through us to get to Harry” Rudi said.

“That’s right” Ben said quickly. Rudi smiled at him and slipped her hand into his. Katharine Riottz looked to be coming to a decision, and Harry wondered what it would be. Riottz pulled out her wand and it slowly turn to point in Tonks’s vague direction.

“You will go with these two Aurors please” she said, and Tonks looked for a moment before accepting defeat.

“I’ll get you for this Harry” she promised before being led from the room.

“I hope you know what you’re doing” Riottz said, “Because you’ve just committed treason against the state” and Harry gave a weak smile.

“I always believed that if it came to the state or my ideals and principals, then it would be the state. And I’d point out it is the state we are trying to save” Harry said. He ordered a map to be made of the French Ministry and one was found from somewhere or other.

“Now we must get take and secure all the entry and access points to the place” Hermione said, going into ‘Smart-Mode’, and then we must cut off the Floo at the same time as well” she said.

“I remember the French Ministry well” said one small Auror from the back. “I was stationed there for a month on an exchange project years ago. They only have one Floo point and that is in the main hall” he added.

“You just got to head the holding force” Hannah said, and the Auror nodded.

“Once we get in and secure the place, we have to get hold of somebody who we can trust and put them in charge” Susan said.

“That simple huh?” Harry said.

“Should be home in time for supper” Natalie added.

"Maybe sooner" Rudi said.

"Mmm" agreed Ben. Everyone spent the remaining time before leaving on checking what they would be doing. Harry was more bothered about the fact he would be facing serious charges on the matter of armed insurrection, treason and overthrowing the Minister for Magic.

"I wouldn't worry" Hannah said, putting an arm around Harry's waist and hugging him tightly. "I'm sure that Tonks will understand afterwards" but Harry shook his head.

"I don't know about that" Harry said. "I'm upset it had to come to this" and Hermione hugged Harry's other side.

"Tonks is a good person, it is just that she has been a little overwhelmed by all of this Minister business" she said, "Most people study at Hogwarts and then take posts in order to even qualify to perhaps be Minister" and Harry took a little comfort in that.

"I hope you will say that at my trial" he laughed, then after kissing Hannah and Hermione (and Susan who protested being left out), the Great Frog Hunting Party left for France.

A/N:

This chapter is dedicated to the 160 Mexicans who have died in the Flu Epidemic

Review please.

Regards

Pixel

Potter's Paris Party

Everything went to plan as they burst into the French Ministry and stunned everyone who was in sight, and Harry had the Aurors bind everyone one until they knew where they stood with them. Harry led the Aurors in a search of all the ground floor and stunned everyone. He was just about to lead them up to the next floor when he heard sounds coming from a small office.

"Get ready" Harry said to both Katharine Riottz and Joe Jackson. The two Aurors stood on either side of the door while Harry pointed his wand at the door. "Alohamora" he cast and he unlocked and opened the door and in he went with Riottz and Jackson following close.

"Harry?" came a petrified voice. "Zis zat you?" and Harry did a Lumos in order to light up the room. He took a moment to scan the room and his eyes locked on to the face of...

"Fleur?" Harry said, and he rushed over to her and held her in his arms. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"My father protested the fact our ministry would be attacking yours" Fleur said, "He told zem zat Voldemort was defeeted" Fleur was so upset that her French accent was very noticeable.

"I'll protect you" Jackson said and he moved closer to Fleur. "I'll never let anybody hurt you again" he said smoothly, and Harry rolled his eyes.

"Stupidfy" and Jackson dropped to the floor. "Fleur is a part Veela" Harry explained to Riottz who nodded her understanding. Meanwhile Fleur had calmed down enough for her accent to be almost nothing.

"Harry?" she said, "They took my father and Gabrielle as well. My mother is away in Morocco" and Harry put a look of disgust on his face.

"Do you know where they are being held?" Harry asked.

“Yes. They are being held in the cells underneath us” Fleur told Harry and glanced at the stunned Jackson. “I think that I can control the signals that I give off. I was still badly shook up and my Veela side seeks help from males” then looked at Harry. “I know about what William and the other Weasleys have done to you, and I broke the engagement off with him” and Harry smiled.

“He was an idiot anyway” he said, and Fleur managed a weak smile. Riottz had brought Jackson back round and all four of them moved out. “They took your wand I assume” and Fleur nodded. “I’ve no doubt that it is in your Minister’s office” Harry said. They went back to the atrium of the French Ministry of Magic where most of the Aurors Harry had brought with him waited for his return.

“Fleur!” Hermione said and she, Hannah and Susan ran over to her and sat her down before she collapsed.

“Give her a potion” Harry said, “We need her to help us rescue some prisoners” and heads went up at that. “I want three Aurors ready to go and follow Fleur. You will obey any order from her as if it came from either the Senior Aurors or myself now go” and several Aurors followed Fleur down towards the cells.

“We better go and finish this job” Susan said.

“I agree” Rudi said.

“We still have surprise on our side” Ben argued. He didn’t know a lot about fighting, but he did know about chess and he thought of this a just a simple game of it.

“Fine” Harry said, “Lets move out” and Harry led his party to storm each floor and they eventually got to the top most where the French Minister for Magic had his office. The French Aurors had regrouped and blasted several of Harry’s party off their feet but Harry cast a shield and then did something completely different. He kept the shield up and stable while he told those behind him to fire stunners through it. Harry had to repeat himself before they did so, and in no time at all they had reached the Minister’s office. A lucky shot took Harry out and this really annoyed the three youngest people in the room, and

Natalie, Rudi and Ben charged the French Minister and he fell backwards as all three of them punched him in the head, stomach and intimate areas. A trio of stunners completed the work by intersecting on the Minister and knocking him out.

#

Harry came round to see concerned faces looking down on him. He was assisted in standing up and he waited for his head to clear, then groaned as his head suddenly pounded.

“Have this” Hannah said, and handed over a small bottle with a brownish liquid inside it. He swallowed it in one go and found that he didn’t mind the taste one little bit.

“What is in this thing?” Harry asked.

“Tea” Hannah replied.

“Ah the one thing that’s guaranteed to solve everything” Harry said smiling himself, “All we need are some muffins to toast...” he added.

“Sorry, can’t help you there” his wife said.

“Harry!” came a loud scream, and something impacted on Harry.

“Gabrielle!” a voice accosted, and Gabrielle tore herself off Harry.

“Père désolé” she said and ran back to her father.

“You are the famous Harry Potter?” said a male voice. Harry looked to see Mr Delacour looking at him.

“Monsieur Delacour. Je suppose que Fleur a dit vous tous de ce qui est arrivé, donc je ne perdrai pas le temps en le revoyant. Je voudrais que vous repreniez de la position du votre Ministre récemment dispose?” Harry said, in perfect and almost flawless French. It was so perfect – right down to the inflections in Harry’s tone of voice – that Mr Delacour was stunned for several moments.

“I speak English well enough” he managed.

“My apologies, sir” Harry said, “I didn’t know if you spoke English or not, so I spoke in yours in order to avoid any problems” and Mr Delacour nodded.

“That is indeed very wise, Mr Potter” he said, but waved his hand.

“Call me Harry – your daughter does. And speaking of which...” and Harry summoned the wands of Mr Delacour, Gabrielle and Fleur and returned them to their rightful owners. “Now regarding what I said... will you do it?” Harry asked.

“I would like to know why you have asked me to do what you want of me” Mr Delacour said.

“Theres too much corruption in high levels of government and I’ve fought that for a long time. We almost went to war with your people in both the magical and muggle worlds, and that can never happen again” Harry paused for a moment before continuing. “The dearly departed and much loved Lord Voldemort’s supporters tried to cause damage and mayhem by instigating that, and corrupting all levels of your Ministry. I need somebody that I can trust and you are that person” he finished.

“But we have hardly known each other” Mr Delacour began, but Harry shook his head.

“That is true sir, but if Fleur is anything to go by, then I think I have made the right choice for the job” Harry said, and Fleur and Gabrielle looked impressed.

“I love you” Hannah said, kissing Harry on the cheek. It was repeated by Harry’s other two wives, something that the two French girls found amusing.

“Croyez-vous qu'il se mariera avec moi aussi?” Gabrielle said, and Fleur looked scandalised and then blushed.

“I’m happy as I am, thank you very much” Harry said to Gabrielle. Gabrielle looked down at her feet and muttered an apology.

“What did she say?” Susan asked of Harry, but Rudi – who could speak French – giggled madly as she whispered something to Ben who laughed.

“Gabrielle asked if she could marry me as well” Harry translated and Susan rolled her eyes to the ceiling.

“We’re going to have to lower that sex appeal of yours” she said.

“I thought you liked my sex appeal” Harry said straight faced, and Susan nearly went through the floor.

“Harry?” Natalie spoke for the first time since she, Rudi and Ben had beaten up the now deposed French Minister for Magic. “What are we going to do now?” she asked.

“Theres a few things that we need to sort out, and then I think that we will go home” Harry said. Harry dealt with a few formalities like a formal surrender of the French Ministry to Harry and his forces. There was one last thing to do, and that was to properly install Mr Delacour as Minister and then it was time to go back and face the music for what Harry had done. Mr Delacour, Fleur and Gabrielle escorted Harry and his group down to where the rest of them had gathered. He could see a good deal of prisoners being taken away by French Aurors.

“Some of the French decided to help us” said one of the British Aurors.

“Well I can see that you’ll be able to look after yourself” Harry said to Mr Delacour.

“We will be able to, thanks to you” the new French Minister said.

“Can we still be friends?” Gabrielle asked Harry.

“Oui, Mon Cheri” Harry said and Gabrielle flushed a nice shade of red and pink.

“That’s enough” Hermione smiled, lightly punching Harry on the arm. Harry re-activated the Floo and one by one they left to face the music. Harry was the last to leave and he turned and gave the Delacours a salute.

“Farewell, Mon Ami” and he jumped into the fireplace and came out to face a very angry looking Tonks. “Oh shit” he said, and Harry was surrounded by a good deal of Aurors who had stayed behind to guard the Ministry.

#

It was Tonks’s luck that she personally knew the Aurors who had been told to guard her, and she had got herself released from arrest and she took them along with a few others back to her office. It seemed that Harry had left only a few Aurors to keep a watch on the ministry, and those that questioned her release were told it was all a practical joke of Harry’s. She led her small force of five Aurors up to her office where Harry had left a written plan of what he was going to do. Knowing Harry as well as she did, she knew that he would return to the office before doing anything else. When her fireplace went a deep shade of green and one by one the “Frog Hunting Party” returned. She told the returning Aurors the same tale about it being a massive exercise and they left without questioning her. When Harry’s friends and wives came through, Tonks ordered the Aurors to stun them, but to leave Harry for her to deal with. The fireplace flared green and then Harry came tumbling out. He straightened himself up as he was surrounded by Tonks’s Aurors.

“Oh shit” he said darkly.

#

“That is an understatement of terms, Harry” Tonks said. Harry quickly noticed that all his loved ones were lying on the floor.

“What have you done to them?” he demanded.

"I have stunned and arrested them as accessories in your treasonous actions" Tonks said. "However if you agree, you will not end up in the same manner" and as Harry's head was thinking, a thought suddenly claimed priority for attention.

"I demand the right to say my Three Magical Statements" he said calmly.

"And what are those?" Tonks asked, signalling for the Aurors to prepare to stun Harry if he tried to pull his wand out at her.

"One: I did what I did for the good of all man kind, and Two: If you ever touch a member of my family then I will chop you into small pieces, and feed them to the Giant squid" he said and then Harry began thinking of something and kept that in his mind – bringing his fingers into a state that would allow him to snap them.

"And your third?" Tonks said.

"Mmm?" Harry said, "Oh that..... Three: I just wanted to say that has been nice to see you, to see you nice" and he snapped his fingers and his friends and family vanished from the room. "Bye bye Nymphie" and with a wave of his hand Harry vanished from the room with a loud bang. Harry also created a blast of wind that pushed the Aurors and Tonks off their feet allowing him to leave.

A/N:

Well another chapter completed, and I hope that you like it very much! ONLY ANOTHER 17 TO GO TILL I HIT 100 CHAPTERS....

I just wanted to say that I am REALLY going on a break, and so there's going to be a few days before I do anything on Chapter 84, though a brief outline is there already. For a hint the title is : "Courage, Duty, Honour" a reference to Starship Troopers III – yeah that's right – that song.

As to Mr Delacour, Harry needs someone he knows. He trusts Fleur so that's good enough for him. Gabrielle always seems to want to

date or marry in fanfics, so that's the reason she asks Fleur the question – if you can translate that.

Big shout out to the people in the following countries: Iran, Iraq, Libya, North Korea, Vietnam and Cuba. Seems my fic is popular in all the evil states in the world!

Reference to the comedian and legend Bruce Forsythe if you can find it.

You will notice that Harry's relationship with Tonks is quite sour, and it will be even more sour in the next chapter when Harry goes on trial.

Awaiting that Cameo! (joe Jackson)

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Loved by terrorist countries since September 9th 2008

Courage, Duty, Honour

Harry found himself in the Hospital Wing where Pomfrey was rushing from one person to another trying to bring them round. Harry rushed over in order to help her, and Pomfrey looked at him with a questioning look.

"What happened?" she asked concerned.

"I... it's a long story" Harry said, "Do you know where Professor McGonagall is?" he asked.

"She is in the Great Hall for dinner" Pomfrey replied, "What is going on?" she asked concerned.

"You'll find out in around ten minutes or so" Harry said. "Take care of them" he said, but Harry was interrupted by Hannah, Susan and Hermione.

"Are you alright?" they asked Harry at the same time.

"I'm alright" Harry said, and then explained what had happened.

"I'm going to kill her" Hermione said through gritted teeth.

"That would land you a trip to Azkaban" Pomfrey said as she woke up Rudi and Ben.

"That doesn't matter" Hermione said.

"The question is: What is Tonks going to do to you?" Hannah said.

"Place me under arrest no doubt" Harry said.

"She'll have a hard time getting through me" Susan said.

"And me" Natalie said.

"She'll have to just downright kill us" Rudi and Ben said, sitting up on their respective beds.

"I doubt it will come to that" Harry said, smiling, "But thanks anyway" then his expression turned to stone as he sensed people entering the castle. He couldn't explain why he could sense things, but he could and it had come in useful during several hairy moments when they were on the run.

"Whats the matter?" Hannah asked quietly.

"Nothing" Harry replied, "Just Tonks coming in to the castle in order to arrest me" he finished casually.

"Mmm" Susan said, "Nothing other than normal" she said.

"I don't know about you, but I could do with some dinner" Harry said. "If we walk there it will be too late, so who is up for a little apparition jump?" he asked, and they all agreed. Harry had them all hold on to him, and he jumped the lot of them all to the Great Hall just as Tonks entered. The students looked up and saw Harry and the lot of them appear in the room, and they returned to their dinner. They were used to Harry jumping into the hall or anyway if he wanted to that they weren't all that bothered.

"Just ignore her" Harry whispered, and he led them towards the nearest Table – Ravenclaw's as it turned out – and sat down and helped themselves to dinner. It was several moments until the students noticed the Aurors and Tonks. They went up to where Harry was sat eating Spaghetti Bolognese and stopped behind him.

"Harry Potter. I am placing you under arrest on charges of treason" Tonks's statement made all talk vanish as listened to what was going on. "You will surrender your wand and come with us" but Harry didn't talk to Tonks.

"This Bolognese is good" Harry said to Hannah.

"Mmm" she said, "Well I do love Italian food" and Hannah ate another fork and spoon full.

"I agree, the house elves have gotten better" Susan added her two pence worth.

"I don't know if you heard me or not" Tonks said to Harry, "But you are under arrest, Now give me your wand and come with me" but Harry ignored her.

"Natalie? Be a dear and pass that bowl down would you?" he asked, and Natalie floated the bowl down the table, in defiance of school rules. McGonagall was too interested in the unfolding drama to do anything about it. Harry meanwhile had thanked Natalie and was dishing himself and his wives more portions of dinner.

"I will give you one last warning" Tonks said, "Come with us now and this won't escalate" and Harry ignored her once more.

"I was wondering if I could borrow your Nimbus 2000 after dinner" Rudi spoke.

"What for?" Harry said looking over.

"I wanted to do a few laps of the pitch that's all... Ben will be taking some pictures of me on it" Rudi replied.

"Not those sort of pictures surely?" Harry said raising an eyebrow at her.

"HARRY!" Rudi went several shades of embarrassment, "It's not like that" she finished.

"Well bring her back in one piece" Harry said, then went back to his dinner.

"You've forced me to do this" Tonks said, and waved her wand at Harry and he zoomed out of his seat to stand in front of Tonks. "Give me your wan..." she began, but stopped when Harry simply sat back down again, brushing himself off in the process.

"Sorry, Professor" Harry said, looking up at the top table, "fell off my seat"

“Quite alright Mr Potter” McGonagall answered weakly.

“I think that Tonks would like to speak with you” Hannah said.

“I think that I’ll take you all in while I’m here” Tonks said, and she turned to look at one of the Aurors – Katharine Riottz. “Stun them all and bind them” she ordered, but Riottz looked back at Tonks.

“Why?” she asked.

“Because I just ordered you to do so. Harry, Hannah, Susan and Hermione Potter are criminals, and they must be stunned to stop them from escaping. He is already defying me” and Tonks repeated her order, but Riottz shook her head.

“I have not seen Mr Potter or any of his wives do anything to attack you, or anything to defy you for that matter” Riottz said, “When I do, then I will stun them but not before” and Riottz put her wand into her holster and folded her arms.

“You are relieved of duty” Tonks told her, then turned to the other Aurors. “Stun them” she demanded and they complied and stunned them all – well almost did anyway. Joe Jackson was also there and he too put away his wand like Riottz had done. Harry and the rest of the student body and staff looked on in horror, and his wives, two daughters and Ben went down into small heaps. Harry apperated away and the room was filled with the sounds of indignation as everyone saw the unprovoked attack on them, but less than three seconds later Harry jumped back into the hall with the sword of Godric Gryffindor in his hands. He swung it in an arc, and stopped it precisely one millimetre from Tonks’s mid forehead.

“I gave you one last warning, Nymphadora, now I am telling you” he spat out, “If you ever touched or harmed a member of my family, then I would be very angry. I am now very angry, and the last time I was angry was almost a year ago” and Harry took a breath before digging himself into a bigger hole. He first waved his wand at his family to wake them up, then turned to the Aurors and Tonks. “Nymphadora Tonks. I am charging you with actual bodily harm, assault of minors,

unprovoked attack on minors, breaking the 'Harry Potter' law, inability to discharge your office, unlawful use of magic, Cowardice in the face of the Enemy and also of pissing me off" he turned to glance at the Aurors who had stunned his family and snapped his fingers. Their wands came flying out of their hands, and Harry caught them out of the air. Harry glanced at Riottz who looked nervous at Harry's still drawn sword – Tonks had decided to not do anything and to see how this was played out. "Katharine Riottz. As head of the Auror corps and member of the Wizengamot, I am dismissing Nymphadora Tonks from office effective as of now. You are returned to duty with no reprimand to be placed in your records. You refused to carry out an illegal order and I am grateful to you both for that. I also saw you as well Joe, and both of you will be getting nice little write ups in your files... when I have time for it" he finished with a quick grin at them both. "As for you" he said turning to the offending Aurors, I hereby suspend you, and also arrest you on most of the same charges as Miss Tonks here. I am afraid that you are too much of a danger to the public, and so I am ordering you to be stunned and bound. Aurors?" and Riottz and Jackson whipped out both their wands and stunned their suspended colleagues and bound them for good measure twice.

"Awaiting your orders Minister" Riottz said to Harry, and it took Harry a few seconds to realise that she was talking to him.

"Take these people back to the Ministry ready to face trial, as soon as I can find a fair and impartial judge and jury" Harry said after a while.

"And her?" Jackson said to Harry, clearly referring to Tonks. Her wand had been removed by Riottz and she was now at the mercy of Harry.

"She is to be placed in the same cell that Susan was put into" Harry said, "Nymphadora here will show you the way" he added spitefully. He had never truly forgiven Tonks for both getting Susan out quicker when Umbridge had placed her in jail a lifetime ago. Harry looked at Tonks with several different emotions crossing his face. Then with no warning what so ever, he flicked his wrist to the side and the sword fell away from Tonks's face, but not without cutting her hair. "Take them away" he ordered.

“Yes, Sir” Riottz and Jackson both saluted Harry, then they all vanished from the room. Harry looked at the empty seat for a moment then put the sword under the table and finished his dinner. Students and staff alike looked at Harry who had just overthrown the government. They knew that Harry wouldn’t have done it if there had been another choice, so he had done the right thing and taken matters into his own hands. After dinner was finished with, Luna and Neville came over and sat down with the group and Harry filled them in on what they had missed. The pair had been missing over the last few days, and Harry could only guess as to why that was though.

“I guess that you will need this then?” Neville said, pulling out a bottle of Firewhiskey from inside his robes.

“Where did you get that from?” Harry asked.

“We have some news for you” Neville said.

“I’m expecting” Luna said, “That’s why we didn’t come on the last few adventures” she added.

“That’s alright” Harry smiled as McGonagall came over to them – the hall otherwise being empty of people.

“I’ll have to dock points” she said, “Unless you give me some as well” and Harry poured her a glass.

“I’m sorry that had to happen here, Professor” Harry apologised, “But I had no choice but to defend my family and friends” and McGonagall told him there was no need to say sorry.

“I suppose that I would have done the same thing I guess” the Headmistress replied.

“Do you think the rest of the Ministry will get behind you?” Hannah asked.

“Dunno” Harry admitted. “I know that the Auror Corps will support me all the way, I just have to decide what to do next” he said.

"I would call an urgent meeting of all the department heads tonight" Hermione said, "That way you can tell them everything before our favourite bug spins the tale" she added clearly referring to Rita who had got a job on another wizarding paper.

"When?" Harry asked.

"I'd do it now" she replied, "We just need to find somewhere big enough to meet" and it was at that point that Natalie suggested using the Room of Requirement.

"I love you" he said, then received frowns from all three of his wives. "YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN" Harry groaned. They broke up and Hannah, Susan and Hermione went to alert the relevant people about the Emergency Meeting, while Natalie made a quick trip to Gringotts to ask Griphook for a pair of Goblin guards.

"I am sorry. Miss McDonald. It is the guards day off and I can not call them back to work" Griphook said.

"Oh" Natalie said.

"But it I will be more then happy to attend" he finished, and Griphook smiled. He had had his staff research what Colgate was, and it was the new craze in the Goblin community. Luna and Neville had gone to the Ministry to alert Riottz and Jackson that they would need some Aurors for the outside of the Room of Requirement. It was nearly eight in the evening when every department head was assembled in the Ministry. Ben and Rudi had gone to the kitchens to help the elves with Sandwiches and Tea for Harry's "guests", and at eight precisely Harry walked into the room.

"I want to thank you all for coming at such short notice" Harry said, sitting down behind a large desk. "And now down to business" he said. "You will have read in the papers this evening about the French Ministry's threats. Earlier today I went to see Nymphadora Tonks and after much arguing and shouting, I relieved her of her position and led a small party to deal with the problem myself. After that had been dealt with, we came back and I found that each and everyone of my family and Mr Tennyson had been stunned by a freed Tonks. I quickly

aperated ourselves here where they made a full recovery. Less then three hours ago, Miss Tonks showed up with Aurors in order to arrest me. I did not acknowledge her and eventually she ordered my family to be stunned and arrested. Two Aurors” Harry pointed out both Katharine Riottz and Joe Jackson, “Refused to obey that order. The others did obey that order, however but I was able to apperate away but returned with the sword of Godric Gryffindor. I will admit that I held it in front of Miss Tonks. I informed her that as head of the Auror Corps and as a member of the Wizengamot, I was relieving Miss Tonks of her duties as Minister and placing her under arrest for reasons that I will explain later. Miss Tonks and the Aurors who attacked my family all in the Ministry cells awaiting trial. I have taken over her duties as Minister, and I want to know if you will all support me?” Harry sat down and let the flood of questions come to him. Strangely it was a full minute before anyone spoke, the first being Arthur Weasley.

“What evidence do you have?” he asked.

“My own memories, and those of the students who had been in the great hall” Harry said.

“Well I want to say that I am behind you” Mr Weasley said, and Harry nodded.

“Goes for me too” said Ludo Bagman.

“I had a talk with all the Aurors still on duty” Jackson said, “And we are behind you all the way” and Harry was grateful about the fact that the Aurors where on his side. One by one the rest of the Department heads said that they would stand by Harry. Just to make sure he was not lying, Harry showed them his own Pensive memories which sealed the whole thing.

“I have a few announcements to make” Harry said at last. “Effective as of now I am appointing a Deputy Minister who will deal with most of the workload for me while I finish Hogwarts. Only the most important things will be sent to me” he added.

“Who is that going to be?” asked one head.

"I thought about it and have decided upon Mr Arthur Weasley" Harry said, looking over at the red haired man.

"After what happened between us...?" he said, "Surely somebody else would be better able to deal with all the work" Mr Weasley added.

"I need somebody that I can trust, and I am not having Mr Bagman place Quidditch at the top of every meeting agenda" Harry said, and Bagman took it in good stead. "So what about it Mr Weasley?" Harry asked.

"I accept your offer" Mr Weasley said, and his mind was filled with thoughts of spending all the extra money that he would get for himself and the family. The Weasleys had always been a slightly poor family, something that Harry knew well, and it was one of the reasons Harry had picked Mr Weasley for the job. It also proved that Harry bore the Weasley father no ill-will over what had happened with Ron. To be entirely honest with himself, Harry had always thought that Mrs Weasley was a bit too controlling with the family.

"Very well then" Harry said aloud, "You can be at the Muggle relations as well, but for Merlin's sake: talk to a squib about Muggle technology will you please?" Harry begged, and Mr Weasley had to agree. "Now on to more pressing things" he added, "I want a complete list of all members of staff in each of your departments, and please indicate if there are any links to groups that may cause trouble to me being Minister" and there was a muttering of agreement from the assembled people.

"One thing that will be in the papers tomorrow is the appointment of Misters Fred and George Weasley as the official Ministry jokers" Susan said.

"And another thing" Hannah added, "We will be sorting out the Prophet which Harry owns. It is our intention to add parts for muggle news and sport so most of us don't look stupid while in the muggle world if they ask us questions" and there was much agreement to that. Several of them stated that they had advocated for this before, but

had been denied permission to implement the idea by both Fudge and Scimgeour.

“If anyone has any questions, then I suggest you ask them now” Harry said. Several held hands up and Harry nodded his head at the nearest witch.

“Treesa Green” the witch began, “I am head of the Magical Creatures department. What changes will you be making to my department – if any?” she asked.

“Not that many” Harry said, “One of the few things is that we will make peace with the giants and centaurs. I would like to speak to you concerning that at a later time”

“Thank you” said the witch and sat down.

“What will changes will you be making to my department?” asked Ludo Bagman.

“None at the moment” Harry said simply.

“Well that’s a good thing” Bagman replied, “I think that we have all had enough changes for today” he laughed.

“I think that that concludes our business for tonight, if there is anything that you need to know about, please contact Mr Weasley. I’d like to speak to Aurors Jackson and Riottz as well as Mr Griphook alone please” Harry said, and the various department heads stood respectively as Harry left the Room of Requirement, followed by his wives, Natalie, Rudi and Ben, Riottz, Jackson and Griphook. Harry took them to the shared private tower where Harry began to talk about serious topics. Though he didn’t know how to begin at first, so Hermione started for him instead.

“We want to thank you all for sticking by Harry in everything he did, both during the war and what has just happened! Hermione looked at Harry to see if she was right, and Harry nodded glumly.

“What you should know is that I do not intend to be Minister for very long” Harry began, “Maybe in ten or twenty years time perhaps but not right now. I’ll stay in charge up to the point that I know Mr Weasley will be alright in the job, then give him the Minister’s job as a Christmas present” he said.

“Some present” Griphook said.

“Despite what has happened, I can not bear most of the Weasleys any malice” Harry said, “I just wanted you to all know that before we get any leaks” and everyone understood what Harry was saying. Harry just wanted to be a normal person, have a job, do all the normal things that people did in the wizarding world and have a good life.

“That is perfectly understandable, Harry” Katharine said.

“Entirely” Joe added.

“To Paraphrase what a wise person once said: ‘Being a Quidditch player is your first, best destiny; anything else is a waste of material and of time’. I believe that you should be yourself” Griphook said.

“That is very wise indeed” Hannah said.

“I asked you here because I wish to make several transactions, and it seemed logical to have them done while you are here” Harry said, and Griphook nodded knowing what Harry was going to do.

“What do you wish to do?” he asked, thinking that he might as well be the proper bank manager after all.

“I have too many to say, so I drew up a list for you to keep referring to instead of having to come to me” Harry replied, and handed over a single sheet of parchment, and it was all in the most perfect script that would have made Hermione proud of.

Items and Monies to be Transferred

I, Harry James Potter, wish for the following things to be sold, transferred or otherwise indicated:

Number Twelve Grimmauld Place: The house is to be placed under a status spell and all persons blocked from entering unless they are on a list of allowed persons.

The cottage at Godric's Hollow is to be left as it is, and be magically preserved as a memorial to my parents.

10,000 Galleons are to be given to the families of all those who Voldemort killed.

An extra 5000 is to be given to the construction of a memorial to all those killed during the war.

10,000 Galleons is to be paid to each and every Aurors who fought in the war and who battled at the Battle of the Line.

All House Elves are to be given 10 Galleons. This is as a tribute to my faithful servant and friend Dobby – A Free Elf.

The monies and property of the Malfoy family and that of the Riddle family are to be given to the Ministry to provide for the long term care of patients at St Mungos.

I also wish to make the following transfers as personal matters. They are not to be released publicly in any part of the press.

Auror Katharine Riottz: I wish to give her the sum of 15,000 Galleons as a thank you for making the right choice.

Auror Joe Jackson: I wish to give 15,000 Galleons for exactly the same reason.

Griphook had finished reading the parchment when Harry passed over a small scrap piece which bore Read Me on the top.

I, Harry James Potter, wish to do the following things.

An account is to be created for Mrs Hermione Potter. The starting sum will be 100,000 Galleons. She is also to be given the books from the Black library, except the seven on the top shelf on the left book case. Griphook felt a small tear run down his face, and he frowned as that had never happened in over a hundred years – not since the death of his wife.

“I will do as you ask” Griphook said, bowing his head to one side.

“My thanks, sir” Harry said, then Harry turned his attention to the two Aurors. “I wanted to thank you both in private for what you did. You risked your careers in order to stay your principles. You both have showed the best examples of Courage, Duty and Honour this evening, and I will make sure that you will be taken care of” and both Aurors where embarrassed by Harry’s gestures. “I do not forget those people who have helped me or my family. If you both wish to leave the Auror Corps, then I will make sure you have top level Ministry positions, or have any job you want to have. Just mention my name to the interviewers, and you’ll get the job” Harry finished. Both Aurors looked at each other for some time, and then Jackson spoke.

“I would like to remain in the Auror Corps” and Riottz said the same thing.

“Being an Auror is all I ever wanted to be, Minister” she said.

“Cut the Minister crap” Harry said laughing so much for this first time in ages, “I feel too old already!” and Griphook go the last laugh in.

“Not as old as me I assume” he said, jauntily waving his hand dismissively.

“Knowing what time it is” Hermione said, “What will we be doing for Christmas this year?” she asked, changing the subject with all the tact she could use.

“That is up to you lot to decide” Harry said, “I’ll go with what you lot want to do” then frowned as he saw slight looks of sadness on the faces of both Natalie and Rudi. “Whats wrong?” he asked them.

"I've no family" Natalie said.

"Neither do I" Rudi muttered glumly.

"Of course you do" Harry said, "You have us, and you are both welcome to spend it with us. Aren't they?" he asked his wives who all nodded.

"We can pickup presents together on a shopping trip wherever we want to shop" Luna said, "Thanks to Harry's 'Magical' debit cards" and Griphook suddenly went several shades of green.

"I better get an army of accounts standing by" he said, and left amid complete laughter.

"We had better get back to the Ministry or else there will be complete chaos unless we get new rotas set up" Riottz said, and Harry shook them both by the hand and they used the Floo.

"Harry?" Hannah spoke up after thinking of what to do for Christmas this year. Getting rid of Voldemort was going to be a tough present to beat this time around. "Why not go on a shopping trip to Switzerland? I have always wanted to go there" she added.

"Sounds good to me" Harry said, and it sounded good to the rest. "Only why don't we go by airplane?" he asked.

"Why is that?" Rudi asked.

"Because I rather fancy doing the flying as a passenger" and Harry had a point. He had never flown as a passenger before.

"Consider it as good Muggle Studies practice" Hermione said, who as a muggle-born, had often thought that the whole subject needed shaking up big time.

"Next stop: SWITZERLAND!" Susan said happily, and rushed up to start packing at once. Harry looked at her retreating figure, then felt down when he saw an upset Rudi.

“Whats wrong?” he asked quietly.

“Well I wish that Ben could have joined us” Rudi replied. Harry thought long and hard about it long into the night and when he saw them both in the morning, he said that it would be alright as long as Ben asked his parents permission to join them.

“Thank you” Rudi said, and launched herself into Harry’s chest and started to sob. It was this that made him seek out Hannah, Susan and Hermione.

“I take it you know about Rudi and Ben being together?” he asked redundantly.

“What about it?” asked a Hannah shaped pile of clothes.

“I think that perhaps you three should give her the talk” Harry said, going red as he remembered how Sirius had do the same for him.

“You think it is that far” Hermione asked.

“Oh yes” Harry nodded.

A/N:

Well that’s that, hope you enjoy.

Next chapter: Chapter 85 – Boeing Boeing Gone

Reviews in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Boeing, Boeing, Gone

Harry was enjoying the day. He had got McGonagall's permission to take a few underage students out of school before the holidays, though McGonagall was more than willing to let him do what he wanted to do. At that moment, the group was in departures at Heathrow ready to board the Swiss Air flight to Geneva where they would take a series of train rides to Interlaken. Rudi and Ben were spending lots of time looking either at the aircraft outside and excitedly talking about them or looking into each other's eyes. Natalie was in deep talks with Hermione and the girl was taking lots of notes about the airport. There was a bit of nervousness from the two lovebirds when their flight was called, but Harry reassured them that it was alright. Luna and Neville had been talking about their first child and Luna was already discussing baby things with Hannah. Susan was simply taking this in her stride as if flying was an everyday thing for her. Of course flying a broomstick was different to a plane, but that didn't faze her. The take off and climb to their cruising altitude was as normal as could be and Harry held James on his knees as Hannah rummaged in her flight bag for something to keep him occupied with – James not Harry.

"Would you like to order from the menu?" asked a smiling stewardess.

"Yes please" Harry said, "I'd like the grilled cheese sandwich with a glass of milk to drink" and the stewardess took the order.

"I'll have a small salad and sparkling water" Hannah requested.

"I'll have the same as Harry please" Susan said, "But I'll have a small glass of fresh orange juice" and one by one the others also placed their orders. They were well into flight and over Swiss land, when the first signs of problem appeared. One of the pilots came out of the cockpit and ran inside the toilet, the sounds of someone being sick clearly audible through the bulkhead. It was around six or seven minutes later when the Chief Stewardess went into the cockpit and Harry looked up sharply when she screamed. The rest of the passengers also heard the screams and wondered what was going on up front. The other stewards and stewardesses went to assist and one came back with a pale look on her face.

"I'd like anyone who is a doctor to make themselves known and to come to the cockpit at once please" and two people stood up and walked into the cockpit.

"Whats going on?" Hannah asked.

"I think something has happened to the pilots" Hermione said from her seat behind them.

"Hermione is right" Susan said, and pointed out the sight of two cabin crew members carrying out the pilot.

"So who exactly is flying the plane?" asked Natalie from her seat next to her. Harry suddenly realized that nobody was flying the plane, and that didn't make him very happy. He stood took his wallet out and his muttered a few words and then undid his seatbelt.

"Where are you going?" Hannah whispered to Harry.

"Nobody is flying this thing. I have to go and see if I can help" Harry told her giving her a squeeze on the arm. James was taking this very well and was looking out of the window at the clouds going past.

"You fly a Firebolt" Susan said, "Not an aircraft" but Harry shook his head.

"That's true, but I'll bet my cloak that I am the only one who has had any experience in flying. Or actually seen an aircrafts cockpit for that matter" Harry said, reminding Hannah and Susan about his muggleborn heritage. Giving two of his three wives a kiss on the cheek, Harry got up and made his way to the front of the plane.

"Can you return to your seat please, Sir" a crew member said.

"I've come to offer my help" Harry said.

"Are you a doctor?" asked the crew member.

“No” Harry said, “But I am a pilot” and the steward was skeptical until Harry opened his wallet and showed her his fake Pilots License.

“You have been sent by God” the steward said, shaking Harry’s hand. He led him into the cockpit and Harry saw the amazing instruments, dials and gauges which comprised the cockpit. The captain’s radio headset was lying abandoned on the seat and Harry knew the plane was on auto-pilot as the stick was only making minute movements.

“What happened to the pilots?” asked Harry.

“They have both got... I don’t know the English for it” the steward admitted. “They ate bad food” and Harry nodded an understanding.

“Food poisoning” he said.

“Oui” the steward said, and he seemed to be on the verge of panic over what was going on on the flight.

“What can you tell me about this then?” Harry said, indicating the instrument panel.

“We are on auto-pilot. The captain was able to do that before passing out” and the steward told Harry everything he knew before coming to an abrupt stop. From the seat, Harry could hear a voice call out in English and he figured that it must be the control tower calling them. Giving a shrug of his shoulders, he slipped into the captain’s seat and put the headphones on.

“Swiss Air Flight 441 – do you read me over?” said a female voice with a touch of French.

“I can hear you” Harry said clearly.

“Merci” the voice said, “And to whom am I speaking please?”

“I’m one of the passengers” Harry said, and he could hear the gasp over the radio from the controller.

“Do you know how to fly an aircraft?” the voice asked.

"I can fly light aircraft" Harry said, but decided to not say how light his "Aircraft" actually was.

"Well the good news is that you are on course for Geneva, the bad news is that you have to land it. It is going to be a bit different to how you fly light aircraft" the controller said.

"That is an understatement" Harry muttered but too low for the controller to hear. "If I am going to fly this thing, I'm going to have to take it off Auto-Pilot" he said to the controller aloud. It was several minutes before the controller came back on the air and told Harry that she now had a set of instructions for him to follow. While waiting, Harry was very tempted to break the Secrecy Laws and to apparate the entire lot out the plane. He would then leave the Swiss Ministry to deal with the mess, but Harry's sense told to not do – and to do this the muggle way.

"Look for a small red button on the control yolk, and press it. That's the Auto-Pilot release switch so be ready to handle the plane" and the controller was sounding worried as she might well be.

"I have it" Harry said, and he flicked his left thumb to press the switch. The moment the Auto-Pilot was released, the plane started to slide to the left and Harry struggled with the yolk as he managed to get the plane on an even keel once more.

"Swiss Air 441? Are you there, over?" came the anxious voice of the controller.

"Yeah... I think we are" Harry said, "Just had a little problem with getting to grips with this thing" and Harry was gripping the controls as if his life depended on it.

"Look for a large dial with a counter type of numbers on it" The controller said.

"I have it" Harry said, sparing a quick glance at the controls.

“That is your airspeed. What does it say?” the controller asked. Harry looked at it again and checked the numbers.

“It says we are doing 310 MPH” then he checked it again to make sure of it.

“We need to get it down to a lower speed” came the voice, “Put your hand on the throttle and pull it back slightly until you read 210” and Harry confirmed it, and then reduced the speed.

“210” he reported.

“Good” the controller said, “Now here is the hard part. You are going to have to turn the plane in order to line it up with the runway at the airport” the controller paused before asking, “Is anyone in the cockpit with you?” and Harry was about to say no when he heard someone moving behind him, and looked right to see Hermione slipping into the Co-Pilots seat and putting on the other pair of headphones.

“I have another of the passengers with me” he said, smiling weakly at Hermione as she took in the sight of the cockpit.

“That is good” the controller said. “Now you must prepare for landing” and Harry was slightly nervous.

“That is what comes at the end of a flight” Hermione said factly.

“That is not help Herms” Harry said, using one of two pet names for Hermione.

“I need you to turn the plane gently to the left until you get are on course 050” the controller said.

“Right” Harry said, then looked at Hermione “Give us a hand will you? This was heavy the first time I tried to handle a turn” and Hermione nodded and took hold of the other controls.

“Commence your turn now” the controller said.

Commencing now” Harry said, and with Hermione’s help he began to turn the plane to the required heading.

“You are now on the right heading. You must now get ready to lower the gear and flaps” the controller said.

“This isn’t the best way to start my holiday shopping” Hermione said to Harry.

“This wasn’t on my list of things...” Harry replied, but he was cut off by an almighty bang which both could feel through their seats. The cockpit came to life with the chaotic sounds of alarms and the instrument panels light up like a Christmas tree. One of the more urgent warnings on the Master Display screen told the pair that the starboard engine was on fire.

“Shit” Harry and Hermione said at the same time. Behind them came the screaming of the passengers and crew members as the plane shook violently, and it was all they could do to keep the plane on course. Harry reached for an oversized handle overhead and pulled the right hand one. It was the extinguisher for the starboard engine and it put the fire out, but the loss of an engine made the plane be very heavy to the right. The noise and screams went down from Armageddon to a nice quiet headache. Harry knew that there was a lot of trouble ahead now, and he was very fearful for the lives of his family, Ben and the muggles on board. He was now intending to Apperate them all out – consequences be damned – but Hermione read his mind.

“We’ll have to do this the normal way” she said, and Harry sadly agreed. He reached for the button on the headset and spoke urgently.

“Mayday Mayday Mayday. Swiss Air flight 441. Mayday Mayday Mayday Swiss Air flight 441” he said, and repeated it twice before a new – this time male - voice came on the air.

“Aircraft declaring a Mayday... What is the reason for your Mayday, over?”

"I'm a passenger flying the plane after both pilots where taken ill. We had been heading towards Geneva International when our starboard engine just burst into flames. It has shut down and the fire is out, but we have lost a bit of control" Harry read what was on the Master Display screen. The controller was halfway through a reply when the radio cut off abruptly.

"What happened?" Hermione asked, looking at the control panel.

"We must have lost the radio" Harry said, then called the tower several times to no avail. "Definitely lost the radio" he added.

"How do we let them know we are still alright?" Hermione said.

"I don't know" Harry admitted, "I'm just trying to land this thing" and Harry was desperately keeping the plane on course with only one engine. He had had to reduce speed and kick the rudder – the rudder idea coming from the back of his mind.

"Squawk" Hermione said.

"This isn't the time for bird impressions, Hermione" Harry said.

"Not squawk as in birds, but Squawk as in aircraft codes" Hermione said, face lighting up into lecture mode. "You know that planes have a transponder code right?" she asked him, and Harry nodded. "Well you can change the Squawk code for different flights and such stuff" but Harry cut her off.

"Cut to the point" he said thickly.

"If we can find the transponder code panel on here, then we can change it to an international distress code, and the airport tower will move planes away from us, once they figure that we are attempting to land" Hermione said.

"Well would you mind if you did that now?" Harry asked sarcastically as he kept the plane on a heading of 050.

“Right” and Hermione started looking for the transponder panel. She found it in the middle of the instrument panel underneath the cockpit window frame. It was currently displaying 6760, so Hermione changed it round to 7700. Harry could see that the plane’s radar was working, and in a good five minutes, everything was cleared from their path. After checking that they had remained on course 050, Harry made the decision to attempt to land.

“Can one of the crew come up here please?” Harry said into the intercom, and the same stewardess that had given Harry his lunch came into the cockpit.

“What is wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing much” Harry replied, “Just an engine out, pilots incapacitated and two passengers in command” he said, “Apart from that nothing at all. I’m going to try and land this thing, so I want you to go back and have everyone starp in, because this is going to be one hell of a landing” and the stewardess nodded and left the cockpit.

“Better get the flaps down” Hermione said.

“But what do we set them to?” Harry asked.

“Lets put them to 16 degrees, and lower the gear” Hermione suggested, and she and Harry went through preparations to begin landing.

“Flaps down” Harry reported.

“Speed is 210” Hermione said.

“Let’s reduce speed to 190 and lower the gear” Harry ordered, and they managed to do both things at the same time.

“Gear is down and locked” Hermione said as three green lights lit up on the display panel.

“Altitude?” Harry asked.

“1000 ft, one mile to touchdown” Hermione said, making the best guess she ever would make.

“Oh lord, please don’t us fuck up” Harry said, and Hermione glanced at the planes cabin roof.

“Same goes for me as well” and Harry had to smile at Hermione. Then there was an odd noise for the situation. Despite the fact he was holding the plane in the air; Harry looked behind him and into the passenger cabin. In the middle was a nun with a guitar and singing. Whats more, some of the other passengers had joined in singing with the nun. The sound was clearly heard in the cockpit as the song “Angie”.

“So it does happen in real life!” Hermione said when Harry looked at her.

“What do you read?” Harry asked, as he went back to concentrating on keeping the plane in a straight line.

“Altitude is 100 ft, and we are crossing over the threshold” Hermione said.

“Pull the nose up” Harry said, and the pair pulled back on their control yolks and brought the nose of the plane up.

“Fifty feet... thirty feet... ten feet...” Hermione said, followed by “TOUCHDOWN!” and the wheels made a bump as they connected with the runway and they rumbled down it.

“Put the nose down!” Harry ordered, and they pushed the yolks down all the way up against the stops.

“We have to slow down” Hermione shouted over the noise.

“Of course we’re going to make it. AND STOP CALLING ME SHIRLEY!” cried one of the passengers. Harry smiled despite himself.

“Reverse the good engine and stand on the brakes” Harry said, and the plane began to slow dramatically. At the same time as they slowed to a gentle rumble, Harry heard a voice come over the radio.

“Swiss Air Flight 441. We are dispatching emergency rescue personnel at once. Please stay where you are” and Harry was about to reply when he heard the sounds of the cheering passengers as his family burst into the cockpit. He looked at them each in turn as the girls all kissed and hugged him, while Ben and Neville just thumped him on the back the way that guys do. Harry decided that he could possibly get away with anything right now.

“Negative tower” he said, “We will taxi to a stand for de-boarding” and then took off his radio and released the brakes and ran the good working engine a little bit to give them power to move towards the terminal.

“We’re approaching home” he said to them all.

“Damn right we are” Susan said straight.

“And I wanted a quiet trip” Harry muttered, and he steered the plane down the runway and off on to one of the taxiways.

“What is he doing?” Rudi said pointing at a jeep that had a man waving his arms madly.

“I think we have to follow him” Hermione said, and that was the case.

“Perhaps we should do that” Hannah said, slipping into the cockpit jump seat, all the while holding James in her arms. At that moment, the chief stewardess came in to thank Harry and Hermione for saving them all from death.

“What are we doing?” she asked.

“We’re heading to the terminal” Harry said, “You better get the passengers ready to get off” and the stewardess nodded.

“Yes, Captain” and she departed.

“Captain?” Harry said puzzled.

“Well you are the pilot in command” Hermione winked.

“Bah... Give me a Nimbus any day of the week” Harry said, then thought that his parents, Sirius and Remus would be proud of him – wherever they were at that moment.

“Is flying always like this?” Rudi asked Hermione.

“Not always” the muggle-born witch replied.

“You better get your stuff ready” Harry told them as he got closer to the terminal. He could see people looking from inside the building, and most were looking at starboard engine. “I am looking forward to seeing the damage” he said sarcastically.

“It’s bad” Rudi said, “Me and Ben saw it. The whole engine thing is black” she added.

“It has to have been a bird that we sucked in” Harry said, and Hermione agreed with Harry’s suspicion. They all left the cockpit except for Harry who was lining up the plane for the stand. Harry decided to park it as close as he could when the fire alarms sounded, and Hermione came pounding back into the cockpit followed by Susan and several crew members.

“Whats going on?” Hermione asked.

“I think we have a fire in the lower cargo hold” Harry said, looking at the master Display screen which was flashing FIRE in thick red letters across the screen and several other displays.

“Just when I thought it was all over” Hermione bitterly. Harry quickly summed up the situation and put on the intercom to the entire plane.

“This is your replacement captain speaking. We have a reported fire on board the plane. All passengers and crew are to abandon the aircraft at once in an orderly manner. Once off, you will move quickly

away from the plane towards the terminal” and as Harry spoke the sides of the plane blossomed as doors opened and bright yellow slides came out from underneath and the passengers used them to evacuate the aircraft. Harry got back on the radio and told the tower what the problem was now. He was about to leave his seat when he had looked up and saw the many people in the terminal. If there was a fire and the plane exploded, then many people would be killed. He got out of his seat and left the cockpit and headed back in to the passenger section where a single member of cabin crew was waiting for him.

“Just us left. Time to go” the woman said.

“Ladies first” Harry said, and gestured to the open door. The stewardess folded her arms and jumped out on to the slide and slid downwards to the tarmac. Harry looked along the cabin but didn’t see anyone. Looking down he saw his family, Luna and Neville and Ben shouting for him to bounce and slide down, but Harry had one more thing to do. He left the open hatch and went back into the cockpit and settled back into his seat. He had seen that there was nobody behind the plane, so Harry put his hand on the throttle and pulled them back so the plane was now backing away from the terminal building. Harry was able to swing the plane round so it faced the other way and then shoved the throttles so the plane was moving forward. Harry knew that he had a short time to get the plane to where he wanted it to be, and Harry was aiming for the grass area. The moment he reached the desired spot, and Harry shut down the engine and turned all the switches and dials to the ‘Off’ positions then ran for the open hatchway near the door. One quick look and he jumped out and rolled just as the fire engines came and poured foam into the aircraft’s lower section as well as the damaged engine.

“Harry!” Harry could hear a cry and he looked up from the ground to see all three of his wives jumping off an emergency truck, and fling themselves onto him. All three sobbed as they thought that Harry was on a one way mission to save the airport. Harry was treated for a sprained ankle and taken straight from the hospital to the hotel where they were staying in. Harry was expecting a taxi of some kind, but was surprised when a limo was waiting with a police escort. He made no argument as they got inside and made the trip. The surprising

thing was when the driver asked if he was the Harry Potter. Harry spluttered excuses but was relieved when the driver said that he was a Wizard and therefore wasn't breaking any secrecy laws. He was promised the protection of two Swiss Aurors – something Harry was grateful for indeed. A healer would pop round later for his ankle.

"Are you alright?" Hannah asked concerned.

"More or less" Harry said as he climbed on the first bed he came to. "Just wake me up in the spring" and Harry James Potter fell asleep.

A/N:

Well I hope you like this fic which was planned, written and spell checked in less than 24 hours.

Main reference is to the film "Airplane" – WATCH IT.

References to real life things:-

It is possible for a passenger to land a plane (proved by passenger in April 2009)

Squawking is how planes identify themselves to the ground radar and to other planes. Real codes are used in this fic in order to be as accurate as possible. The squawk code 6760 was only used once for an aircraft. It was used by an Iranian Airways aircraft shot down by a US Navy warship. The code is used as a tribute to them. Squawk code 7700 is the international code for emergency and Hermione was correct in switching to that when the radio was off. It is used for an aircraft to stick out from others on a radar screen.

Swiss Air no longer operates, but did so at the time that Harry Potter books are set. There is a one line reference to the film "Air Force One": "If I am going to fly this thing, I'm going to have to take it off Auto-Pilot", exactly what Harrison Ford says in the film at the end. The controller's response is where the auto pilot switch is found on Boeing aircraft.

If you can spot my tongue in cheek in the A/N, then let me know. Also tell me if you can see any other references.

The next chapter will have flashes to various different parts of Interlaken and other shopping places in Switzerland. Expect contradictions and plot holes as some characters will not know what will be going on with the others. Shout out to Joejackson who got the 700th review of this fic. However... because he already has had an "X00" series review, he is disqualified from getting the cameo. This goes to the next ranking person who is eligible: wulfler.

I will also be including the talk between Harry's wives and Rudi about the changes she is going through in her body... that talk! I think I will contact my good friend queenofspades to help me, as I am male...(checking)... yeah I'm a male. I am going to have a break from writing this fic in order to concentrate on writing a fic based on my Pen name. I've wanted to do it for ages, but you keep asking me not to.

As a side note: I got a PM regarding what I put concerning Iran. I have promised faithfully to not reveal who sent the message or what the content was, but suffice to say it is popular with the highest levels of the Iranian government. And when I say highest... I mean the top place itself... way to go Pixel!

Reviews and PMs in the normal Manner

Regards;

Pixel

(Influencing world politics since September 9th 2008)

Intimate Interlaken Interludes

Harry woke several hours later to the dark skies outside the window, and thus concluded that it was evening at least. He got up and found his shoes on the floor next to the bed and put them on, and left the bedroom and into the large and spacious living room. Harry vaguely remembered their wizard limo driver saying that they had been given the entire top floor of the best hotel in Interlaken – and Harry was too tired to argue.

“Good evening, Sleeping Beauty” Hannah greeted, “Welcome to the land of the living” she giggled.

“Urgh” Harry said.

“Want something to drink?” Hermione asked from her seat.

“Urgh” Harry repeated.

“Tea” she asked.

“Urgh Urgh” Harry said, and drank the warm liquid and it gave him some sense of normality once again.

“We was going to wake you anyway” Susan said, coming out of a large wardrobe. “All of us were going out for dinner, just deciding on where to go” and she sat down to read a list of places to eat in Interlaken.

“I’m not bothered” Harry said, “I’ll just go with what you lot decide” and he closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. Flying a plane had taken a bit out of Harry, and he was looking forward to a nice meal somewhere in town. After much talking they decided to go to the “Belvedere Brasserie” which was on the main street of Interlaken. It had a bonus of overlooking the Jungfrau which was something that Hannah and Susan both liked the sound of. They broke up to dress for dinner, and Harry changed into fresh smart black jeans and a blue shirt, after doing a quick cleaning charm on himself in place of a bath or shower. When he came out of the bathroom, he met his three wives. Hannah was dressed in a rather form fitting yellow blouse and

a blue pleated skirt, Susan was wearing a blue jeans and a 'Weird Sisters' t-shirt while Hermione was wearing a gold blouse and a black skirt that went past her knees. All three girls were wearing black shoes.

"Nice looks, Harry" Susan said.

"That what you married me for" Harry replied, kissing her on the cheek.

"I know" Susan said, kissing him on the lips.

"I want to say thank you for what you did today" Hannah said, hugging Harry and putting her head on his chest. Harry tipped his head down and kissed her hair and then the same happened with Hermione.

"I was in the right place at the right time" he said, then asked Hannah where the others were.

"They are waiting for us in the lobby" she replied.

"Well let's go then" he said, and Harry and his wives left their suite and used the lift to go down to the lobby where they found the others sat in the lounge waiting.

"About time" Rudi complained half heartedly. She was wearing black jeans, a blue t-shirt with silver neck and a burgundy jumper which she held in her hands. She turned round to talk to Ben who was wearing the exact same thing. Luna was wearing a stunning silver dress, Neville was wearing something that resembled a tuxedo and Natalie was wearing a green blouse and skirt.

"So where are we going?" asked Luna as they left the lobby and walked down the street.

"We're going to the 'Belvedere Brasserie'. It's supposed to be the best place in town" Hermione said.

“What does it serve?” Rudi asked, walking behind her with one hand in Ben’s.

“All sorts of different types of food” Hermione replied, “Local food as well as stuff that we eat at Hogwarts” and Rudi began to plan as to what she’d eat. The group walked down the street with people stopping to look at Harry. News of his action on the plane had caused him to become a celebrity in these parts. When they reached the restaurant, they got taken to a large table and told everything was on the house – in gratitude for saving the lives of the people on the plane. Harry, Hannah and Natalie ordered the house special – a venison steak in a mushroom sauce with garnish and the like, Susan and Hermione ordered the Roast Beef, Luna opted for the Roast Pork, Neville chose the locally made pie, while Ben and Rudi asked for what was labelled as ‘Zürcher Eintopf’. There was some confusion as to what that was, until Hermione translated for them and said that it was nothing more harmless than a hotpot – but Zurich style. When it came to ordering drinks, Harry and his wives, Luna and Neville had small glasses of red wine. Natalie, Ben and Rudi had a local fruit punch which had quite a kick to it. They talked over dinner about plans for the morning. Harry had arranged it so that they had a week of shopping and sightseeing, before returning to Hogwarts where the group would disperse until Christmas Day. Harry had to admit that – barring meals at Hogwarts – it was the best food he had ever eaten in his entire life. The food was nice, the restaurant was nice and he had the pleasure of good company. He could hear music in the background, and wondered if there was a band or if it was being piped through via hidden speakers. To be honest, Harry didn’t care as he listened to Hannah and Hermione argue about the Mountain ranges. He looked out of the window next to their table, and looked out at the Jungfrau, with its snow capped peaks seemingly touching the sky. The sun was already set and the moon had risen up to the highest point it would attain, and the moonlight touched the tops of the range. The effect was magical, and Harry wasn’t using a pun either.

“Guys, shut up” Harry said, and pointed out of the window.

“Whats... Oh my.....” Natalie’s voice dropped off as she saw what Harry was seeing.

“It is beautiful” Luna said, tears running down her face.

“That’s odd” Neville said, squinting at something lower down the mountain, “Somebody is on that thing” he pointed it out and the others saw that somebody was on the slopes. Harry looked at his watch and made the time zone adjustment in his head. Why was somebody on the slopes at 9:14 PM? Concerned, he called over the nearest waiter to enquire about it.

“Don’t worry, sir. It is only the Mountain Rescue Service. They check the slopes and mountains every night to ensure nobody has had an unreported accident” the waiter said, and Harry thanked the man.

“I thought that something was wrong” Neville said, overhearing the reply, and then the group went to the task of finishing their meals. After they had done so, Harry discovered that there was a band playing, so they went into an area which in a small pit area. There was a little set of three steps to get down to it and the area had tables and chairs like the ones they had just left, and also leather sofas and chairs with small wooden coffee tables in the middle. The group managed to find one of these combinations near the band stage and sat down to listen for a while to the lovely music. It was almost half past eleven by the time they had got back to the hotel and as Harry entered his room, he was almost certain that Bed had gone into Rudi’s room. He blinked and Harry could not see anyone, though there was suspicious click of a door shutting. Harry looked down the corridor one way then the other, before casting a time eroding silencing charm on Rudi’s door – he suspected she would need that talk in the morning. Harry wished the blessings of Merlin, God, Buddha, and Allah upon her. He asked for a lot, because Harry wanted to get in the good books with whoever was in charge upstairs. He closed the room door, and went into the bedroom where his wives waited for him

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“And they says boys are forceful” Ben smiled.

“Shut up and keep going” Rudi replied, and a topless Ben leaned in and kissed an equally topless Rudi.

#

Harry was loving every moment of his life at that very moment. Susan was sat on the edge of the bed while Hannah and Hermione licked and sucked on his hardened length. Without being asked to, Susan shuffled closer and Harry began to tease her already hardened nipples. Hermione had stopped her ministrations to Harry and Hannah took Harry for herself. She bobbed her head up and down, using her tongue to flick the little groove at the top. Hermione used one hand on herself while she stroked Harry’s balls with the other. All the time this was going on, the room was filled with the sound of four horny teenagers moaning – Harry was glad he used silencing charms on the hotel room door.

“Don’t stop, Harry” Susan said, and Harry used his finger and thumb and pinched Susan’s nipples hard – something he knew she liked.

“That good enough?” he smirked.

“You bastard, Harry” Susan swore, “Do that again please” she asked, and Harry complied. But while he did so, his free hand dipped inside Susan’s hot and moist core and Harry slipped one finger in, followed by the second and third ones which made Susan scream at the top of her lungs.

“Thought you’d like that” Harry smiled, and withdrew his fingers from her. Then with out warning, he slammed all five fingers and thumb into Susan’s centre making her cry out in pain.

“Oh yeah” she managed to get out. Meanwhile Hermione was making moaning noises and they suddenly became much more urgent and louder as she reached an orgasm. Susan and Hermione rolled away from Harry to perch on the edge of the bed and gaze upon Harry James Potter receiving fellatio from Hannah. Talking of Hannah, she broke contact with Harry and looked into his face.

"I want it all" she said, and Harry nodded to show he understood. Hannah smiled back at him, then went back to work on Harry. Hermione and Susan just watched the erotic sight and then one of them fetched a Stamina Potion for Harry to use in a little while. Hannah was back to bobbing her head and she got faster and faster and she started to use her teeth to lightly scrape along Harry's hardness making him arch his back slightly. Harry could feel himself ready to blow and Hannah's bobbing suddenly picked up speed until her head was a blur. Harry put one hand onto the bottom of his shaft and his right on Hannah's head. Using that one, he forced her head down and for the first time the tip of him went against the back of her throat and Harry blew. Wave after wave of semen burst from Harry's length and Hannah swallowed each and every bit of it with Harry pumping each drop from himself, but saving one last shot for the end. Hannah thought she had taken every bit of Harry's hot and slightly salty semen inside her, and she pulled her mouth away from Harry and Harry let his hand go and came over her face, surprising Hannah a great deal. What surprised Harry mere moments later was that all three girls had different potions in their hands which clearly had been destined for him.

"Oh fuck" he said softly.

"That's funny, thats" Hannah said.

"What they help" Susan added.

"With. Added fucking" Hermione finished. Harry took one look at their faces, and strengthened the charms on the doors.

"It's going to be one of those nights" he thought.

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As for Luna and Neville, the Lovegood's where playing a game called Hunt the Snorkack. It was a game that both of them enjoyed very very much indeed.

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Natalie was the only one that was not involved with anyone else. She had put a call through to room service and they had provided her with a large mug of Hot Chocolate, and Natalie was in bed propped her with pillows and reading the Standard Book of Spells – Grade Three. Considering the all the help she got from being around Harry all the time, there wasn't a lot that the book could tell her. Putting the book away she instead began to read 'The Darling Buds of May' – one of her top books. She was half way through a chapter when her stomach began to growl and she realised that the Venison steak she had had for dinner hadn't filled her entirely up. Putting the book down, she picked up the phone again and placed an order for some food to be sent to her room.

'Just to confirm' the voice on the other end said, 'You would like best beef steak, thick chips and fried mushrooms on the steak?' the voice asked.

"That's right" Natalie said, and was about to put the phone down when she thought of something else. "I'd like some gravy please. Just some plain gravy please" and the member of staff who had answered was surprised at her request. In the six months she had been working there, she had never got asked for that.

'How thick would you like the gravy?' the voice asked, and Natalie thought for a few moments before answering.

"I want it so thick that you could float an entire cruise liner on it" Natalie said, and after a goodbye, Natalie put down the phone and finished the chapter of the book she was reading. It didn't take very long, and she decided to try a bit of the local mulled wine. Her steak came after fifteen minutes, and as she took the trolley from the night porter, she saw – in the corner of her eye – Ben slipping out of Rudi's room and into his own. Natalie put it to the back of her mind as she tucked into her steak.

A/N:

I hope you like this chapter as much as I did writing it!

Belvedere Brasserie is a real place in Interlaken, as are all of the items of food the group had. The music on a night time is also real and I can highly recommend it to anyone planning on going to Switzerland – GO TO INTERLAKEN!

The Harry, Hannah, Susan and Hermione sex scene was written because Harry doesn't seem to spend time with his wives as much as I'd like him to (or you joejackson!) so that takes care of that. There also a two line Ben/Rudi moment, and there will be more of that in a later chapter.

Poor Natalie doesn't have anyone yet, but I'm thinking of pairing her with someone later on. The thing she orders to eat at the end is EXACTLY how I eat mine. (Side Note: Regarding what I put in a previous chapter about Natalie MacDonald. It's been a few months, and theres been no new fics containing her..... COME ON GUYS AND GET OFF YOUR ASSES – get with it and start tapping those things called the keyboards and add her to fics please. And not just as a cameo, but as a reappearing person) – Rant Over –

The following chapter will be a complete madhouse of references to my most beloved TV shows, so this serves as a warning to you all.

You may have noticed that I have created a new fic, any chance of you looking at the alerts you would have got and review that as well?

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner,

Regards:

Pixel

The Meeting Of Different Things

“DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY... TRA LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA!” sang the carol singers who comprised of Susan, Hermione and Rudi. They had decorated every floor of Grimmauld Place. Harry was sorely tempted to stun all three of them but managed to refrain from doing so. Hannah was busy with teaching James all about Christmas, and it had been the previous day when James had spoken his first word – ‘Dadda’ Hannah and Harry had hugged each other when they heard him and both cried with joy.

“We’re back” Luna said tiredly as she and Neville came in the living room. They had been doing last minute shopping, Neville was carrying several large shopping bags full of items ranging from presents down to food that would be eaten the next day, and Harry put the food away in cupboards.

“I hope we are going to have enough to eat tomorrow” he said, finishing the last of the bags.

“I expect so” Neville replied, “Luna got half the food in London” he smiled, then put an arm round Luna’s waist and pulled her close to him. Luna had a look of puzzlement on her face until Neville leaned down and kissed her on the lips and Luna closed her eyes as he did so.

“Mmm” she said softly, “That was nice” then she pointed her wand at the mistletoe she had got and floated it in front of her as she dragged Harry up the stairs.

“Looks like they have had enough for today” Susan laughed.

“Not Luna” Hannah chipped in. Rudi was now looking at the last letter she had got from Ben – from the previous Tuesday – and Harry beckoned to all three of his wives.

“Whats wrong?” Hermione enquired.

“Nothing” Harry said, “I just thought it might be time for the talk” and the women nodded an understanding. Harry got up and put on his cloak tight around himself before heading towards the door.

“Where are you going?” asked Hermione.

“Called a meeting of the Department heads because I have decided that there are things that must be taken care of. Laws have to be changed and laws have to be got rid off, and I’m the only one who can do this” Harry said, and he was almost out of the door when he stopped and waved his wand above his head, and Harry transfigured his clothing.

#

If you had asked Katharine Riottz if she was having a quiet Christmas, her answer would have been yes. She had finished the paperwork that had been sat on her desk for the last few weeks when a newly graduated Auror came running into her office.

“Mr Hornblower’s respects Madam, but he would like me to tell you that there is an exceptionally large badger in the Atrium” the Auror said.

“Pardon?” Riottz couldn’t believe her ears.

“There is a very large badger in the Atrium” the graduate said, “And it is armed with a wand” she added.

“If this is some kind of joke...” Riottz said as she got out her seat and followed the younger Auror through the corridors to the Atrium. Sure enough there was an exceptionally large badger standing in the middle of the Atrium, surrounded by two squads of Aurors. “What the fuck...?” Katharine swore softly, then muttered several obscene words which betrayed her Cuban descent. The badger was standing on two legs and had a golden underneath, grey hair like a wire brush and a knitted woollen hat and scarf round its head. Both the hat and the scarf had the letter “W” in thick red lettering set in a circle. Several people had tried to get it to wear clothes, but the badger seemed to be throwing them back with a very weak shield charm. When Riottz

got closer, the badger seemed to know her and slowly held out its hand and Riottz shook it hesitantly.

“Would you mind” the badger said, “If you could ask these fine young people to lower their wands? It would be a waste of time and effort if they attacked a friendly person... not to even mention thinking about attacking me though. I would simply swat them like flies” but Riottz shook her head.

“I’m afraid that it is quite impossible” she said, “You will have to hand over that wand and then go with the Aurors to be questioned” and the badger seemed to be smiling at her.

“I assume that the department heads are all in the normal place?” the badger asked, and Riottz could only nod numbly.

‘How the hell has this thing known where the heads are?’ she asked herself.

“That’s all I needed to know, and the badger took something light blue out of... somewhere (nobody was willing to say anything about it) and gave it a tap of its wand. The blue object sprang to a much bigger size and Riottz and several of the Aurors saw it was the same Tachikoma that Harry used.

‘What in the name of William Adama is going on?’ Riottz said, but the badger got inside the Tachikoma and it zoomed away and into a lift. Just before the doors closed, one of its arms rose in a salute, then the doors shut and the lift went upwards. Riottz and several others ran for the stairs as quickly as they could – running for the meeting room the department heads had gathered in. Even at a full run, it was almost ten minutes before she and the Aurors got to the correct floor and outside the meeting room was the Tachikoma. The Tachikoma seemed to be just sitting waiting, and Katharine Riottz led some of her ad hoc squad inside the room. Oddly, the various people inside had not been harmed in anyway, and in fact the badger was now in an arm wrestling match with Ludo Bagman – AND WINNING! The other department heads stood on the floor, chairs or the table cheering the pair on.

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"And that concludes the proper meeting" Harry said, then shuffled some papers. "There a few things that I want to make clear to everybody present in this room" and Mr Weasley held up his hand like a muggle school child.

"What is that Minister?" he asked, not knowing that the job was going to be his the next day.

Remember you're a Womble, Remember you're a Womble.
Remember you're a Womble, Remember you're a Womble.
Remember you're a Womble, Remember you're a Womble.
Remember you're a Womble, Remember you're a Womble.
Remember, member, member, what a Womble, Womble, Womble
you are!" Harry said, to astonished looked of the witches and wizards.
"Also, I am not going to do the washing up for Madam Cholet" and
everyone agreed. Whatever Harry wanted, Harry would almost
always get right away. He looked on his master map of the Ministry
and saw that the Aurors where creeping up on them in the room. He
put his head back on and then challenged Ludo Bagman to an arm
wrestling match.

#

"Let go of Mr Bagman, and back away slowly" Katharine Riottz said,
levelling her wand at the giant badger.

"I believe the penalty for pulling a wand on me is several years in
Azkaban" the badger said.

"What is your name?" Riottz asked.

"I am called Orinoco, but you may better know me as..." the badger
took off its own head to reveal Harry grinning at her.

"It's a bloody Womble!" laughed several of the muggleborn Aurors,
and those particular ones fell to the floor and rolled around laughing
their heads off. Harry flicked his wand at the door, and the Tachikoma
outside vanished into its small travelling size and then whizzed into

Harry's fur lined hand. He tossed several coins to Ludo Bagman, then out his head back on.

"If you'll excuse me" Womble-Harry said, "I have to catch the muggle tube and buses to a part of London before going home" and he left singing a tune that was very much like 'The Wombling Song' – or so it seemed in the minds of all Muggleborns in the room.

A/N:

Well a mash up of a few of my favourite shows which I'll list for you.

The not seen Mr Hornblower is named after the show Hornblower.

The Tachikoma comes from Ghost in The Shell SAC/2nd GiG.

The Wombles live in Wimbledon Common, and can not be seen often, though I did manage to spot one, one day and it was very friendly.

The name of the god William Adama comes from Battlestar Galactica.

I hope that you enjoyed this quick and dirty chapter. This fic is now on pause as I am COMPLETELY BURNED OUT and therefore can not write anymore of this fic until I have had a good long rest. I am also moving house so I'll be off for a week or two. I have however done a new fic which has the same name as my FanFic penname. I'd love it if you could visit my homepage and review it – thanks.

Any Queries to be sent via the Owl Post or messenger Patronus.

Using muggle e-mail is also acceptable

Regards

Burned Out Pixel

The Krytos Curse

The story of Harry The Womble had spread all around the Ministry. It showed that Harry had a sense of humour and didn't mind taking the Mickey out of himself. One of the more knowledgeable witches came to Harry and asked him if he would be able to do something for the kids in St Mungos – those that had to stay in the magical hospital on Christmas Day.

“What do you want me to do?” Harry asked.

“Well I know you dressed in a costume for that little stunt you played” the witch said, “So I was wondering if you could do the same thing and dress up as Father Christmas. It would cheer up the kids wouldn't it?” she asked. Harry agreed at once and said that he would do so at once, but he had a few things to take care of first. He put his Womble head on and headed down to the Auror Department and had magical photographs taken as a joke.

#

“Had a good time?” asked Hannah as Harry passed through the Floo in Grimmauld Place. Harry brushed himself down before answering his wife's question.

“Wasn't too bad. Scared some Ministry Aurors, held a Department heads meeting and challenged Ludo Bagman to an arm wrestling match, all the while dressed as a Womble” and Harry would have said more but he was hit by a Stunner.

“I need help here!” Rudi shouted, and then bound the still Wombleised Harry was about to hit him when Hannah stopped her.

“Its fine” she said, “Its Harry in a fancy dress costume” and Hannah waved her wand to bring Harry round. Harry gently massaged his head and then stood up and brushed himself down again.

“What do you think?” Harry asked Hannah, “Two weeks grounded and not to see Ben?” and Hannah got the wink.

"You are going soft" she told him. "I'd say three" and Harry nodded.

"Three weeks it is" and Rudi's jaw dropped at Harry agreeing.

"What... I... How..." she stopped as both the older teens looked at her with massive grins on their faces. "I swear I will hex you next time!" she yelled.

"Like this you mean?" Harry asked, and snapped his fingers. There was a bright flash and Rudi was now dressed in a cute Neon Pink Tutu ballerina outfit. Rudi glared at Harry and Hannah before stomping off to change. "Don't worry" he called after her, "All your other clothes are the same". Rudi screamed and ran out the room and up the stairs to her room.

"Did you really do that?" Hannah asked, snaking an arm around Harry's waist.

"Nope" he replied, "But she doesn't know that, does she?" he asked, and he grinned as Hannah guided him into a chair.

"So have anything to do later?" she asked.

"I'm going to St Mungos later" Harry said.

"What for?" asked Susan who was sat nearby.

"I was asked if I could make an appearance in the Children's Ward" and Harry told them about what the witch who had cornered him at the Ministry had asked for.

"I think that's a lovely idea" Hermione said, "Lots of Children will be there – some still from Voldemort's reign of terror" she added. "The kids will love it that you made the time to go and see them I bet that that will make them feel better" Hermione finished.

"When do you have to be there for?" asked Neville.

"Half two" Harry said.

“Why don’t we all go?” Luna said, “We can help to hand round presents” and the rest agreed it was a good idea.

“Hi” said a voice, and Natalie came out of the fireplace. “Hope I haven’t missed anything.

“Nothing much” Harry said, “We’re going to the Children’s Ward at St Mungos to entertain the kids there. I’m going there dressed as Santa Claus” he added.

“Count me in” Natalie said, “I’d like to do a little bit of help. It will pay them back for all of the effort they did to help me when I was ill. I would like that very much” and Harry smiled.

“I’ve had an idea” Hermione said, “If Harry is going as Father Christmas, then we could go as elves” and there was a moments silence.

“That would be great” Hannah said, and everyone enthusiastically agreed. The group spent the rest of the morning transfiguring clothes into Elf costumes, and Harry received a list of gifts that the children wanted for Christmas. He had popped over – literally – to each of the children’s houses to ensure that their families would be there when Santa came calling to the children’s wing. Harry looked at his watch and saw that there was almost twenty minutes till he did his job when he suddenly thought of something.

“What” he began, looking at the very active room, “Does Santa have?” Harry asked, and it was Hermione that came up with it. Harry suspected she would know as both he and Hermione had been raised as muggles.

“He has a sleigh” she answered.

“That’s right” Harry said. “And on that sleigh he has some reindeer, eight in total. I say we go and get some” he added.

“Where do we get some from?” Luna asked.

“We get them from the New Forrest” Rudi said, speaking up quickly before Hermione could answer first. She had remembered seeing them whilst they had been on the run.

“That’s an excellent idea” Harry said, and he asked Hermione to come with him to do the necessary magic as he was sure that she knew the spells better than he did.

#

“Is he ready?” Hannah asked for the seventh time.

“I’ll find out” Susan said, and snuck his head round the door of the bathroom. “You done?” she called, and the door open fully to reveal Harry in a red coloured Santa suit.

“I’m glad I went for a pillow stuffed down the front” he said, “Though I now know how you girls feel when pregnant” Harry shook his head in mock pain.

“Harry?” Neville popped his head round the door. “Hermione says everyone is ready” and Harry nodded. He followed Neville, Hannah and Susan down the stairs and into the living room which had been cleared of furniture. In its place stood a large red sleigh and eight reindeer which had been transfigured from the deer they had captured. Hermione would turn them back and release them back into the forest afterwards.

“Wow” was all that Harry could say. All his family and friends were dressed in Lincoln Green elf outfits complete with matching hats with bells on with made tinkling noises when they moved their heads. Neville and the late addition of Ben wore green trousers while the girls wore skirts with green tights.

“We’ll go now” Luna said, “And we’ll give you a call when it’s all set for you to make your appearance” and the elves set off to St Mungos.

Having nothing better to do with his time, Harry sat on the sofa and started to flick through a book on Voldemort that had been written in time for the first anniversary of the Battle of Hogwarts. Harry

preferred to use the term “Battle of the Line” in order to distinguish it from the first battle of Hogwarts when they had gone on the run from Voldemort and his followers. As he sat alone in Grimmauld Place, Harry’s mind wondered on what those who had died would’ve been doing if they had not fallen. Lavender would have been drooling over the latest boyfriend of hers, while her gossip comrade in arms Parvati would have been celebrating both Christmas and a Hindu festival. Dean and Seamus would have been looking at the girls and pouring over the latest sports news. Harry chuckled when he remembered the time Dean had got Seamus to play football. The ball had flown right onto Seamus’s head and the Irish boy turned and blew it apart with a Blasting Hex. He actually knew very little about the rest of the dead Gryffindors, so he could only think about those he knew. Harry was silently thinking when he heard Hannah’s voice in his head. Using their mind link, she told him that now was as good a time as any. Thanking her, Harry got up and jumped onto the sleigh. Concentrating a bit due to the large scale of Apparating everything he had to apparate, Harry, sleigh and all vanished in a flash of light to come into focus inside a brightly painted room. Every single child in the room stared at him in amazement with wide open mouths at the sight of him. Knowing he should act the part, he raised a gloved covered hand.

“HO HO HO!” he said with a deep booming voice. “Merry Christmas everyone” and Harry got off the sleigh and gave the reindeer each a pat on the head. “I hope you have all been good boys and girls” he said, and twenty five heads went up and down in the universal sign of the word “Yes”, and Harry smiled under the beard he wore as part of the costume.

“Santa?” it was Hannah. “We have made sure they have all been especially good this year. They played a part in defeating that naughty boy called Voldemort” and Harry was sorely tempted to laugh madly. Voldemort was everything to do with evil, but to call him a ‘Naughty Boy’ was just sheer humour.

“And that’s why he got lumps of coal in his stocking every year” Santa-Harry said sage like. He went over to the nearest child and one of the child’s parents got up and offered his seat to him. The little girl hurried over and sat on Santa-Harry’s knee like she had been told

she had to do. “What do you want, Kimberly?” Harry asked, and the girl’s eyes went wide as Harry used her name.

“I would like a nice dolly, a tea set and to get better” Kimberly said in an awe filled voice.

“Lets see what we can do shall we?” Harry asked, and he motioned to one of the waiting elves – in this case Susan. Susan made a show of looking around a brought out several packages. She brought them over to him, and Harry handed them in tern to the little girl. Kimberly wasted no time in getting off Harry’s knee and finding out that she had got both the tea set and the doll. The third package was a small glass vial that Harry had personally wrapped himself.

“Whats that?” Kimberly asked.

“Your third wish” Harry said, then got up and moved over to the next bed. Again the child got on Harry’s knee like Kimberly had done. “And what do you want, Tommy?” Harry asked the boy.

“I’d like an Harry Potter action figure, a toy broomstick and what everyone else wants – to get out of here” Tommy said, and Hannah handed Harry the objects who passed them to Tommy. He moved over to the next bed where a small Asian looking girl was sat with her parents. Harry guessed that she was Chinese. “What do you want Trini?” Harry asked in flawless and perfect Mandarin.

“I’d like some dolls, some joke things from WWW and Harry Potter’s autograph” Trini said, and like Kimberly and Tommy before her she got what she asked for. Harry spent several hours of Christmas Eve afternoon with the children and their families, playing several party games and enjoying a small feast that had come from nowhere. It was a lot of happy faces that saw Harry climb into the sleigh with his family and friends and vanish from sight.

#

It was the sound of James crying that woke Harry from his sleep, and Harry left his bedroom to go to his son’s aid. It was rather odd that he could not hear Hannah or Susan. Harry found his son in the living

room and he picked him up and sorted him with some warm milk to quieten him down – it worked quite well as he promptly went to sleep as soon as Harry put him in the baby rocker. As he stood up, he couldn't see or hear the two of his three wives who were in the house. He went into the kitchen to see if they had put up a silencing charm, but he detected no wards around. This made Harry concerned and he dropped his hand down to where he could get his wand out quickly if need be. He cautiously opened the door and looked in. The first thing he saw was pans and half cooked food all over the floor. Lying in this epicentre of mess was Hannah and Susan. Harry ran over them and checked pulses and ensured that they both were still breathing. Harry simply pointed his wand and blasted the door of its hinges and then levitated the two girls onto the sofa that Harry enlarged using wandless magic. Harry was about to put in an Emergency Floo call to St Mungos when the front door opened and Neville, Luna and Natalie came in carrying Hermione. They laid her on the even more enlarged sofa and the three told Harry about how when they had been shopping, Hermione had suddenly clutched her stomach and heart and just dropped unconscious to the ground. Natalie used the Floo to go directly to St Mungos and grab the first two medics she saw and bring them back with her.

“Take this” Luna said, and she helped Harry to wrap Harry's three wives up in a blanket. Natalie apparated directly into the sitting room with three medi-witches and they set to work on diagnosing the trouble. It took Harry a full five seconds to realise that the one in charge was Madame Pomfrey. She stopped her work in order to address Harry directly.

“I'm afraid they have been hit by a powerful curse” she said.

“All... All three of them?” Harry asked. He couldn't understand how Hannah and Susan had been affected, though someone hitting Hermione would account for her being affected – but Luna, Neville and Natalie all claimed that nothing struck Hermione except for two small flower pots that fell off a stall in the local market.

“All three of them” Pomfrey confirmed, voice wavering. “We...” her voice trailed off as though she was afraid of what to say towards Harry.

“What?” Harry said, and his voice held the tone that he only used when he was extremely angry.

“We detected a powerful and dark curse of the worst kind” Pomfrey flinched as she knew Harry was sometimes liable to magically explode when faced with bad news. She didn’t get blasted because Harry nodded slowly.

“Voldemort” he said – though not as a question but more of a statement, then he looked down at his three wives. “What do you know about it?” Harry asked Pomfrey.

“I know about it” Madam Pomfrey replied. “It is known as the Krytos Curse and is very lethal. It was designed by Voldemort himself to affect the wives of those that chose not to follow him”.

“How does it work?” Harry asked, and he slowly began to break down.

“The Krytos Curse was... is designed to kill the wives who have had or are expecting children... though the children are unaffected by the curse” Pomfrey recited the explanation as if she was reading from a textbook. “It affects the life-force of the target and shuts down the body systematically” she looked at her team of Healers, to Hannah, Susan and Hermione and then finally back to Harry. “Not even your magic transfer would do the job” she said shaking her head. Poppy Pomfrey believed that things would be better for Harry, and she expected to take part in no more wars ever again in the remainder of her life.

“Is there nothing we can do for them?” asked Harry, tears running down his face at the thought of losing his wives; and the unborn children Susan and Hermione carried.

“There used to be, but it is no longer possible” Pomfrey said.

“What is it?” Harry asked sharply.

“Voldemort killed one of our top researchers and had the cure to the Krytos Curse placed in a cave. The cave is under heavy

enchancements and is located in an unplotable island in the middle of the Mediterranean Ocean” Pomfrey said, and Natalie suddenly picked up her ears.

“Atlantis!” she said, excited despite the situation.

“Bloody hell” Harry said, and fell backwards. He would have fallen on to his backside, but Luna used a modified version of the Accio spell to send a chair towards Harry.

“It was placed in the monolith and sealed under heavy enhancements, and has many dark sea creatures surrounding it. The monolith is heavily guarded and all who have tried for it have failed and died. Not even your level of magic would be useful to get past them all” Pomfrey continued. “The creatures have to be killed before the shields go down, but it is so deep that Gillyweed would not be of much use to you and the same for a bubblehead charm as well” she added. Pomfrey was interrupted by one of the other healers as the second whispered something into her ear. “We have to take them to St Mungos where we can slow down the Curses progress”

“How much will that buy them?” Harry asked, wiping his tears with his shirt sleeve.

“A matter of three or four days” Pomfrey said, then without another word to Harry or the others, she and the other healers vanished with Hannah, Susan and Hermione. As soon as they had left, the fireplace flared up and Ben, Rudi and Neville all came through. Harry couldn’t remember hearing or seeing Neville leave as he was busy worrying about his family. Rudi ran over to Harry and hugged him.

“Neville told us what happened” Rudi said, but Harry only partly heard her. His mind was trying to get round the latest disaster to be piled onto the Potters. Natalie came up to them with a mug in her hand.

“Tea” she said, then shrugged when Harry looked blankly at her. “It helps when I’m sad” Natalie tried to get a reaction from Harry but got none except that he took the tea from her. Nobody dared to speak or move while Harry drank and it was only when he suddenly slammed it on to the table that they jumped.

“How does the magical world go underwater?” he asked Neville.

“Gillyweed or bubblehead charm” he answered automatically, “There’s no other way to do it” and Neville worried about his fellow Gryffindor. Harry meanwhile turned towards Natalie.

“How do muggles go underwater?” he asked her.

“They use a diving suit” Natalie replied, “Or they use a submarine... THAT’S IT” she cried out.

“What?” asked Luna.

“We need to get hold of a submarine and go and visit Atlantis” Harry said, and the statement sounded simple, but the others knew it wasn’t that simple at all.

“Where do we get one of these... submarines from?” Ben asked.

“We can either hire one, which would be expensive but not outside my funds” Harry said, “Or we can go to the muggle government and get one off the Royal Navy” he said – quite seriously.

“Steering the Missouri was one thing” Luna said, “But I don’t think that the muggles will just let you take a submarine. You’d have to modify the memories of everyone who looked after it, and explain why it came back in a used condition” and Luna was not being nasty to Harry, she was just pointing out the obvious to him.

“We don’t have to steal one” Harry said, smiling weakly. “The muggle and magical worlds owe us a great deal in gratitude” he said. “I intend to go and get the cure for this curse and I’ll go on my own if I have to” and there was silence for several seconds.

“I’m the only one here that’s familiar with Atlantis as much as you are, Harry” Natalie said to him, “I’m in” she smiled.

“Anyone else?” he asked. Luna and Neville looked at each. Both felt like they had been neglecting Harry lately.

"We're in" Luna said.

"And you'll might need somebody who is small enough to get into small spaces" Rudi said, "I'll go pack a small case then" and before Harry could say anything she bounded up the stairs to her room.

"Harry?" it was Ben, "I don't know you as long as the rest or Rudi, but I want to thank you for everything you did to save my life. If theres one thing I've learned after knowing you, then it's that family sticks together... I'm in" he finished, then walked upstairs to go after Rudi.

"God Bless you" Harry said, so softly that only Natalie could hear him, Harry shook his head then spoke louder. "Natalie? You just became my information source. Go to Flourish and Blotts and get every book that mentions Atlantis. I'm going to need to know everything there is to know about it..." Harry gave a grim laugh, "Charge it to Vault 666 will you?" and Natalie Floo'd away with her mission in hand.

"What do you want us to do?" Neville asked.

"There are going to be magical creatures that not many people will know about" Harry said thoughtfully, I need you to look through your fathers notes and see if theres anything that will help us, Luna" and the blond haired girl nodded and ran to her joint bedroom with Neville.

"And me?" Neville asked.

"I need you to go re-read that book of Mediterranean plants you got in 4th year" Harry said, and Neville realised that Harry was making the use of each persons talents.

"And you?" Harry's fellow Gryffindor asked.

"I'm going to get us a sub" Harry said, and apperated away taking James with him as he did so.

#

Almost everyone was gathered in the living room in order for Harry to explain the details of the submarine he had come up with and to go over the plan. They just waited for Natalie to come back, and Harry would be ready. He had gone to Hannah's parents house only to find that no body was at home. He went to St Mungos where he found them both by Hannah's bedside – guarded by 20 Aurors and Griphook himself.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't know a thing" Harry said, sounding very tired – as well he might be.

"Its not your fault, Harry" Hannah's father said, "Nobody could have known that Voldemort (he shuddered) cast that curse at all" and then Hannah's father looked down at James. "What is he here for?" he asked.

"I've been told of a cure that will help save Hannah's life as well as that of our fellow wives" Harry had said, bending gently so Hannah's mother could take hold of him. "I don't want to take my son out into danger where he could be harmed or worse. Please look after him... even if I don't make it back" and Harry paused for a moment before pressing on, "I have got more then enough for James to live fifteen thousand times before he runs out of money. If I don't make it, tell him about his parents"

Both sets of parents looked at each other (though this was just how Hannah lay) and all three nodded while James gurgled knowingly. Being a good two and a half meant that he understood some of what was going on. Harry leant down to kiss Hannah on the forehead, then Susan and Hermione. Then he left the private room they had been put in and found a healer.

"I want you to get Hermione's parents here... just in case" he told him.

"But aren't they muggles...?" the healer melted at Harry's stare.

"If you have a problem with that, then please call Mr Arthur Weasley to check" and Harry decided a little power was needed to be shown. He looked for a vase which was not being used. "Watch" he said, and pointed a finger at it. It rose three feet into the air off the desk it had

been sitting on, and then Harry twisted his fingers and the Vase snapped into a shower of tiny fragments. "That is what will happen to you if you do not do as I ask" and Harry apparated away with such force that he knocked the healer off his feet with the blastwave.

The fireplace burst into life and out came Natalie with books in her hand, and Harry assumed that she was alone and so was surprised when a tall man came out of the fireplace a moment later.

"James Kirk!" Harry said, instantly knowing the man. He got up and shook him by the hand.

"Natalie explained what has happened" Kirk said. "I know a bit about dark sea creatures as my parents studied them and the ones that protect Atlantis in particular" Kirk paused. "I understand that you are going to use muggle machines to get to Atlantis" and Harry nodded. "I was top of our year at Salem in Muggle Studies so I'm coming along to help" and Harry was grateful.

"Thank you" Harry said. "I have managed to get hold of a submarine called H.M.S Wulfler and it should suit us perfectly well. The crew has been told that it is a TOP SECRET mission we are going on, and the best news is that the Wulfler is in Gibraltar so we don't have to go far at all. We will just apparate directly to a quiet spot of the shipyard and then sail for Atlantis" he paused for a moment to look at both Rudi and Ben. "We are going to be living with Muggles for a bit" he said, "Be careful to not mention anything about the Magical world" and both nodded understanding.

"Can we keep our wands?" asked Ben.

"Why not?" Harry said, "In fact I insist on it" and Kirk said he had his with him at all times. "Everyone grab your stuff and get ready to roll" Harry said, "Three... two... one... NOW!" and Harry apparated the entire lot of them to a quiet part of the shipyard.

Harry and Natalie changed their clothes as well as those of Luna and Neville into correct Royal Navy uniforms while Ben, Rudi and Kirk changed theirs into smart casual clothes. After getting their bearings, they headed towards the Wulfler. The Wulfler was a large, black and

intimidating submarine tied up to the dockyard. Two armed guards stood at the bottom of the ramp that led from the dockside to the boat itself. They stopped Harry and party before they stepped on the metal walkway.

"Identity papers please" one guard requested. Harry drew out pre prepared papers that showed him as the new Commanding Officer of the H.M.S Wulfler and he was to take her on a TOP SECRET mission. They both let Harry and his group past, and as Harry, Natalie, Luna and Neville reached the top of the gangway, they saluted the quarter deck. They entered the sub using a hatch built into the sail to discover an almost deserted control room. Only a few crew members milled around, tuning bits of equipment or doing other such business.

"CAPTAIN ON DECK!" somebody yelled and the crew stiffened at once. Harry only just managed to suppress a smile. They thought he was a proper Captain, and not somebody who had the rank for saving the entire world.

"By order of the Admiralty I, Harry James Potter, do assume command of this boat as of this time. We are to go on a TOP SECRET mission to recover something important. We will leave in three hours. Please recall all personal and get them onboard an hour before we leave. I need to talk to all senior officers at once" Harry hoped that he was good at impersonating a Captain and it seemed he was doing a good job. The crew sprang into action as orders got shouted around the control room, and one officer came forward to shake Harry's hand.

"I'm Lieutenant Green" he said, "Welcome Aboard, Sir. What shall I do about your... guests?" he asked.

"I want you to arrange quarters for them all" Harry said. "Commander Longbottom is my second in command for this trip and Commanders Longbottom and MacDonald are my tactical advisors. I want all three of them placed near to my cabin" Harry ordered.

"Aye Aye, Sir" Green said, "We have few senior officers onboard as we where due to be decommissioned next week. All that we have left is basic watch keeping and a few trainees and three chiefs working

out their twenty, thirty or forty years service. There are plenty of cabins.” Green lowered his voice a little. “We have heard that she is to be broken up... is that true?” he asked Harry.

“It was, but I expect that things will work out right in the end” Harry said.

“Yes, Sir” Green replied, then looked at Ben, Rudi and James Kirk.. “Shall I have them escorted off?” he asked.

“Hmm?” Harry said, looking at the chart on the plotting table. “Oh them? Miss Dykes and Mr Tennyson are not children, they have a growth deformity. They are from the Ministry and require cabins as well. Mr Kirk here, is from the American Embassy and will serve as an advisor to me and to them” and Green hurried to obey Harry’s orders.

“Harry?” Rudi whispered as she passed him.

“Yes?” Harry whispered back.

“Stop showing off” Rudi smiled, then walked off to her new cabin.

“No” Harry mouthed. He had gained the impression that the vessel was almost dead, but now it seemed to come alive. Harry glanced around the control room and saw that Luna was still stood next to him. He pointed to the plotting table and they moved towards it so they could have a measure of privacy. “Am I doing the best thing?” he asked her.

“Maybe or maybe not” Luna said quietly, “But it is the right thing to do” and Harry looked relieved.

“I was thinking that I was doing things too quickly” he admitted to her.

“You are only using the abilities and skills that you have gained” Luna replied calmly. That was one of the things he loved about Luna – her calmness in almost any situation and the fact she knew the pain that Harry had been through. There was times when he and Luna would go to the Room of Requirement to just talk about Harry’s emotions

concerning the dead. If Hannah, Susan and Hermione knew about what they did, then none of them said anything to him. There were things that Harry wanted to keep secret from them, even if it hurt a lot inside him to do so.

“Sir?” it was Green again. “I forgot to say that we only have two officers other than those you came aboard with... and myself” he added weakly.

“Who?” asked Harry.

“We have the Chief Engineer and the Electronic Warfare Officer” the lieutenant said.

“What is your job?” Luna asked.

“I am the Navigator, Ma’am” Green said, “Although when this is finished, I’ll be plotting the course to the scrap yard I expect” and the officer sounded regretful.

“You sound as if you don’t want this to be scrapped” Harry said.

“It’s my first ship, sir” Green said, then he looked at his watch. “Time for the meeting” he said.

“Can we leave someone in charge here?” Harry asked.

“I’ll do it” Green said, but Harry shook his head.

“You are one of the senior officers” Harry smiled, “Leave one of the chiefs up here... I’m sure they wouldn’t mind being in charge of this old girl” and Green nodded, and turned to one of the chiefs, telling him that he had the Conn. Green led the way to the wardroom where the other senior officers waited as well as the group of Neville, Natalie, Rudi, Ben and James Kirk. As he entered, the proper officers stood respectfully for Harry. “Thank you all for coming” Harry said.

“It was nothing, sir” said the older of the two officers. He partly stood up and stretched out his hand. “I’m Commander Montgomery Scott, Chief Engineer” and Scott saw Harry nearly laugh. “My name is often

a source of amusement sir... but I'd take a submarine over a spaceship any day of the week" and Harry asked him how many years he had served, explaining that he hadn't the time to look over the service jackets. "I've served in the Navy for forty years, this was my last vessel before retiring from the service" and Scott mentioned he was looking forward to retirement.

"I'm Lieutenant Commander Homer Simpson - Electronic Warfare Officer" the other officer said shaking Harry's hand. "Whats the mission?" he asked jovially.

"We are to search for something in the middle of the Mediterranean. The trouble is that we might have to shoot and kill subs that have been sent to stop us" Harry neglected to say that the other subs where in fact Dark Creatures placed there by Voldemort. They wouldn't understand the magical world if it came out and bit them. "Will this boat be able to fight?" he asked.

"She'll fight" Scott said proudly, "Even if I have to get out, push and throw rocks at them"

"I hope it doesn't come to that" Harry said.

"What about torpedoes?" Green asked.

"We'll get some before we leave dockside" Harry said, remembering his discussion with the Admiralty. As senior people of the muggle government, they knew about the magical world. "There will also be some more... potent weapons" he added, hinting at the most powerful weapons that muggles had invented.

"What about our supplies?" asked Green, whose first names he had said was Peter.

"Supplies as in what exactly?" asked Neville.

"As we expected to be sent to the scrap yard, we only have enough to feed ourselves for about another week" Green said.

“Order it right away” Harry said very simply. “If you have any problems, then give them this” and Harry handed Green a handwritten note. It was very old fashioned paper and was secured with a wax seal

“May I look inside?” Green asked.

“It can’t hurt” Harry said. Green looked at Scott and Simpson and then opened it.

TO,

Who It May Concern – HMNB Gibraltar.

I, Elizabeth II, Queen of England Wales Scotland and Northern Island, do command that you aid the bearer in every possible way, and that you do so in the most expeditious manner possible.

Elizabeth R

“I have never seen anything like it in all my years in the service” Scott said, awe filling his voice. He looked up from the note to look at Harry. “I’ll have my department ready as if she was straight out the shipyard, sir” and he left the wardroom. Harry looked at his watch and then at the other officers.

“I want to be gone in under two hours” he said, “I don’t care how you do it just get everything on that list. Don’t bother about the crew” Harry added, “We’ll go with what we have” and after more discussions, Green and Simpson left the tiny room and Harry was left alone with his friends.

“So what do we do?” asked Natalie.

“We go round the boat and make sure we are ready to leave” Neville said.

“Are we going to pull this off?” Luna asked.

“Of course” Ben and Rudi said at the same time.

“Harry can do almost anything” Rudi went on, “Harry believed in us... we should believe in him” and she stared at the rest as if daring them to say otherwise.

“Thank you” Harry said quietly. “Theres not going to be enough officers to man every position on the sub, so I need you to fill those places” he asked.

“Aye Aye, Captain” Natalie said, and threw Harry a rather good salute. One by one the others smiled and agreed to help man the sub.

#

“Are we ready to depart?” Harry asked Neville.

“Yes, sir” Neville said, trying not to grin. After fighting Voldemort, it seemed easy to pretend to be naval officers, though it was much easier for Harry and Natalie as they had both been raised as muggles.

“Lets get this boat moving then” Harry said, and picked up the intercom mic. “All Hands, this is the Captain speaking. We are about to depart from the dockside. Engineering? Are all the systems powered and ready?” he asked.

“Scott here, sir” came the slightly static filled voice of Scott, “The reactor is at 85 percent power and within safety regulations. And all systems show normal”

“Thank you” Harry said, “You do not have to answer this next call” he added. “All stations... status report” he ordered.

“Torpedo Room. Fully operational, Captain!”

“Sonar. All arrays are good” Natalie stuck her head out from a small section of the control room that had a curtain that could be closed or opened depending on the situation at the time.

“Electronic Warfare. All Counter and Counter-counter systems are ready” Simpson said.

“Weapons Control. We are working more or less all right. My board shows eight torpedoes and two missiles on board”

“Galley reporting. We are secure sir”

“Ah excellent” Harry said at large to the still open mic, “At least dinner is safe” and there was a slight sound of laughter.

“Navigation. I have plotted a course out of the harbour and into the open water.

“Diving planes check out as working” Neville said. He had pitched in and was standing next to the diving board. It showed that the diving planes were in ‘surface’ state and ready to be used when Harry ordered it.

“Very well” Harry said. “Let go bow lines fore and aft, and engage engines at five knots until we are clear to proceed into open waters and get on with our mission” and at that moment Luna called over from Communications.

“Theres a message from the Albion” she said.

“What is it?” Harry asked.

“It says ‘Nice to see the elderly getting around... will keep the retirement home open with a room for you’. Cheeky buggers” she muttered. Harry could feel Scott’s reaction from the aft.

“Send this as a reply” he said. “Age before beauty. Older people know more and are wiser. Who has got more trophies than you? Just send that” Harry said, and Luna grinned at him and set to her task. “As we go past the Albion, hit her with all of our active sonars and weapons systems without warning. That ought to teach them not to mess with us” Harry said, and the older members of the crew instantly liked Harry. They shook the crew of the Albion up quite a bit, and Harry ordered them right into clear waters.

“Clear waters reached, Captain” Green reported.

"I have a few merchant vessels on the scopes, but nothing to worry us about" Natalie said.

"Right then, lets get this mission under way" Harry said. "Lieutenant Green, submerge the ship please" and Green nodded.

"Aye Aye, sir" and Green picked up the intercom mic. "ALL HANDS. DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!" and the man pressed a button on a console. Alarms started to sound and the crew that stood on deck rushed in through open access hatches and closed them tightly so the water would not flood in. When every one was verified as being inside, the Wulfler slipped noiselessly and effortlessly under the water.

"Mr Green, start your course please" Harry ordered.

"Aye, sir" Green replied. "Helm? Steer course 097. Speed is 14 Knots" and Harry, Neville, Luna, Rudi, Ben, Natalie and Kirk began their mission to save Harry's wives. The watch on duty went about their duties and sailed the ship under the warm waters, going underneath many of the ships on the surface.

"How far to we reach our first search area?" Harry asked.

"Three hours" Green said. "The charts we have received show at least three possible places to look for our objective" and he pointed it out on the chart to Harry.

"You have the Conn" Harry said, "I'll be in the wardroom with both Commander Longbottoms, and Commander MacDonald" and Green smiled.

"Aye, sir. I have the Conn" and Harry left the control room with Luna, Neville and Natalie in tow behind him. The four of them found Rudi and Ben sat there eating a sandwich each. "Didn't think it would take you long to find the food" Harry smirked and Rudi glared at Harry. They all sat round the table and discussed the mission at hand – saving Hannah, Susan and Hermione.

“The thing I don’t understand is how it could affect all three of them? Voldemort couldn’t have known that you married Hermione” Neville said.

“The curse affects people regardless of when they where married” Natalie said. Now that they where alone, Harry let down his shield of happiness. He didn’t know what to think or do as his mind centred on his three wives. He felt that it was his fault because of the fact that they where part of his inner circle – and of his family. Harry hoped that there was a cure in Atlantis because he would feel so empty and devoid of meaning if they were killed because of this curse that Voldemort had placed them under. Part of him regretted that they hadn’t taken him prisoner and forced Truth serum down his throat and therefore find out what curses and evil spells he had cast on people.

“Harry?” it was Luna shaking him awake from his thoughts. “Are you all right?” she asked.

“I don’t know” Harry replied, “I just feel... I don’t know how I feel to be honest. I just feel useless and that theres nothing that I can do, or that I should be at their bedsides waiting for something to happen” and Rudi shuffled over to him and put an arm around him tightly.

“You are The-Boy-Who-Lived. If anybody can do this, its you” she said, and Harry cheered up a little bit. He lowered his head and kissed the top of her head.

“Thanks” he sniffed.

“Anytime” Rudi said.

“Perhaps you should go and get some sleep” Neville suggested.

“Theres too much for me to do” Harry said.

“We have nothing to do for the next few hours. Go to the Captain’s cabin and get some sleep please” Luna begged. “You will gain nothing by sitting and being sad for yourself. If anything, you just get yourself ill as well” she added.

"But..." Harry began, but Neville cut him off.

"You always take responsibility for everything, and try to do everything yourself as if it is your job" Neville closed his eyes for a moment, before opening them to continue speaking, "We can do this almost as good as you can do. We trust you, at least trust us to watch over this tub until we get to the search zone" he asked, and Harry looked at him and then the others one by one and then nodded.

"I don't suppose that any of you brought..." Harry was about to ask for a Dreamless sleep potion when Natalie got one out of her uniform pocket.

"I thought you might want one or two" she smiled. Natalie handed the vial over and Harry thanked her.

"Go" Ben said, and he made shooing motions with his hands.

"I'm going" Harry said, and he left the compartment in search for the Captain's cabin.

"I'm worried about him" Luna said.

"I know what you mean" Neville agreed, "All of this trouble is causing him pain. Not just this but everything that has ever happened to him".

"This summer was the first time that he could relax and be himself for once. Every year since he came to Hogwarts, he has had to face Voldemort or one of his cronies" Luna said. "He feels as if everything is his fault because people get punished for supporting him. If Hannah, Susan and Hermione all die, then I fear that it will destroy him. He might well try to kill himself in that case" and they all nodded as they knew the deep depths that Harry could get to. If only they could do something to help him, but there was nothing anyone could think of.

"Maybe we should follow Harry's example and get some sleep" Rudi yawned, and one by one they left the cramped compartment leaving only Neville and Luna alone.

“What are you going to do?” Neville asked Luna, after making sure that the door was quite shut.

“I’m going to go to where he is and use my gift on him” Luna said. One thing that Luna didn’t tell a lot of people was that she was able to enter people’s minds. She couldn’t do occulemsy like Harry could, but she could read peoples minds and sense how they truly felt about things.

“Are you sure?” Neville asked, concerned his wife would put herself through something like that.

“It’s for Harry’s health” Luna said, hugging him and laying her head on his chest – feeling the warmth through the clothes he wore.

“I know... it’s just that I worry when you do use your gift” Neville said, stroking Luna’s dirty blond hair gently. When Luna used her gift for more then five seconds, she would get tired very quickly, and on two separate occasions had actually fallen unconscious. It took her several hours to re-awaken. And the last time she had used it was when she and Neville had made love. And that was because she had taken a Stamina Potion as well as her husband so they could make love through the night.

“I know you worry about me, but I’ll be all right” Luna said, “Harry is asleep so I will be able to last longer before I need to pull out of his mind” and then she straighten up from Neville. “What will you be doing?” she asked.

“I’m going to take over from that Lieutenant” he said, “I don’t think that I would be able to sleep” Neville admitted, and Luna suddenly wondered what he would do if herself was suffering from the Krytos Curse.

A/N:

Well I hope you like this chapter very much.

I am now back from my break and have had quite a nice time off actually. Went and did some cooking, visited a beach, went on a preserved train line several (hundred) times and just really enjoyed myself thoroughly.

So...

Harry's troubles with Voldemort are not over yet, and he has to find a cure for his wives before they die of the Krytos Curse. The Krytos Curse is named after the 3rd book in the X-Wing series.

HMS Wulfler does not exist, but is a sort of cameo to a faithful story reviewer, who dodges bullets, bombs in Iraq to read my latest updates. Albion did exist and was a troop, helicopter and commando carrier ship. We (Britain) do have a small naval base in Gib, that's why the Spanish get so tetchy when we dock a nuke sub there!

Scott, Simpson and Green all appear in TV programmes. Scott – Star Trek, Simpson – The Simpsons and Green – Captain Scarlet.

I hope you like the action, and to answer budrick1701e's questions... yes the talk will happen in the near future, and will be embarrassing. I just need somebody to help me with the girly side of it – that's all.

Reviews and PM's in the normal manner please.

Regards:

Pixel And Stephanie Forever

Beating Defences / Voldemort's Final Death / Repaying Debts

"Captain to the Control Room... repeat... Captain to the Control Room" Green's voice repeated the message. Harry opened his eyes, feeling as if somebody had been in his mind and calmed his thoughts and fears. He quickly dressed and went to the control room.

"Whats up?" he asked.

"We've found what we are looking for" Green said, barely containing the excitement in his voice. "We found a target in the last of the search zones" and Harry was pleased.

"I have the Conn" Harry said formally.

"I am relieved" Green said, and he went over to the plotting table. "We've seen what looks like a ruined city on the seabed" and Harry raised his eyebrows.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"We was once used to carry out a survey of the seabed around Gibraltar and the surrounding area. We were equipped with a remote operating probe and it wasn't removed at the end of the mission" Green explained.

"What else have you found out?" Harry asked him.

"According to the survey probe and sonar, there is an island about forty miles away. It appears to have a hollow inside and does indeed have an opening on the underside..." Green was cut off by a call from the Sonar operator.

"I have sub-surface contacts, Captain" the operator said.

"Can you identify?" Harry asked.

"No" the operator said, "But they are definably taking an aggressive posture" and he turned back to his controls.

“What is the range?” Harry enquired.

“4,000 yards and closing” and Harry groaned.

“Is this the enemy?” asked Green and Harry nodded.

“It sure is” he replied, and Harry took a moment before picking up the intercom. All over the Wulfer, a shrill whistle could be heard, telling all on board that someone was about to speak. Harry would have spoken, but something hit the boat with such a force, that people got thrown around. Alarms started sounding in the control room and all over the ship. Harry had to assume that the Dark creatures that Voldemort had placed as guards could shoot spells or something. “ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS. SET CONDITION ONE THROUGHOUT THE BOAT. ACTION STATIONS ACTION STATIONS! SET CONDITION ONE THROUGHOUT THE BOAT!” and Harry replaced the mic on its hook. “Cut those bloody alarms off. Damage report!” he ordered.

“Whatever hit us, hit the sail” Green reported, after consulting with the Damage Control board.

“Torpedo Room. Request permission to arm Weapons”

“Permission granted. Arm torpedo tubes one and two” Harry ordered.

“What the hell happened?” Neville asked as he came skidding into the control room with the others in close pursuit.

“We found the enemy” Harry said. “Take what you want” he said, and they all rushed to get to a station.

“Four crew injured” Luna said, glancing at a piece of paper shoved at her. It looked lucky for them that so few had been injured.

“Weapons” Harry called, “Prepare to fire. Sonar... get me a bearing quickly on the closest target” and Natalie deferred to the regular operator as he bent to his set.

“Bearing 050, distance 3000 yards and closing” the operator reported.

“Lock weapons onto target and prepare to fire” Harry said, but there was no reply from the Weapons console. “Whats happened to weapons?” asked Harry.

“The chief got knocked out when we got hit” Luna said. “Theres nobody who is experienced enough to do it” and the first person Harry looked at was Kirk.

“You do it” eh said.

“Me?” Kirk asked, blanching at the thought.

“Just pretend that you are a Captain in the American navy” Harry said, “Ever heard of Captain Kirk?” and Kirk smiled as he got exactly what he meant.

“Aye Aye” Kirk said, and rushed over to the console and pushed a few buttons. “Weapons locked” he declared.

“FIRE!” Harry yelled, and the entire boat felt the thud and the sounds of two torpedoes being launched.

“Torpedoes running normal... ten seconds to target” came the voice from the sonar operator. Having nothing better to do, Green picked up the mic and dialled inter-ship.

“All hands, brace for explosion” and he grabbed hold of the most sturdy part of the ship he could get his hands on.

“Five...” Neville said, “Four... three... two... one... IMPACT!” and at that moment a massive explosion could be felt right through the boat. The shockwave from the explosion sent crew flying from their stations and many hit bulkheads.

“Direct hit!” Luna said. She had ended up near the sonar operator. As she stood up straighter, she saw the operator with his head on the controls and Luna put her hand on his shoulders in order to rouse him. “Are you all right?” she asked and when she shook the man’s shoulders, his head rolled to the side and blood spurted onto Luna’s

hand. She recoiled like her hand was on fire and stared at the body with frozen terror.

“Fuck” Natalie said, “NEVILLE!” she yelled and Neville made his way over to them. “He’s dead, and Luna got hit with his blood” and she glanced around. “Nobody’s looking” she muttered quietly.

“Right” Neville said, and cast a Scourgify on Luna. While this was going on, Harry was yelling orders to the crew.

“Reload both torpedo tubes and standby to launch” and the torpedo room confirmed his orders quickly.

“Harry!” Rudi yelled over the din. “The medic says that we have twenty dead and sixteen injured”

“Make that twenty one dead” Natalie said, indicating the dead sonar operator.

“Damn” Harry swore several curses under his breath. “Green, theres nothing for you to do at the moment... take over the sonar array” and Green stumbled over to the console.

“Weapons control ready to fire” Kirk said.

“Engineering to control” Scott’s voice sounded hoarse over the speakers.

“Control here” Harry said into the mic.

“Damage to the sail, midships storage area and missile launch systems. The reactor is at 100 percent” Scott reported.

“Keep on top of the damage as best you can. Seal off any areas that start to flood” Harry ordered, “Even if people are still in there” he added regretfully.

“Aye, Sir. Scott out” and the speakers clicked.

“New target bearing 046” Green said.

“Neville take the weapons console” Harry said, and Neville left his wife for the weapons station. “Set them to hit different targets” and Neville nodded.

“Targets locked into the computer” Neville said.

“FIRE!” Harry said, and once again the boat could hear the sound of torpedoes launching.

“Torpedoes on target. Impact in... NOW!” Green said and he slapped the headphones off his head so that his eardrums did not rupture. The detonation of the torpedoes was much closer and everyone was thrown off their feet this time and sparks flew around the boat from stem to stern.

“How many left?” Harry asked, coughing through the smoke that filled the control room from various smouldering consoles and screens.

“That’s it” Green said.

“Engineering to control room” Scott was on the intercom again. “We have damage on all sections of the ship. Half of my engine room gang has been injured or killed” and Scott finished.

“Very well” Harry said, “Make best speed to that island. We have to get there at all costs” and the crew of HMS Wulfer began to fix the damage caused by Voldemort’s creatures – though the crew assumed it was other subs which had attacked them.

“Currant casualty list” Neville said, handing over a clipboard with several sheets of paper attached to it. Harry didn’t know most of the names on it, but Lt Commander Simpson was among those who had died.

“We got lucky” Harry said quietly to him. “It could have been much much worse” and Neville agreed. “Hows Luna?” he asked.

“Shes in her cabin under a light stunner” Neville said. “She got an upfront and personal look at death. Freaked her out a lot, but its odd

when you consider everything we went through during the escape and fight” and at that point Rudi and Ben came running into the control room.

“I’m glad to see that you are not hurt” Harry said, trying to keep his distance for appearances sake.

“We’re all in the wardroom” Ben said.

“All except Luna” Rudi said, “And Kirk is in the engine room” she added

“I’ll meet you there” Harry promised, and asked Neville to take them both to the wardroom. “Lieutenant Green? Take the Conn please” and Green took the Conn as he was ordered to. “Your orders are to make best speed to the island and surface it in the hollow part in the middle. Do not let anybody out of the ship once you have surfaced – that is a direct order from me and can not be countermanded by anyone else” and Green accepted the order without question.

“What do I do about the...bodies?” he asked.

“Place them in the freezer ready for their return to their families” Harry said.

“Aye Aye, sir” Green said, and turned to the task of getting the boat in some sense of order again. Harry went over to the mic, and flicked the intercom on.

“Bridge to Captain Kirk” he called. Never in his life would Harry have thought he would give that call.

“Kirk here” came the reply.

“Meet us in the wardroom” Harry said, and clicked the mic off before Kirk could reply. Patting one or two of the crew on the back, Harry went to the wardroom to talk about what had just happened, and also prepare for retrieving the cure to the Krytos curse.

#

A shining light guided Harry and the others towards it, as if they were magnets drawn to one another. All of them had wands out and each was alert for any danger should it spring out at them. Harry was in the lead flanked by Luna and Neville with Rudi and Ben in the middle and Natalie and Kirk brought up the rear. The hollow part of the underwater island had started as a small pool and the only thing which stood, was a massive stone pillar which Harry assumed was the Monolith. It rose from the ground all the way to the top of the cave and looked formidable sight to them all.

"I have a bad feeling about this" Harry muttered.

"We have to keep going" Neville said, "Or else we won't get back before..." his voice trailed off.

"Yeah" he said, "You're right. I just want to get this fucking cure and return to St Mungos before the curse proves fatal" and Harry continued to lead the way. His mind was only occupied with two things at the moment. One was watching where I am going, the other thinking about his three wives. If they died then he didn't know how to continue to live. James wouldn't grow up with Hannah as a mother, and Harry would be all but dead. If that happened, then he would give James over to his grandparents and then sell everything that belonged to him, or give it to Luna, Neville, Rudi, Natalie and Ben and then leave the magical world forever.

"Just a bloody minute" Rudi said, "We've not gotten anywhere for the last three hours" and Harry and the group stopped and realised that the Ravenclaw was right. The Monolith should have been closer, but in fact it had been remaining at the same distance for a long time.

"This is Voldemort's doing" Luna said darkly, then looked at Harry as he started to mutter thickly.

"Destination... determination... destination... determination... destination... determination..." and at that moment Harry concentrated all of his magic to transport them all directly to the Monolith. It hadn't occurred to him to do that, but as soon as they popped into existence next to the gigantic stone Harry fell to the

ground. The others stood round him and faced outwards in order to guard Harry against any danger that might occur to him. Demonstrations of magic like this took Harry several minutes to recover.

“Damn” Rudi said loudly causing others to look at her, “We did kill Voldemort didn’t we?” she asked, and pointed at the advancing figure.

“Fuck” Neville said, “Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, and fuck” and all possible wands came to bear on Voldemort.

“Is he real?” Luna asked.

“I am certainly very much real, Miss Lovegood” Voldemort said, stopping in front of the protective huddle. “I can only assume that the Krytos Curse is in full affect? That is all very good and works to the schedule of my plan” and Rudi suddenly tried to send a powerful and dark curse at the dark lord, but it didn’t work. “I nearly forgot to mention that” Voldemort said, in a cruel and mocking voice. “There is a magical dampening field around the Monolith area. You can not harm me in any way shape or form” and Voldemort crackled.

“Not so fast Tom” came a voice, and the protective huddle turned to see Harry stagger to his feet but waving off any assistance from them. “So you cloned yourself? Well that only means that I am just one step closer to killing you once and for all. After that, there will be no more evil doings from you” but Voldemort simply smirked.

“And how do you plan to kill me? To kill me, you will have to fight me but theres no magic in here” and Voldemort laughed that terrible and cruel laugh. It was the same one he had used on the night Peter Pettigrew killed Cedric Diggory in Harry’s 4th year.

“I’ll fight you on three conditions” Harry said.

“And that is?” Voldemort enquired.

“However this ends, you let my friends go” Harry said, and he could hear the gasps.

“NO!” Natalie said, “I’d rather die here and now then run away from that bastard”

“Agreed” Voldemort said, “It doesn’t matter how long it will take, but I will kill them anyway. What is your second?” he asked.

“Let us go away from you for at least five minutes before this fight starts” Harry said, and the others wondered what Harry had planned. He had not brought the sword of Gryffindor with him on the trip here so there was nothing that it seemed Harry could do, but they trusted him completely to win the day.

“A little puzzling” Voldemort said, his red eyes glowing like the red hot coals of hell itself. “But I agree to it anyway” he added, thinking that it did not matter how hard Harry tried to escape or fight. “And what is your third condition?” Voldemort was actually smiling manically like the mass murderer he actually was.

“Hold this box” and Harry produced a small box from his uniform pocket. He was still wearing it because he had no other clothes to wear. Harry threw it towards Voldemort and the most evil man in the world after Hitler, (though not the Slytherin who had the same unlucky name), shot out a bone and skeleton like hand and plucked the box out of the air. “See you in five minutes” Harry said, and the group turned to run as fast as possible from Voldemort. On the way to the Monolith it had seemed that it remained the exact same distance, but now that Harry was inside a magical barrier, it vanished into the distance behind them. Ben risked a glance over his shoulder and saw that Voldemort was examining the strange.

“I have that box for you” Green said, coming into the Captain’s cabin. He held a plain silver box which had only a small red light and a black switch on one side.

“This will do the job?” asked Harry, and Green nodded.

“It works on the normal armament, so it should do it just as well with those babies” Green said. “Once we set them off, you have just five minutes before detonation” and Harry told the officer that he understood completely.

"We're through" Harry announced, after being covered in a bright red haze for a second. He motioned them to wait for a moment, and they wondered what he had in store for them. "Point all of your wands back towards where Voldemort is and summon the cure for that bloody curse. Then we can go home and save my wives before..." and every single one of them turned and pointed their wands at the Monolith. The barrier only affected magic cast inside the field, anything outside would be perfectly normal.

'Accio Krytos Curse Cure' and for a while nothing happened, but then Luna and Neville pointed out a small brown trunk coming towards them and Rudi clutched it to her chest tightly. As soon as she got her hands on it, Harry took another small object out of his pocket.

"Captain Potter to Wulfler. Lock onto the homing signal and fire both missiles" and there was a scratchy reply.

"Green here, sir. We have locked on to the homing signal, and firing in three... two... one... NOW" and they all saw the small area of water that the boat had surfaced in. as they watched, two white trails of smoke burst from the front of the sub and hurtled into the sky.

"I believe" Harry said, bending down to pick up his uniform cap and setting it back onto his head, "That we don't want to be here any more" and Harry apparated them all to the side of the submarine. They quickly scrambled up the damaged sail and opened the hatch. Harry shoved everyone down where two burly sailors waited below to catch them. Harry was the last one down after Kirk and he slammed the hatch shut and spun the wheel for all he was worth.

"All ready sir" Green reported.

"DIVE DIVE DIVE" Harry yelled at the top of his voice.

"Emergency dive!" Green said, "Flood all ballast tanks and get us down quicker then every before!" and the crew scrambled to obey the orders. Harry clicked on the intercom.

“Scotty! I need all the power you can muster mister” Harry said to the engine room.

“We are at full power on the reactor now, sir” Scott’s voice came over the intercom.

“Can you go to 105 on it?” Harry asked, and even through the sound of alarms going off you could have heard a pin drop. You did not ask a 25 year old submarine to go past her safety limits.

“Yes sir” Scott said.

“Go to 110 on the reactor” and Harry clicked off the mic. “Periscope depth” Harry ordered, and then toggled the periscope to come down. He peered through it until he could see the now distant Monolith.

#

Voldemort looked at the box as Harry and his friends ran from him. There was nothing special to show what this box did, except a small red bulb and a switch on different sides. Voldemort flicked the switch to the on position with one bony finger and the bulb winked into life. Voldemort dropped it in surprise but nothing happened, however the box just bounced off the stone ground around the Monolith until it stopped. Voldemort was waiting the time before he could kill Harry when he saw two trails of smoke in the air above him, and to his horror saw they were coming towards him. They rushed towards not him, but the small box lying on the ground before him, the onboard computers not bothering about the magical barrier. What it did do to them was that it affected the onboard guidance system and the missiles lost the homing signal and reverted to Reserve Programme Number 1. They turned off their rocket motors and slammed into the ground just inches from Voldemort. Tom Riddle was obliterated from the face of the earth for all time as the nuclear blast from two naval strike weapons hit him full in the face. The irony (not that he knew) was that the probe sticking out of the nose cone of the second missile pieced what remained of his once human skull. Just before the missiles exploded, something red headed banged right into view in front of him and threw him backwards as it grabbed something in his

robes. The retrieved object vanished from view with a note attached to the top. The red haired girl had time for one sentence to Voldemort.

“My name is Ginerva Molly Weasley. You tried to kill me, and I will be the last thing that you ever see on this planet” Ginny said, then she tighten her formal school robes and then serenely closed her eyes and waited for death to take her. Her very last words came as a whisper. “I’m sorry, Harry” she said with closed eyes, “Remember me” Ginny whispered and the nuclear blast hit her.

#

“ALL HANDS! BRACE BRACE BRACE” and every single person on the sub held on to something solid as the blast wave hit the water’s surface above them.

“EMERGENCY CRASH DIVE! ALL AHEAD FULL!” Luna yelled, as she remained the only one left on her feet. And the sub managed to get away from the island before it broke itself apart – the chunks sinking to the sea bed. As they moved away, the crew regained their footing and they started the task of returning to dock. But the strain had taken its toll on the old sub which had fought its last fight. The sub could only manage little more then steerage way and so Harry ordered that the sub get to the surface as quickly as possible, and also ordered that the reactor be reduced in power in order to not put a big strain on it any more.

“Harry” Natalie saw the object lying on the deck in front of Harry and pointed it out to him.

“Whats this?” Harry said aloud and bent down to pick up the object and the note. He read the note first.

Dear Harry

If you are reading this then I am dead. Dad told me about the Krytos Curse, and I knew that even if you summoned the cure from Voldemort, it would never have worked as he would have taken care of that. I have decided to concentrate all of my magic into one massive apparition to Voldemort was. I knew where he was because I

had nightmares about him, but I thought this was left over from when he tried to use me in that thing with his old diary in my first year. Using all of my magic in one go will turn me into a squib, but I know what you have done because dad told me about the muggle boat that goes under the water and the powerful newklee er bomb things you asked for. Please forgive me for what I did to you and your family. I hope that I have redeemed myself in your eyes as well as that of my family. I only wish we could have been friends again.

Hopefully Repaying a Debt...

Yours

Ginerva Molly Weasley.

“GINNY” came Harry’s anguished cry, and fell backwards into the Captain’s chair.

“Clear the compartment” Neville bellowed, the crew obeyed his order quickly. Rudi rushed hurriedly over to Harry’s side followed by the others. Harry was just looking at the note with horrified expression over his face. Luna tugged the note away gently from Harry’s hands and read it. As she did so, a single tear dropped from each eye and she passed the note to Neville and then the others.

“I... Why...” Harry tried to speak, “I could have called the debt off” he said, “There was no need for her...” his voice faded.

“Who is going to tell Mr Weasley?” Natalie said.

“I have no idea” Ben said softly.

“Is there anything I can do?” asked Green from the compartment hatch.

“I thought that I said to clear the compartment?” Neville said.

“It’s alright” Green said, “I know that he is Harry Potter. I grew up with a wizard neighbour who told me all about him” and they relaxed somewhat. “I’ll not tell s soul” he added.

“Cheers” Kirk said.

“Your welcome” Green said. Before he could speak again chimes could be held throughout the control room. “We’re being hailed” Green said in surprise.

“On screen” Harry said, then knew that might not be possible. “Open a channel” and Green flicked on the overhead so Harry didn’t have to pick up the mic.

“This is Commander Donatra of the Valdore. We’re dispatching shuttles with medical personal and supplies”

“Thank you Commander” Harry said, eyes closed.

“You did well to survive all the damage. Shuttles are on the way, Valdore out” and there was a click as Green cut the channel.

“Open all the hatches that will do so” Harry said. Then he got up and walked out of the control room – his face entirely pale and he felt all the warmth leave his body. Part of him felt happy that he had a cure for the Krytos Curse, but the other part of him wondered what he would say to the Weasleys. How could he tell them that Ginny had died. There wasn’t even a body for them to bury in order for them to grieve. On his way out, he stooped to pick up the box Ginny had sent at the cost of her life.

#

Harry apparated directly to St Mungos next to his three wives bedsides, startling those surrounding them and Harry sought out the nearest Healer – Pomfrey as it turned out. People looked at him with funny looks as he was still dresses in his naval uniform.

“I got the cure” he said quickly, “Give them this” and Harry handed over a large of bottle of a foul smelling liquid.

Pomfrey took it from him, opened the mouths of Hannah, Susan and Hermione and poured some into each mouth. Harry had already

understood that it would take a little while for them to come round, so he went out of the room and spoke to the Auror on duty.

“Get me Katharine Riottz at once. When you have told her I want to see her, then you may take the rest of your shift off” Harry said, but the Auror shook his head.

“I have already done my shift. This I am doing on my own time” the Auror said, and Harry had a vague memory that this Auror had a family.

“In that case, go home and spend the holidays with your family” and the Auror thanked Harry and left for the apparition point. The door to the room opened and Pomfrey stuck her head out.

“They’re awake” and she found herself stumbling backwards as Harry dashed through past her.

“Harry!” Hannah launched herself into his arms. Susan did the same while Hermione shook her head as if clearing it.

“I thought I had lost you” Harry cried, not caring that the many healers could see him. Harry asked for some privacy and they trooped out leaving Harry alone with his wives. He launched into an explanation of what had happened, and how he had gone in search of a cure. When he got to the end of the tale something told Susan that Harry was hiding something.

“What happened?” she asked, and Harry took a moment before answering. He didn’t hear the door open at the same time.

“Ginny’s dead” he said simply, and there was gasps from his wives and also from Mr Weasley who was standing right behind them.

“Ginny’s dead?” Mr Weasley asked, face pale and horrified.

“I’m so sorry” Harry said, and he truly was very sorry she had died.

“How?” Mr Weasley asked in a broken voice.

“She helped to save Hannah’s, Susan’s and Hermione’s lives. Somehow she knew about where I was, and she got the real cure for them” Harry told him, and conjured a chair out of thin air for him to sit down on. “There is something else though” Harry added.

“What?” asked Mr Weasley through waves of tears.

“She faced Voldemort in order to do it. She died most bravely” and then Harry knew something that had bugged him for a few hours after Ginny’s death. He had actually sensed her death. Harry closed his eyes and concentrated on his mind and found that he was able to give one gift to the Weasley family that would remove any stain on both Ginny’s name and the Weasley family’s name as a whole. “Can you go and get me a Pensive please?” he asked Riottz and the Auror nodded and she went to get one, coming back several minutes later.

“Harry? I found it in your room at Grimmauld Place. For Merlin’s sake can you please do you washing? I nearly called every Auror in to deal with it... I swear that sock was trying to kill me” and Mr Weasley managed a half smile. Riottz handed over the Pensive to Harry who took it with thanks. He had tracked down a large supply of them and he used them to send messages or such like. This time though he extracted a memory from his mind and transferred it to the Pensive.

“This is for you sir” and Harry handed over the Pensive to Mr Weasley. Mr Weasley managed to stammer thanks, and he left the room. “Katharine?” he started, using Riottz’s – something he rarely did – and the Auror looked to him. “Follow Arthur home and make sure he doesn’t do anything stupid” and Riottz nodded. “If you see him, ask Jackson to find and arrest Rita on anything he can find. Slander, Fraud or even Litter dropping. Just have her put away for at least a week” and Riottz nodded again and left the room to catch up with Mr Weasley.

“I’d say that I’d examine them, but I would be ignored wouldn’t I?” asked Pomfrey.

“Afraid so” Hermione said.

“Well if you feel any different then come right back here” Pomfrey said, and the Medi-Witch left the room, closing the door behind her.

“I’ll take you all back to Grimmauld Place” Harry said as he heard footsteps vanishing, “I’ll have to go back to the submarine I borrowed so the crew don’t suspect anything” but Susan shook her head.

“We’ll come with you” she said, “We can always alter the minds of the muggle crew” and even Hermione agreed to that.

“Besides” Hannah went on, “Sea air is supposed to be good for you” and then she asked if they could bring James along on the trip as well.

“I don’t see why not” Harry said, and they went to the boat after making a quick stop at Hannah’s parents in order to pick up James. Harry was a bit tired and drained after what had happened, so Hermione, who had taken and passed her Apparition test, apparated them to the south coast of England where Harry silently apparated them to the Wulfler.

“HARRY’S BACK!” Rudi happily shouted, and jumped into his arms.

“Where the hell...” Neville’s voice trailed off as he saw Hannah, James, Susan and Hermione with Harry.

“They’re completely cured... after paying a very high cost” Harry said sadly, then cleared his mind. “Whats going on with this boat then?” he asked.

“The Valdore left with most of the crew on her” Natalie said, “Only people on except for us are Green, Scott and the three chiefs who are retiring. They didn’t want to leave the boat” she explained.

“Whats the state of the ship like?” Harry enquired.

“We can move, but not very fast” Kirk said from the back of the wardroom, “About 10 knots on the surface” he added.

“Are we able to dive?” Harry asked.

“Mr Scott says we could” Ben replied, “Why?” he asked Harry.

“I plan to take Wulfler all the way back home to England. And if theres not enough crew to do it with then we’ll do it ourselves” Harry said and it took some convincing of the others to do it. Scott was all for returning to Portsmouth as were the three chiefs while Green just went with the flow. They gathered in the control room where each of them took a station and Hannah put James in the Captain’s chair casting a little sticking charm so he didn’t fall off and hurt himself.

“Lieutenant Green, plot us a course back home” Harry said, and once the course had been entered HMS Wulfler headed back home – and it wasn’t just the ship that faced an uncertain future.

A/N:

Can’t be a***d to write any more,

Can’t be bothered to write a proper A/N.

You know the procedure by now surely. Tell me what you liked in the chapter... and tell me what you think will happen to Harry – there is still the matter of Harry’s “mutiny” to take care of, ie: There will be a trial for Harry to deal with... any ideas on that?

Spot the two Star Trek Nemesis quotes. I’ll give you a hint on the first one. It’s what Troi says when she is in the Reman Viceroy’s mind – the second you don’t need help to find.

For those that have read Chapter 88 and this as well, can you please leave a seperate review for CH 88? It is not all that much to ask is it?

We are almost at the end so get ready for a wirl wind of drama, action and winning cups.

Reviews and PM’s in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel And Stephanie Forever

Ten To Go

Harry took his family and friends to Grimmauld Place and did not release any statement to the waiting press. Three Aurors, Two Goblins and a half giant really made them back off a bit. The Potters, the Longbottoms, Rudi, Ben and Natalie celebrated Christmas with all the things that people did at that time of the year. Everybody exchanged presents and there was so many that Harry waved his wand and an enormous banner appeared listing what everybody received.

Harry – Broom Servicing Kit (Hannah), Magical Karma Sutra – Pop Up Edition – (Susan), Decision Making For The Budding Minister (Hermione), Model Making for Pleasure (Ben and Rudi), All Aircraft Licence (Natalie).

Hannah – Love (Harry), Original 101 Arabian Nights (Susan), Cooking For Fun (Hermione), Refillable Butterbeer (Ben and Rudi), Warlock's Greatest Hits (Natalie)

Susan – Love (Harry), A Dress For Every Occasion (Hannah), ... the list went on for so long that the banner took up the entire wall in the end.

Despite Harry being upset over the death of Ginny, he enjoyed this Christmas more than any other one. He smiled as he watched Rudi squeal with delight as she received each present, and soon it was only Ben's present to her left to open. Rudi tore open the wrapping (Harry was glad that he was a wizard as he had used magic to wrap them – Ben had told him that he had done it old style), and out came a small velvet box.

“Oh” Rudi said carefully looking at the box. She opened it up and looked inside to discover that there were only two things in it. One was a small ring and the other was a small piece of parchment.

Rudi

I didn't know what to get you for Christmas, so I am giving you me.

Ben

It was clear that Ben had asked Rudi if she would marry him when they were older. Rudi nearly fainted on the spot!

"I don't know what to say" she stuttered at last.

"He actually came to me and ask my permission as your adoptive father" Harry said.

"What?" Rudi asked, head snapping round to meet Harry's eyes. "He didn't have to do that" but Harry just smiled at her.

"I know that and he knew that" Harry said, "But he thought that it would mean more to you if he asked" and Rudi nodded happily, "I said yes" Harry added.

There was lots of things to do during the day, and Harry did all the cooking by magic except the turkey which he insisted on doing himself – and Harry manned the kitchen wearing an apron, pinny and comedy chefs hat. When it was time for Christmas Day dinner Harry invited them all into the dining room and unveiled his handiwork. Platters of turkey slices sat at various places on the table along with Roast Potatoes, Sprouts ("Not the Professor you understand" Harry said, "Though I am a cannibal sometimes"), sausages both in and out of wraps of bacon, Yorkshire Puddings, Roast Beef, Stuffing balls, Roast Chicken, leeks, peas, carrots and more food than could be described. Harry had also done several large tureens of gravy to go with it all.

"Enjoy" Harry said raising both oven glove clad hands into the air like a god. They descended on the food which Harry had charmed to not go cold – something that he was proud to have found in a book without Hermione's help. The friends were in the middle of the meal when a goblin appeared with a note for Harry. The goblin vanished after handing over the note.

"What does it say?" Hermione asked, finishing a mouthful of turkey.

“Dunno” Harry said, and he put down his knife and fork to look at the note.

Dear Mr Potter

Thank you for your gifts. They will be used to speed up our services.

Regards

Griphook

“What did you send Griphook for Christmas?” asked Hannah.

“I sent him a calculator” Harry grinned, then turned to his forkful of parsnips.

“Only Harry could get away with that” Susan laughed, then she frowned as she recited the message in her mind. “Theres more then one goblin at Gringotts” she pointed out, “How many did you send to them?” she asked.

“Well let’s see...” Harry said, finishing the parsnips, putting down his fork and scratching his chin thoughtfully. “Theres about seven hundred or so Goblins, now figure losses here and there so I sent them a thousand calculators” and the room erupted to fits of laughter. The meal went on and eventually there was nothing left of the feast except crumbs. Hannah waved her wand and the crumbs vanished and Harry looked at the time and then smiled.

“Ten” he began, “Nine... Eight... Seven... Six... Five... Four... Three... Two... One... Bingo” and as the clock hit 2PM, the fireplace flared and out stepped Ben dressed in a silver costume that the three muggle raised people recognised at once.

“Beware of Romulans bearing gifts” Ben smiled and handed each of the others a gift – Rudi already having got hers of course. Ben had become a really good Star Trek fan and was looking forward to seeing the new film that would be out in the new year, a quick snap of Harry’s fingers brought Ben’s clothes to a normal teenager’s clothing – well normal for a teenager in the wizarding world.

"Let's start on the games for an hour" Luna suggested, and they played different party games. They had just finished a round of games when a soft alarm sounded round the sitting room.

"Whats that?" Hannah asked. She was playing with James when it went off, and she whipped out her wand only to be waved down by Harry.

"Theres nothing to be worried about" he said, and Harry turned on the TV in the corner of the room. The TV flashed for a moment and then Harry selected a particular channel and settled down in his personnel armchair to wait for the beginning of the next program. There was puzzlement amongst the others until Hermione and Natalie knew the tune that played at the beginning and Harry, Hermione and Natalie stood respectfully as the National Anthem was played.

"Who was the old lady?" Ben whispered when Harry turned the TV off at the end of the program. This drew looks of scorn and anger from the three muggle borns.

"How dare you, sir, call that lady and old woman" Harry said rising to his feet, "That is Her Britannic Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second" and Harry winked at Hermione and Natalie. "We are insulted and we demand a duel with you" and Ben quailed.

"Oh oh" he muttered.

"It was nice knowing you" Hannah said, and she along with Susan, Neville and Luna suppressed laughs.

"Let the duel begin" Harry said, and he waved his wand at Ben without any other warning. Ben suddenly found himself in the air. Harry used his mind to give the girls a message each.

"Arghhhhhhhhhhh!" Ben suddenly exclaimed. He was now floating in mid air wearing a pink frilly dress and beach blond hair. "I'm sorry" he cried.

"Promise never to insult the Queen?" Hermione asked him.

"I promise" Ben said quickly, and Harry let him wait for a few moments before returning him to normal. The rest of the afternoon was spent relaxing and the evening dinner was almost as spectacular as the mid-day one. Harry flicked his wand at the fireplace and a ward came into place which stopped anybody from Flooing in and knocking ash and stuff around. Hannah and Susan lifted a log onto it so the whole scene looked like something from a muggle Christmas card. Hermione flicked on the radio and everyone listened to the Wizarding Wireless Network play carols all through the evening. Natalie leaned back in her armchair and considered how lucky she was to have found herself this family. She watched as Hannah fussed over James while Susan and Hermione compared gifts. Ben and Rudi spent several minutes kissing each other as for some reason or other Mistletoe kept floating above them – this was one custom that both teens intended to keep. The only person missing was Harry and this puzzled Natalie as she knew he hadn't left via Floo. Hermione seemed to have noticed this as well.

"Where's Harry gone?" she asked.

"I don't know" Natalie said, "He can't be in the kitchen" and she popped – literally – up to the upper floors of Grimmauld Place. "He's not upstairs either" she concluded.

"Mmm" the bushy haired witch said, "Accio Harry's Invisibility Cloak" and to her surprise it came to her with no protesting Harry chasing after it. There was a small search of the house and Susan even consulted the Marauders Map but to no avail.

"Where in the name of all things holy is Harry?" Hannah said, flumping backwards into her armchair. Nobody answered her and they sat back down to think hard. Calls to the Ministry and St Mungos proved fruitless and they sat in silence while they listened to the tick tock of the grandfather clock and the crackling of the fire thinking all the while. Rudi looked up from her feet and saw the picture of Lily and James Potter on the mantle piece, and she suddenly had the thought of where Harry was at that moment in time and space.

"He's at his parents cottage" she simply.

"Whats he doing... oh!" Hermione said as she made the connection. "He's gone to visit his parent's graves" and she stood up. "I'm going to keep him company" and she stood up to get her cloak.

"We're all going" Rudi declared, and it just simply happened that they all did so.

Hannah, Susan and Hermione all side-along apparated somebody as none of them could apparate a mass group unlike Harry. It took a few moments for them to get their bearings and they noticed that they stood on the edge of the clump of woods that surrounded the place where Harry and his parents once lived. Hannah was surprised when they didn't pop near to Harry, and Hermione cast a detection spell and discovered that that entire part of the forest was covered with an enormous shield charm which prevented people Apparating to the shattered cottage at Godric's Hollow. They made their way through the snow covered ground leaving deep footprints in the virgin whiteness.

"Do you think he's alright?" asked Hannah.

"It all depends" Susan said, "On what he is thinking of" she said, "Maybe with nothing that can harm him now he just wanted to pay a proper visit to his parents graves" she added.

"I agree" Rudi said. "When we were on the run we didn't have time, and when we did it was only for a very short time" she added.

"And after the war was over, he put so much of himself into rebuilding the wizarding world he didn't have the time – holidays included" Hermione finished. They walked on a little further and Hannah drew a blanket out of the air for James and put a warming charm on it before placing it round him. A few minutes later they came upon what remained of the cottage at Godric's Hollow. It looked different from the last time they had seen it with snow bunched on parts of the devastated building including what remained of the roof. Hermione led the way inside the cottage and found Harry talking to nothingness. He if had heard their approach then he made no sign of it to them.

“And that was that” he said, “After that happened I was quite busy with rebuilding the wizarding world so I’m sorry I have not had a chance to come back here. My family is a bit bigger now with Hermione as another wife of mine – Sirius would have loved that one - and I’ve adopted two girls who have no other family” and Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a small photograph in an ornate gilt frame. He placed it underneath where the mantle piece would have been and then stepped back and bowed his head for a moment then he looked up. “I better get back to my family who are standing behind me” Harry said. So he had heard them come near to him after all.

“Are you alright, baby?” Hermione asked wrapping an arm around Harry protectively.

“I’m fine, Herms” Harry said looking down at her with tear filled eyes. “I just wanted to come here for a while and pay a visit to my parent’s graves...” he trailed off as if there was something he didn’t want to say.

“Whats wrong?” Susan asked.

“I went to put some flowers down at my parents graves... and... its not pretty” Harry said at last.

“What happened?” Hannah said darkly.

“Death Eaters must have come here after we won the war... they...” Harry’s voice choked up.

“What did they do?” asked Hannah, Susan, Hermione, Luna, Neville, Rudi, Ben and Natalie in exact harmony, and using the same dark sensing tone.

“THEY DESECRATED THE GRAVES!” Harry’s anguished voice ran out through the shattered building and a single crack of lightning could be heard across the sky.

“Oh Merlin” Hannah and Susan said.

“Oh God” Hermione and Natalie said at the same time.

“If they aren’t dead, then they fucking will be” Rudi swore.

“Language” Hermione said automatically, “Those... those... those bastards!” she said.

“Language” Rudi said chiding Hermione.

“Touché” the bushy haired witch said, causing Harry to smile a little bit.

“What have you done with the...” Neville paused, “Your parents” he finished lamely.

“I sorted the bones out and sorted the graves out and made it all neat and proper” Harry said, tears running down his cheeks slightly. “I just want to leave this place like it was... you know? Like this as a testament to the highest place people can make for love, honour, duty and courage” and all three of his wives held him – an achievement for Hannah as she was still carrying James in her arms.

“Maybe it’s time we got you home” Ben said, “Some hot Christmas punch inside you, will get you back to normal” he added as Ben could see Harry shivering in the cold air.

“You’re right” Harry said, and he was the last one out of the ruined cottage and just as they apparated away after Harry lowered the protective shield for a few moments, and Hermione could have sworn that she heard a lion’s roar sound all around them. But that would have alerted the muggles surely? Wouldn’t of it?

#

It was the day before they returned to Hogwarts for the last half of their school year.

“Please?” whined Rudi.

"I give in" Susan groaned, "Go ask your father" and waved in Harry's direction. Rudi bounced over to Harry.

"?" she begged.

"If it makes you shut up" Harry said, and wished that it was legal to put silencing charms on your own children.

"Yes!" Rudi punched the air and was on her way out when Harry stopped her.

"Before you go" he said, "Hannah, Susan, Hermione and Natalie have something to say to you" and Rudi stopped in her tracks and frowned. Hannah, Susan, Hermione and Natalie all gave a smile that was worthy of gracing a Goblin. "Have fun" Harry said, and he left the room.

"Right then" Hermione said getting things off to a start, "Take a seat" and Rudi sat in the large black leather dentists chair that had a light attached at the top – the effect being intimidating to the girl.

"We need to have a big talk with you" Hannah said.

"What about?" asked Rudi, slightly panicky that she had done something wrong.

"We know what you do with Ben in the Astromany Tower at 2:45 AM" Hermione said, "But that's not it really that concerns our talk right now" she paused, allowing for someone else to cut it.

"Your body is undergoing a lot of changes over the next few years" Hannah said. "You might have noticed that you have started to grow breasts" and Rudi nodded.

"I had noticed" she said dryly.

"You might also have noticed that you sometimes have blood in your knickers" Susan said, "That's not to mean that you are bleeding to death or have something wrong with you, it means that you are

having a period” and Rudi screwed up her face and scratched her black hair in thought.

“A period?” she asked confused.

“A period is when your body gets rid of an egg by causing the lining of your womb to breakdown and the blood is how your body gets rid of it if it is not fertilised in time” Hermione said.

“Fertilised? How?” Rudi asked, curious, “And can I stop the bleeding?” she enquired of the four older witches in front of her.

“You can’t stop having a period – which occurs every 28 days, but you can put Tampons or Sanitary Towels in your vagina to stop it from staining your knickers. It is also much more hygienic that way” Natalie said. “As to fertilising the egg, that is when a guy puts his penis inside your vagina and pushes sperm out of it and into your womb” and Rudi now had the look of someone who had got a nasty suntan.

“You mean as in...” Rudi went so bright red that Hermione considered sunglasses, “... sex?” Rudi stammered.

“That’s the normal way” Hannah giggled.

“Perhaps we should get Harry here to demonstrate for Rudi” Susan and Hermione suggested.

“Not a bad idea” Hannah replied causing laughter from the other two. Rudi squirmed slightly in her seat and felt a bit uncomfortable.

“Whats next?” Natalie asked, knowing full well what was next. “Ah yes” she smiled, “The guy gets his penis hard by getting what is known as an erection” Natalie looked to Hermione. The older witch tapped her wand on something on the table in front of her and a blackboard sprung up. Hermione pulled the covers off to show a diagram of a man’s penis.

“This is what it looks like when it is not erect” she said, enjoying Rudi’s discomfort every little bit. Hermione was a good person at

heart though. "A guy gets an erection when blood goes into the penis and fills little muscles. This happens when the guy sees a women naked or has naughty thoughts" at Hermione's last sentence the penis on the board began to harden. "It looks something like this when it is fully erect" and the penis was now fully hardened and pointing towards the top of the board.

"I can get all that... inside me?" Rudi asked, wondering if this was some kind of wind up or not. By now her face was as red as it was humanly possible. She was extremely embarrassed by what she was being told.

"The women's body is quite flexible down there" Hannah said.

"The only thing that happens the first time is that you have something inside your vagina called the hymen, its sort of like a cover and when you first have sex then it breaks and a little blood can seep out. That's nothing to worry about though" Susan said. Hannah looked at her watch, at the other three and then at Rudi.

"Theres one more thing that you have to know" she said.

"What?" asked Rudi. Rudi wondered how on earth she had survived the talk as she felt like melting through the floor.

"Just look at the board" Hannah said, and Rudi forced herself to look at the board as the hardened penis slowly came down but still erect. Instead of the normal tip of the shaft some else was there instead. As the tip of the shaft came into line with Rudi, it winked at her and then dissolved into the laughing face of...

"HARRY!" Rudi yelled at the top of her lungs.

"You called?" Harry smiled and Rudi turned round and faced his adopted daughter.

"Ohhh... You utter and complete..." Rudi began but was cut off.

"Ah ah ah!" Harry, Hannah, Susan, Hermione and Natalie said at the same time, "Mind your language young lady" and Rudi heard this and

bolted for the door and ran out of the room to use another fireplace's Floo connection. There was a pause of precisely two seconds until all five of them fell about the room laughing at what they had just seen and done.

"I think I better put a shield charm on our bedroom door later" Harry said, and then they went into the kitchen to hunt down some snacks.

#

It was the Returning Feast and everyone was in the Great Hall and Harry wasn't sat at the Gryffindor table, nor was he at the Hufflepuff or Ravenclaw tables either. Harry was sat in the Golden Throne that was normally occupied by the current Headmistress or Headmaster. It was almost time for the feast to begin and McGonagall entered the hall and saw Harry sat in her place.

"Mr Potter!" she scolded him, "What are you doing in that chair?" McGonagall asked to the silence of the entire hall.

"Sorry, professor" Harry said, getting out of the throne, walking round and heading to the Gryffindor table. "Just trying it out for size" he said dead pan and the room erupted into laughter and even the Headmistress smiled at Harry's joke. After what had happened over Christmas she couldn't blame him for having a little fun. She gave a few notices that needed to be given and sat down which signalled the beginning of the feast. Harry was halfway through his forth helping of Chicken Kiev when Joe Jackson came running inside.

"Whats wrong?" Harry asked him.

"Theres Aurors coming here to arrest you" Jackson panted – the poor guy had had to have run all the way from the entrance gates.

"On what charges?" Harry asked.

"It's all Tonks's doing" Jackson said, sliding into the space made for him by several older Gryffindors. "Shes having you arrested on charges of Insurrection, attacking the Minister for Magic, assaulting Aurors, preventing Aurors from carrying out their duties and she is

also doing you for assault” Jackson added. “Katharine tried to stop them from leaving but they had already assembled in the Auror ready room” but Harry didn’t blame him at all.

“How the hell did she get the power to send Aurors after me?” he asked.

“She got a place on the Wizengamot after the Malfoy’s where killed” Jackson said, then turned to see Katharine Riottz flying into the Great Hall on a broomstick.

“They’re here!” she shouted, and the arresting Aurors came marching into the hall numbering seventy in total. They filed down the middle until they came to where Harry sat.

“Are you Harry James Potter?” the leader asked.

“I am” Harry said icily.

“You are under arrest by order of the Wizengamot” the leader said, “You will surrender your wand allow magic restraining cuffs to be placed on you and you will come with us to the Ministry to await trial” and Harry shook his head.

“I will not” he said, and the leader went for her wand but Harry was faster and the Auror’s wand flew out of her hand and clattered on the floor. The others went for theirs as well in order to try and subdue Harry but they found themselves on the receiving end of 634 wands as well as the hulking battleship that was Hagrid.

“Thanks for the help guys” Harry said, “But eat your meals before it gets cold” he advised and the wands vanished and Hagrid returned to his seat.

“You are a dangerous criminal” the leader said watching as her squad did a runner for some reason or other. “Surrender now and we can get you a slightly lower sentence” and this ticked Harry off.

“Go boil your head” Harry said, flipping the Auror the bird.

“NEVER EVER DISRESPECT ME!” Tonks yelled as she pulled off the visor she had been wearing. Gryffindors scattered as she yelled at Harry and then swished her wand down in a vicious stabbing action. Even an alert Harry had no time to react to the curse that came at her but somebody did. Harry pole vaulted over the table and pushed Harry out of the way and took the Blasting Hex full in the chest. Hermione simply ceased to exist as she was blasted apart by the spell.

“HERMIONE!” Harry yelled as he watched the death take place. The first thought was that he could save her, but that was replaced with the certain knowledge that Hermione was totally dead this time and could only be brought back if Harry wanted a jigsaw puzzle to kill off 20 – 30 years.

“Merlin” somebody said in the following silence. Harry snapped his fingers and he went from being on the floor to standing in front of Tonks with the gleaming sword of Godric Gryffindor in his hands.

“My name is Harry James Potter. Father to a murdered son... Husband to a murdered wife, and I will have my vengeance in this life... Or the next” and Harry dropped the sword as a distraction and fired jinx after jinx at Tonks who dodged them all.

She returned fire and everyone was too shocked at what had just happened in front of their very eyes to react. When they had regained their wits, some of them found the pieces of Hermione and took what remained of the popular witch to the Hospital Wing, though there was as much good as there was for the Arab-Israeli peace process. The two combatants never gave up with dark curses flying between them. Most of the crowd had taken cover at the top table where heavy shields had been cast. Not even Harry’s friends and family dared to intervene. It went on for some time until Harry sent a table spinning and this gave him the several seconds which he needed. He ran over to her and kicked her hand breaking her wrist and causing her to drop her wand. Harry broke her other wrist as well and then he kicked her hard enough for her to fly backwards several feet. Harry carefully, slowly and deliberately aimed his wand and cast a final spell.

“Adavra Kadavra” and Tonks was killed by the flash of green light that emanated from his wand tip. When he was certain she was dead, he picked up the sword and rammed it with so much force that the blade went right into her skull and stayed there. Harry took drunken steps towards the top table and reached it before he blacked out.

#

Harry bolted upright as he awoke, disturbing Hermione who was lying next to him. He put a hand out to gently stroke her hair as he calmed down from his panic. Harry knew he was being silly worrying about her or the rest of his family as all the Death Eaters had either been killed or sent to Azkaban. Harry watched as Hermione turned over onto her side revealing the slight bump that was under her nightdress. They had spent many hours with Susan going over baby names for all of the children. One thing that was rapidly decided on was the fact they would call one of the girls – logic dictated one had to be a girl – Ginny. The Weasleys had grieved over the loss of the youngest member, and Fred and George had told Harry that they didn’t blame Harry one little bit over the incident. Apparently they had discovered a sort of suicide note in Ginny’s room when Mr Weasley had returned to The Burrow with the devastating news. It spoke of apologies to everyone she had hurt both physically and verbally, aiding and abetting criminals and also being involved with Hermione’s rape by Ron. She had actually written – or transferred the words from her memory to enchanted parchment, Harry didn’t know or care – letters to all the members of her family and also to the Potters and the Longbottoms. With no body to bury because of the nuclear missiles, the Weasley’s would be holding a memorial service attended by family and friends on New Year’s Day. Harry had received the sombre invitation the previous day and had sent back a reply saying that he would be honoured to attend. He had then travelled to Hogwarts and gone to the Gryffindor common room and placed Ginny’s name on the team board. This had automatically sent an Owl to The Burrow informing Ginny that she was on the team, though she would never receive it herself. Fred had floo called to say that Mrs Weasley had read the letter and cried so much she had had to be sedated for her own sake. It soon came into morning and Grimmauld Place was soon busy with people rushing around showering, dressing, eating breakfast and passing time until the service. There was a few

hangovers due to the late night partying in connection with the New Year's celebrations which was as big as those in the magical world as it was in the muggle world. Hermione had spent the remainder of the holidays with her parents as they hadn't seen her for several months – if you didn't count the time at St Mungos. The Longbottoms had decided to stay at Lovegood Manor which Luna now owned after the death of her father. Rudi offered to stay behind at Grimmauld Place and look after James while Hannah was at the service.

"It'll be practice for when we have kids" Ben said cheekily causing Rudi to blush furiously. Hannah had agreed and gave some instructions as to what James could do.

It was an hour to go when Harry left early to do something kind. He had gone over to the Leaky Cauldron to meet with Oliver Wood, Katie Bell, Alicia Spinnet and Angelina Johnson to arrange something that would be symbolic. There were two people absent from the meeting, but they would be at The Burrow anyway so it didn't matter either way. The service at the Burrow was rather sombre with quite a lot of people attending from the extended Weasley family. Some had been surprised to see Harry there at all considering what had happened, but there he was for all to see. One of the reasons he attended was to show that he no longer held a grudge against the Weasleys. The service was being held in the large field behind the house which Harry considered an architects nightmare. With no coffin containing Ginny's body people stood at a podium and spoke about the only Weasley girl, and how she had tried to do the right thing and that Dumbledore had placed her under a mind altering spell to do what she had done. Towards the end of the service Harry had stood up along with Oliver, Katie, Alicia and Angelina and left the rows of seats causing people to look at them as they departed. What caused whispers to run through not in the know was when Fred and George also got up and followed them. A few minutes later, people pointed at the sky and in particular at a series of dark blobs drifting close. As it got closer an entire Quidditch team came into everyone's focus. The group made one slight turn and then headed towards the assembled guests. As they floated over, they saw that it was the "Classic" Gryffindor Quidditch team and just at the point when they reached the front row where the Weasley's were sitting, Harry pulled his broom high into the air and made a banking turn to the left. The others flown

straight on without him in the formation that muggles called “The Missing Man Formation” – quite a lot of them knew what it was and what it stood for. As they passed overhead, white smoke poured out of the tails of each broom with Harry’s trailing red smoke out of his to honour Ginny. The remaining six did a complete lap of the field then headed off into the sunset with Harry following at a distance.

#

Harry sat and listened to the Wireless in the Kitchens at Hogwarts with the elves. It was something that he did often. At first the elves hadn’t wanted to stop work and listen, but Harry had made the request into an order and they found it was quite enjoyable. After the programme they had been hearing had finished, Harry bade the elves farewell and headed back to the private tower he lived in with his family and the Lovegoods. The return to Hogwarts was a slightly mute affair because of what happened with Ginny. He had used his position of owner of the castle to instruct that the Gryffindor common room be lined with black banners for the first week from the day they came back. As he made his way through the corridors he greeted those students who tried to make it back to their common rooms without being seen. He had seen two Ravenclaws come out of an unused classroom with messed up robes and hair, and Harry just decided to turn a blind eye to it. He was just passing the great hall when he saw several cloaked and hooded Aurors standing in the entrance hall. Harry had an understanding with Mr Weasley that if Aurors had to enter the school the he would tell Harry before it happened as a courtesy. They also should have lowered their hoods as well now that he thought of it. As Harry got closer he knew that he didn’t know any of them by heart deducing that they where part of a recently graduated group.

“Can I help you?” he asked politely.

“Are you Harry Potter?” the leader asked.

“Yes” Harry said, “What is it you want?” he asked.

“You” the Auror said, and Harry was quick to see that the others where moving to get better target locks on him. “You are under arrest

on charges of treason to the magical world, assaulting ministry officials and other minor offences” the Auror looked Harry in his eye. “Come with us” and Harry knew who had sent him.

“Catch me if you can” he smiled and he vanished from view.

“Get to that tower of his” cried the lead Auror, “And stun all of his friends who resist” and then he laughed. Tonks had more than just a stun and arrest on her mind for Harry – she planned to have him sent all the way to Azkaban. But when they got there nobody was inside any of the rooms. “Where the hell are they?” the Aurors asked to his squad. Thinking hard the squad decided to search the houses which came up with nothing at all. It was as if Harry had vanished from the castle and the lead Auror was about to order a withdrawal from the grounds when he suddenly thought of looking in the Great Hall. They went back down the many passages and stairs and entered the hall to find Harry sat down and eating a late supper. “Come with us” the leader said, sounding as if he would very much like to knock Harry’s head off there and then.

“I’m busy” Harry said, then returned to the supper he was eating.

“COME! WITH! US!” the Auror screamed.

“I don’t know who you are, but you do not scream in the hall” McGonagall said, coming up to them.

“Keep out of this... Witch!” and the Auror blasted McGonagall on her feet and flying into the stone wall behind the top table. As one entire body every student in the place charged the Aurors and each sent a curse at them. By the time the last stunner was sent flying, the Aurors had all turned into very large slugs.

“Could somebody possibly pop along to the Owl’s tower and ask Hedwig if she is up to a little night time journey?” Harry said, wiping his mouth with the napkin he held in his hand. A couple of students detached from the group and headed out of the hall. By the time they had come back, Harry had packed the slugs into a packing case assisted by eager helpers from all houses.

“Hoo” Hedwig said as she came gliding into the hall through an open window.

“Hello girl” Harry said as she landed on his shoulder. “Can you take this to the Ministry for me?” he asked, and he saw the look that Hedwig gave him.

“Are you kidding?” she almost seemed to speak.

“I’ll do a few Featherlight charms before you take off” Harry said, but Hedwig still looked unconvinced. “Oh well” Harry said, “I had hoped that you had wanted to do this seeing as you are the bravest Owl in the whole world” Harry said, and Hedwig’s ego was sufficiently stroked and Hedwig hooted as Harry did the charms, and then she lifted off from the ground on her important mission.

“I love that Owl” Rudi said.

“Really?” Harry said smirking at her, “That’s one for the books” and Rudi blushed red and sat down.

“Ok folks” Harry said, turning to the hall at large, “You’ve been a great audience and I hope to see you soon” and Harry walked out of the room with the students cheering him loudly.

A/N:

Well here we go, its just ten little chapters to go before I reach the target! I am thinking on something to do next, and I will let you know what it is. It is going to be where Harry is adopted by the Grangers and lives with Hermione. The problem is that when he learns something that upsets him, he doesn’t want to go.

I promise that the Magic CHAPTER 100 will be a record breaker for me in terms of words as I plan to work on it as long as it takes for me to breach 10,000 words!

Thanks go to queenofspades19, because she has helped me with a personal problem.... I LOVE YOU BABE

Tell me what you like of the Chapter, and have a look at the title again! I was on a high!

Reviews and PM's in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Chapter 90 – 10 Chapters to go

Here we

Harry Actually Relaxes

The press went wild when they heard about the court case against Harry. They went even wilder when they discovered Harry was letting it happen. It had become normal procedure that if something happened and Harry didn't like it, then he would just simply deal with it himself. The whole reason for the trial was a case in point! The date had been set for Thursday 14th January at the Ministry of Magic. Harry had requested for the whole thing to use Courtroom 10 – on account he seemed to spend half his life in there. In order to not cause any conflict of interest, Harry had announced that he would not sit in on court cases. Because Hannah and Susan held seats because of inheritances, Harry could vote in cases by proxy. He made certain he had a good share of the seats by giving Hermione the Black family seat so she could sit on the Wizengamot. The time in between the confrontation in the Great Hall and the case was spent in gathering evidence to support Harry, and witnesses came thick and fast from all over. Aurors Riottz and Jackson both told him they would testify in his defence, and also that most of the Auror Corps were behind him all the way. The 'Harry Potter Support Group and Book Club' (an idea of the Weasley twins) had received messages of support and testimony from the new French Minister for Magic.

"Is that more fan mail?" Harry asked.

"No" Hermione said looking at it intensely, "It's a tax demand" and Harry groaned.

"I save the entire world from Voldemort, and they expect me to pay for it?" he asked. The thing would have to be paid, but Harry decided to pay it out all in Knuts – "Give those lazy buggers in accounting something to do" Harry said writing out a note to Griphook. When he finished, he sent Hedwig off to London with instructions to have a nice cruise back to Hogwarts and stop when she wanted to. Harry watched his owl fly over the horizon and then gazed at the lake whose waters glinted in the bright sunshine.

"Whats the matter?" Hannah asked him, as she snaked her arms around Harry's middle and holding him close.

"I don't see the point of finishing this year" Harry said to her while still looking out the window, "I mean I know all the subjects because of the training and research we did while on the run from Voldemort. There's no reason for me to stay except that Hermione would divorce me if I left before summer" he joked, and Hermione laughed.

"I wouldn't do that" she said from across the room, then her tone grew more serious. "There are things that you have to do still" she said. Harry sat down with Hannah on the sofa, Hannah with her head in his lap and eyes closed.

"Like what exactly?" he asked.

"You have the final Quidditch cup game to do, and you never miss a game if you can help it" Hermione said.

"And surely you would like to graduate" Hannah added.

"I know I know" Harry said, resignedly, "It's just I'm bored here and even paintball or flying doesn't help much" and both Hannah and Hermione were worried. It was most unlike Harry to be this way, and they could only assume Harry was feeling the pressure of having to sort out the world's problems with evil on a lot of levels. They hoped he would be better soon because it upset them all when he was like this.

"How about we get some lunch?" Hermione asked.

"Fair enough" Harry said, and headed to the Great Hall with Hermione on his arm. Hannah was carrying James as he had tired himself out running around after a Quidditch sized snitch round the room. The hall was reasonably full as some people had decided to skip lunch or only have a quick bite to eat and go in the library to do research. As per every lunch, James got lots of attention from various students – several Slytherins included as well. It was probably due to the fact that not many 2 and a bit year olds stayed at Hogwarts. Half way through, Susan came in and slipped into a vacant seat.

"Sorry I'm late" she said, picking up a couple of sandwiches, cold chicken and pumpkin juice, "Pomfrey had to deal with a first year who

was hit by a Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes firework thrown by a fifth year” and Harry rolled his eyes.

“I was never that young” Harry sighed as he put James down the bench, “Which house was it?” he asked Susan.

“I am ashamed to say it was a Hufflepuff” Susan said dramatically as she eyed a large platter of Kiev's that had just appeared. When he saw the look in her eyes, he flicked his wand at the second year that had just picked said platter up. She vanished and reappeared back several feet away from the danger zone.

“Be right back” Harry said, and he apparated away with a pop. Three minutes later, he was back with a large box under each arm. He shoved them under the long Gryffindor table and sat back down. “Confiscated” he declared happily. It was one of the rare times that Harry actually carried out his Head Boy duties as he was otherwise busy with one thing or another. As he ate lunch before going off to Potions with Weasley and Weasley he looked around the hall. Students talked happily and got on with their lives, and it was this that made Harry decide to fight the court case with everything at his disposal. When it was time for lessons to begin students from all over left to get to classrooms, and Harry left the hall with James on his shoulders so that he could be safe in their private tower while lessons were going on. Harry, Hannah, Susan, Hermione and the newly arrived Luna and Neville headed off towards the potions rooms, but when they got to the last corridor bend Harry slowed to a stop.

“Whats the matter?” Luna asked.

“Nothing” Harry said, “Just remembered I have to do something. Tell Gred and Forge I'll be there in a while” and he kissed each of his wives goodbye and headed back along the corridor and towards the main entrance. Once he was sure nobody was watching him, he apparated directly to his bedroom and changed into jeans and a t-shirt and left via same method into the grounds outside the castle. He whistled as he headed towards where Sprout was teaching Second years in Mandrake handling.

“Can I help you, Mr Potter?” the professor asked.

"I got a bit bored" Harry replied, "I decided to come and help you out" he said, spreading his arms around the greenhouse.

"Are you after my job?" Sprout jokingly demanded.

"Perhaps" Harry said flatly, though he winked at Sprout. She caught on at once as to what Harry was up to.

"Well lets put you to some good work then" Sprout said and put Harry with a group of second years who where struggling to get the Mandrakes out without the plants knocking their earmuffs off.

"So what are your names then?" he asked the three girls he was with.

"Esther" said a brown haired one.

"Ruth" said a blonde.

"Jennifer" said the remaining black haired girl.

"I'm Harry" Harry said needlessly, and he looked at Sprout who had her back turned. "Now we can do this the hard way" Harry then dropped his voice to a low whisper, "Or we can do this the easy way" and he grinned at the girls. Esther, Ruth and Jennifer took one look at their struggling classmates and agreed on the easy way. Harry muttered a few words and the Mandrake came out with no resistance at all, and they managed to get all theirs done while everyone still worked.

"Now what?" asked Jennifer.

"Watch this" Harry said, then began to jump up and down waving his arms in the air wildly. "We're finished, Professor" he called falsetto.

"What?" Sprout said, turning to see Harry finish his antics. "Did you use magic to cheat?" she asked.

“What, Professor?” Harry asked, putting on a look that would make Hermione proud of, “Me, Professor? Never, Professor” he finished, trying to keep a straight face.

“Are you sure?” Sprout pressed.

“Would I, Harry potter, ever lie to a Professor?” Harry asked.

“It has been known” Sprout said, with the class in fits of laughter. It took a few minutes to get everyone calmed down in order for them to get back to work. Harry put himself into helping the class with their work and it refreshed him quite a lot. It felt good to help with the little things instead of saving the Magical world once a day – twice on Sundays. At the end of the lesson, Harry remained behind after the last kid had left the greenhouse before asking Sprout a question.

“Can I have use one of the unneeded Greenhouses?” he asked her.

“You own this castle” Sprout replied, “You could do what you wanted” she pointed out.

“I know. But it is polite to ask anyway though” and the grubby looking witch agreed.

“Is there anything else I can help you with?” she asked.

“Erm... just let it be known that the one I’m using is out of bounds” Harry said. After a few more words, Sprout left to go to another classroom and Harry went to where he knew Sprout kept all the Herbology equipment and picked up several muggle grow bags and carried them off in his arms to his private greenhouse. When he returned to the store, he consulted his list.

Grow Bags

Watering Can

Seeds

Plant Pots

Seed Trays

Harry had to make several round trips until he was completely satisfied, and then set to work on a special project that didn't involve magic.

"Just look at the state of you!" Hermione said when he walked into the tower. Harry was covered in bits of soil. "Get into that bath this very minute" and Harry did so. When he came out half an hour later, Hermione asked him why he had not attended Potions.

"I really didn't want to" Harry sat, now dressed in a clean pair of slacks, shirt and woolly jumper that Hermione had knitted for him. "There was something that I wanted to do, and I wanted to do it our way" and Harry used the term he used when talking with Hermione and Natalie – 'Our way' meant the muggle way.

"What is it?" Hermione asked, taking the chance while they were alone in the tower's sitting room.

"That my dear is a secret" Harry said, and he started to run a hand up Hermione's side, stopping just under her collar bone. "Where are the others?" he asked.

"They've gone to lessons" Hermione said, "They won't be back for an hour or so" then she looked at him. "Why?" she asked.

"Because I wanted to time to do this" Harry said, and slipped a hand under Hermione blouse and started to gently squeeze one of her breasts through a silk bra.

"HARRY!" Hermione's eyes went wide. "This isn't the place for this" she groaned as Harry started to tweak her nipple.

"You just said they won't be back for an hour" Harry smiled. "There's only us here" he said, "Why not?" he grinned at Hermione and lent in for a kiss.

#

“Harry is going to flip when he finds out about this” Neville predicted.

“I can’t blame Tonks for all of this” Luna said as the pair of them walked down the corridor, footsteps echoing up and down from them. “The power proved too much for her to cope with” and Neville nodded agreement with that.

“I can understand why Harry gave it to Mr Weasley” he said, “But then again, Harry will be going back to it in years to come” and Luna laughed her musical laugh.

“How long will that be?” she giggled.

“A good question” Neville admitted. They reached the tower and he opened the door and was half way in when he stopped, causing Luna to walk smack into his back.

“Whats wrong?” she asked quickly, rubbing her throbbing nose.

“Harry and Hermione are on the sofa” he said.

“Well you can him when he will be Minister” his wife said, but Neville shook his head.

“I don’t think they are in any way inclined to talk to us at the moment” Neville said, and closed the door quietly.

“What in Merlin’s name is going on?” Luna said, getting more puzzled by the second.

“Don’t sit on that sofa until I am certain it is clean” Neville told her, then went on in a lower voice so passing younger students didn’t hear him. it didn’t take more then ten sentences to explain it.

“Lets go back to the others in the library” Luna said, “But lets stop at Myrtle’s old place first” and Neville asked why. “After what you just said they where up to, I think that I am going to be sick” and her husband chuckled.

“My dear, I think that I might just join you” and together they went to alert the others as to what was going on. They found that the others had left the library, but asking several students discovered that they had gone off to the Ravenclaw common rooms.

“Did you find Harry?” Hannah asked, looking up from the copy of the Quibbler she had been reading.

“Yes” Luna said simply.

“What did he say?” Susan asked them.

“He... was busy” Neville said, hesitating slightly.

“With the court case?” Hannah asked, putting the paper down.

“No” Luna said, “He was with Hermione and he was eating” and she blushed.

“Eating what?” Rudi asked.

“He...” Luna blushed as red as her radish earrings as she leant down and lowered her voice to a whisper. “He was eating Hermione” she said.

“Harry’s turned into a cannibal?” Rudi asked, not getting what her odd friend was on about.

“No, he was eating Hermione” Neville repeated, emphasising the word ‘eating’.

“Ah” Susan caught on to it quite well enough and looked at her watch. “Do you think that he’ll be having dinner?” she asked.

“Sounds like he’s having desert already” Natalie giggled loudly, drawing accusing glares from Madam Pince.

“Ewwwwww” squealed Rudi as she figured out what the older teens were saying.

"I think that we should go and get something to eat" Hannah said, getting up from the large table they had all been working round. "I could do with a lollipop" she said as an afterthought.

"Perhaps a 'Harry Potter' flavoured one?" Susan asked sniggering.

"Why not?" Hannah grinned at her fellow wife and they set off to the tower before Harry was full from eating. A happy, smiling and gurgling James was left in the care of the others.

"You know," Natalie said while watching the retreating figures leave the library and bouncing James on her knee, "There are lots of spaces in the Gryffindor dorms. I'm sure that I can fix you up with something for the night" she added.

"If it comes to it" Ben said, "If it comes to it. Of course me and Rudi can just pop along to Ravenclaw" he finished.

"Theres no need for that" Luna said, "They'll be done before bedtime. It all depends if Harry watches that video Hannah, Susan and Hermione made for him before Christmas" and she was suddenly asked as to what exactly the tape contained. Before she answered the questions from the group, she conjured a pair of blue earmuffs and placed them over James's ears. "This isn't something that is for young ears" then she told them what was on the tape, after putting around a few privacy charms.

#

It came to the day of the trial and Harry was being completely mad with worry. He couldn't sleep that night and had refused use of Sleeping Potions to help him doze. Harry was sat on the newly cleaned sofa in the tower's sitting room and watched the sun come up. Footsteps made him turn and he saw all three of his wives come down, fully dressed in heavy formal robes though Harry knew they had been charmed to be much lighter and cooler to wear.

"Time we where off" Hannah said, looking at her solid gold watch – a present from Harry.

“I’m worried” Harry admitted to his wives, “I’m worried about the fact that Tonks has a good case against me” and Hannah slipped and arm around his waist. Now that she was close, he could smell her shampoo and his nose was filled with the smell of Sakura – Cherry Blossom in Japanese.

“You did the right thing” she consoled him, “And you have a lot of people on your side to back you up” and Susan and Hermione agreed with Hannah.

“I hope you’re right” Harry said, then looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. “Time we where off” and all four of them apperated away to the Ministry. While the four where away in London, James would be under the capable care of Natalie, Ben and Rudi. Once in the Ministry, Harry was escorted to the courtroom and led into a small waiting room while his wives went to sit in the public gallery. The moment that they had entered, they saw something that made them very happy and pleased indeed. Harry would be pleased that he had arranged for them to use Courtroom 10 for the case, otherwise they wouldn’t have had enough space for everyone to have fitted in otherwise.

A/N:

WELL HELLO MY DARLINGS!

Well here we: Chapter 91 read, so only another 9 to complete this epic and legendary fic. As some of you know, I have started yet another fic but I will be concentrating on this one. There is one thing though that I ask you, I need somebody to help me with Harry’s trial. I am quite tired at the moment and so need some relief. I will consider every and anybody who wishes to apply to help me out. Anyway...

Major reference to Book 2 in here, so id it please. If you like this chapter, then review. If you didn’t like this chapter then review. All flames will be used to burn Molly Weasley at dawn along with the most evil newspaper person since Robert Maxwell – Rita.

You know the procedure by now...

Regards

Pixel

The Trial And Death Of Harry James Potter

As a matter of procedure, several Aurors had been placed around the courtroom, and Harry was brought in sitting down at the defence table. He carefully and slowly took his wand out and placed it on the table in front of him so that people could see his every move. Across from him Tonks sat at the prosecution waiting to send Harry to Azkaban – if she didn't demand the Death Penalty that is. Because it was such a high profile case, and with Harry as one of the parties involved, the deputy Chief Warlock was presiding. Behind him came in the members of the Wizengamot who wore serious looks on their faces.

"This case is between Miss Nymphadora Tonks and Mr Harry James Potter. Mr Potter stands accused of overthrowing the lawful Minister and committing high treason" said the Acting Chief Warlock in a deep booming voice. He was a short, squat brown haired man and he looked down at Harry. "Mr Potter. You have decided to defend yourself. I must ask you then: How do you plead? Guilty or Not Guilty?" he asked. Harry was silent for a few seconds and then stood up with grace, and because, for all his sins, Harry was not a liar he replied with:

"Guilty, sir" he said, and the whole courtroom burst into gasps of shock and horror. Even Tonks was shocked as the judge banged his gavel several times to restore order.

"Your plea is so entered, Mr Potter" the judge said. "Miss Tonks will begin her case" and he gestured at Tonks.

"Thank you, your honour" she smiled sweetly, and then proceeded to destroy Harry's reputation – bit by bit. She called her first witness and Harry saw one of the Aurors who had tried to stun him upon his return to the Ministry from France. "Auror Main. Please tell the court, in your own words, what you saw take place on the day in question" Tonks requested, and the Auror nodded her long purple hair.

"I was on duty when I heard that Mr Potter had arrived. I had just left your office when there was a lot of shouting. Upon returning I discovered him removing you from office and assuming your position" the woman said.

“What happened next?” Tonks asked.

“Senior Aurors Riottz and Jackson took you under arrest and instructed me and Auror Seafort to take you home and to keep you there” Main said.

“What happened then?” Tonks pressed.

“Once we had got out of range of hearing, both myself and Auror Seafort pledged ourselves to you. We both disagreed with what had happened and we gathered the Aurors that were Most loyal to you and waited in your office for Mr Potter, his family and friends, and Senior Aurors Riottz and Jackson to return” Main said, looking at Harry for a moment, then returning her gaze back to Tonks.

“What happened when they returned?” Tonks asked.

“When each one was through, we stunned them before they had a chance” Main replied quickly, “When Mr Potter came back, he tricked us for a moment using a few Imperio I would guess. He spoke obscene language then vanished” and for the first time, Harry spoke.

“Objection” he called, rising to his feet. “I never swore to the Aurors upon my return from the French Ministry” and the judge looked at him.

“Can you prove this?” he asked.

“Yes, your honour” and Harry withdrew a Pensive and used his wand to transfer the memory into it. It was the same one that he had used years before when Gryffindor had won a game against Slytherin with well over a thousand points. One tap of his wand, and the Pensive projected the memory Harry had placed inside it.

#

“That is an understatement of terms, Harry” Tonks said as Harry quickly noticed that all his loved ones were lying on the floor.

“What have you done to them?” he demanded.

"I have stunned and arrested them as accessories in your treasonous actions" Tonks said. "However if you agree, you will not end up in the same manner" and as Harry's head was thinking, a thought suddenly claimed priority for attention.

"I demand the right to say my Three Magical Statements" he said calmly.

"And what are those?" Tonks asked, signalling for the Aurors to prepare to stun Harry if he tried to pull his wand out at her.

"One: I did what I did for the good of all man kind, and Two: If you ever touch a member of my family then I will chop you into small pieces, and feed them to the Giant squid" he said and then Harry began thinking of something and kept that in his mind – bringing his fingers into a state that would allow him to snap them.

"And your third?" Tonks said.

"Mmm?" Harry said, "Oh that..... Three: I just wanted to say that has been nice to see you, to see you nice" and he snapped his fingers and his friends and family vanished from the room. "Bye bye Nymphie" and with a wave of his hand Harry vanished from the room with a loud bang. Harry also created a blast of wind that pushed the Aurors and Tonks off their feet allowing him to leave.

#

"The witness is dismissed as giving false evidence" the judge said, and Auror Main stormed out of the courtroom.

"I call my next witness" Tonks said, "HARRY JAMES POTTER!" several people looked at Harry as he shrugged, then made his way to the witness stand.

"I have just three questions to ask you" Tonks said. "One: Why did you remove me from office?" and Harry thought long and hard about it.

"I believed that you were going to surrender" he said at last. "You only had a small force of Aurors that had been battle hardened, with most of the remainder not even seen an accident of any kind" he added. "You seemed to be either unwilling or unable to make a pre-emptive strike against the French Ministry" Harry said, "For that reason, I removed you" and Tonks paced for several moments before going for her second question.

"Was you aware that you had committed high treason against the Ministry? Are you aware of the penalty for that?" she asked.

"I was aware of my actions" Harry said, "I did it for the greater good" quoting what Dumbledore used to say to him years ago when trying to control Harry. "And I know what the penalty can be. It all depends on what the judge and jury panel decide on" and Harry looked Tonks right in the eye.

"My third question. What made you do this whole episode?" she asked.

"There were many reasons, but there is only one that mattered at the time" Harry said, and he looked at Tonks with a look of fire in his eyes. "I might be many things, but I am not a coward" he said, and Tonks was rooted to the spot as Harry simply flicked her the bird and then left the box and returned to his seat, looking at his watch. McGonagall should just be informed right about... now.

#

The grounds were sunny and beautiful, if not all that warm. Still, the Robins flew and sung songs round and round the castle, and Minerva McGonagall was working on some coursework when the sounds of running footsteps came into her room. She looked up to see Pomona Sprout come full tilt in through the door.

"Whatever is that matter?" she asked, summoning a chair for Sprout to sit on.

"Its... the... students" Sprout wheezed.

“What about them?” asked McGonagall, puzzled and concerned at the same time.

“None of them are at any of their lessons” Sprout said.

“Which students?” McGonagall asked. “I know about the Potters being away”, but the dumpy witch shook her head vigorously.

“All of them” Sprout said and she picked up a copy of the Prophet on McGonagall’s desk. Sprout jabbed one of the articles with a finger and Minerva McGonagall, Headmistress of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry did something she did not do very often at all. She swore.

“Oh fuck” as the article proclaimed that today was Harry’s court case appearance. “They’ve all gone there” and Sprout nodded.

#

Apart from a few points here and there, Harry was losing the fight. As much as it was all for the good reasons, Harry had committed treason. Even the testimony of Aurors Riottz and Jackson did nothing to help him much, and Harry was a bit annoyed really at the thought of losing the whole thing. There was of course the trump card he could play if it came to it, but he didn’t think it would be needed. After the last witness had finished giving evidence, the judge had declared a ten minute recess. When he returned, the verdict and sentence would be announced. Harry waited in his side room, not even allowed to see his wives. When he came back, Harry noticed that Tonks looked very smug indeed. This is what made him start to panic quite a lot with the verdict. The judge came in without the jury and sat down. After several deep breaths, he spoke to the entire courtroom with a shaky voice.

“The defendant will rise” he ordered, and Harry stood up. “Harry James Potter. It is the judgement of this court that you are guilty on all charges. Do you have anything to say before I pass sentence?” the judge asked.

“No” Harry said, shocked beyond all disbelief. The public section behind him gasped and several people screamed out in protest.

“Harry James Potter. Having been found guilty on all charges, you are sentenced to death. The sentence is to be carried out at once. May Merlin have mercy on your soul” the judge said, and Harry’s wives, most of Hogwarts and members of the public rushed to get to Harry. But before they could get there, one of the nearby Aurors used a killing curse and Harry’s lifeless body dropped to the floor.

“YOU BASTARDS” Hannah cursed, and started to attack the Aurors one by one, joined by Susan and Hermione. Bodies flew each and every way as their combined fury went unleashed, but it didn’t help matters much. Harry’s body was still lying where it had dropped.

A/N:

Now that’s a problem!

Reviews and Pm’s in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Aka

O’ Evil One

Bad Dreams And Worse

Hannah woke up with a start, and looked to Harry's sleeping form to make certain he was alive. She had not had nightmares like that since the day they had defeated Voldemort, and it made her slightly sick with worry. She gazed down at Harry, Susan and Hermione – the two girls having an arm wrapped around Harry chest, and he an arm around their waist. Hannah left the bed quietly so that she didn't disturb the sleeping figures, and put on a nightgown and went for a night time walk round the castle. She nodded greetings to the ghosts who she met and ended up looking over the lake from the shore line under the beech tree. She shivered in the bitterly cold night air and cast a warming charm on herself to stay warm. Hannah's mind was filled with thoughts of Harry facing the death penalty, and she shuddered. If it came to it, then Hannah was fully prepared to kill in order to keep Harry safe – and it would not have been the first time she had done that either! Metal clanking made her turn round and she saw Harry's Tachikoma come towards her.

"Greetings Hannah" it said.

"Greetings Tachikoma" Hannah replied.

"It's a bit cold to be out tonight" the Tachikoma said.

"I was woken by a bad dream" Hannah said, "And I need to clear my mind" she added.

"When that happens, I just delete the memory" the Tachikoma said.

"Humans can't do that" Hannah smiled faintly, "We just have to keep it in our minds. But sometimes we can try to forget it" she added. The darkened form of the machine stood silent for several moments.

"What was your bad dream about?" it asked at length.

"I feared that Harry was going to die" Hannah said, and then she looked at the machine. "Mind if I jump in?" she asked, and Hannah would have sworn that the Tachikoma smiled.

“Of course not, Hannah” it said, and Hannah went round to the back and jumped into the pod. The Tachikoma warmed up the inside for her and turned on the cabin lights, and Hannah curled up in the warm cockpit. “You want to tell me about the dream?” the Tachikoma asked. “Harry says it helps when you’re sad to talk to somebody” and Hannah sighed.

“I guess it does” she said, and Hannah explained everything that she could remember about the dream she had woken up from. When she had finished, the Tachikoma seemed to contemplate this for a long time before answering.

“I don’t understand the concept of death myself” it said eventually.

“Huh?” Hannah said surprised.

“I think it’s because I’m an AI and can’t die” the Tachikoma said.

“You mean you can’t die?” Hannah asked.

“Nope” the Tachikoma replied brightly. Hannah spent almost an hour trying to explain the concept to the Tachikoma, and it seemed to pick it up in the end. “So death for me would be being turned off and never used again?” it asked, sounding hopeful that it was correct.

“More or less” Hannah said. A tiny part of her mind found it odd that she was having a conversation like this with the Tachikoma. She made a note to get Luna to discuss it further with the Tachikoma. The machine was silent for a few minutes as it processed the information, then it gave a good imitation of a human sigh.

“You want to go back to your tower?” Harry’s Tachikoma asked.

“Please” Hannah said, and the machine trundled away in stealth mode back to the tower. As it couldn’t go inside the castle – except the entrance hall and Great Hall – it simply went up the side of the castle instead. When it reached a window, the Tachikoma quietly opened it then turned round for Hannah to clamber out and swing off the rear of it and into the tower. Hannah bid the Tachikoma farewell, and it scuttled down the tower and off into the darkness. Hannah

almost fell asleep standing up – eyes actually closing. She closed the window and turned to see Harry in just his boxers looking at her.

“Something I should know about?” he asked her.

“No” Hannah lied, “I just had a bad dream” she added, deciding on telling half a truth to her husband.

“It was about me, wasn’t it?” Harry asked, making a dressing gown appear out of nowhere.

“No” Hannah said, sitting on the sofa with him, and laying her hand on his chest.

“Don’t lie” Harry said gently, “I know it was about me. You’re worried about what will happen to me later this afternoon” and Hannah sat up and looked at him in surprise.

“How did you know?” she asked him.

“I can read minds” Harry said, tapping the side of his head. “I don’t read your mind a lot, but I do do it if I think you or Susan or Hermione or anybody is sick or injured” and Hannah looked at him with a surprised look on her face.

“I don’t know what to say to that” she said at last. “Though I wouldn’t know if you was reading my mind right now” Hannah added, her tone surprising Harry somewhat.

“Hannah Potter! It isn’t something that I do very lightly. I do it because I am concerned about my family and my friends. I can not afford to lose any more of you again. During the war, we all had to kill – even Rudi did at the end – but that was nothing compared to happened to me personally. I lost Hermione before we got married before the Battle of the Line, but I got her back as you know. Then Susan was murdered while with child, so don’t go lecturing ME on when to not read minds” Harry was angry towards one of his wives – which was rare – and he looked away then back to her, snapping his fingers. A small pile of parchment popped into existence on the coffee table in front of them. “There” Harry said simply and snapped his fingers to

dress himself. He went to the window and gave a whistle to the cold air outside.

“Harry?” Hannah’s voice called to him in the dimly lit sitting room. “What are these?” she asked as she glanced through them.

“You know damn well what they are. Those, Mrs Potter, are divorce papers for you, Susan and Hermione. You each get a quarter of the Potter vaults to keep” Harry said, getting his Nimbus 2000 and his Firebolt EBF and Firebolt XL models. “Clearly you do not trust me to do the right thing” Harry said, and then leant forward and fell forwards out of the window. Hannah rushed over and saw Harry complete a forward roll in mid air, landing in front of his Tachikoma and getting inside it. A few seconds later it moved off and into the darkness. The next thing that she knew was looking into Harry’s concerned face.

#

“She’s awake” Harry said, and Pomfrey came into view.

“Urghhh” Hannah said.

That’s right, Dorothy. It was all a dream” Harry said straight faced.

“You’ve had a nasty time just now” the nurse said, waving her wand over Hannah. “The fact is that you’re awake at last” she added.

“How long?” she croaked. Hannah’s throat seemed to be a little bit dry and sore. Harry reached for a jug of water and poured some into a glass, giving it to Hannah to soothe the dryness and crackling.

“Several days” Pomfrey said, doing diagnostic charms on Hannah. She drank some more, and then felt a weight on her legs. She looked up from the sitting position she was now in and saw James curled up and sleeping on her feet.

“He wouldn’t leave” Harry shrugged. Hannah looked around as Pomfrey left, and saw a number of people including: Susan, Hermione, Luna and Neville, Rudi, Ben, Natalie, McGonagall, Hagrid (back from a trip he had undertaken to rebuild the Giant’s kingdom)

and the Weasley twins. All wore worried, but relieved looks on their faces.

"I must say that it is nice to see you awake and aware, Hannah" McGonagall said. "I have spent so much time in here keeping watch that my homework planning has gone out the window" and everyone laughed.

"What happened?" Hannah asked, as Hermione picked James up and transferred him to his mother's arms.

"It was Tonks" Susan said, bitterly and with venom. "She put something in that supply of Butterbeer you get from the company" and Hermione took over.

"She put an odourless and tasteless potion inside each bottle. It made you be violently sick and then pass out. You fell down the entire height of Astromany Tower and almost cracked your head open on the grass. If it wasn't for two second years who saw you, you'd be dead by now" and Hannah suddenly understood how close she had been to getting killed.

"Who was it?" she asked, and was answered by whistling from Rudi and Ben. "Thank you" Hannah said gratefully.

"It was nothing" Ben smiled.

"We where just passing by... admiring the stonework of the tower when we saw you fall" Rudi said, blushing a nice pretty shade of red. "Me and Ben did levitating spells at the same time and slowed you down" and Hannah thanked the pair again.

"So... how do you know it was Tonks that did this?" Hannah asked, hugging a newly awoken James.

"The poison is only used by the Minister under certain circumstances" Susan said, "Tonks took it before she was removed from office, because Mr Weasley didn't have any knowledge of it at all. Tonks also signed for the bottle" and Hermione shook her head.

“Stupid when you think of it” the bushy haired girl said.

“So what happens now?” asked Hannah.

“After this, there is no way that there will be any trial” Harry said. “In fact, I am just about to make certain of that” and Harry kissed Hannah on the head, then left the Hospital Wing. What Hannah saw just before she lost sight of Harry, was the fact he was wearing Gryffindor’s sword. Hannah Potter was very happy to not be in Nymphadora Tonks’s shoes today. Not when Harry looked very pissed off.

#

I want that bitch, and I want her now”, Harry said to the witch on the reception to the Ministry. The witch looked at Harry and hurried to find her – coming back several minutes later.

“Come to give yourself in?” Tonks sneered, not like her old and cheerful self. It was clear that she blamed Harry for the death of Remus Lupin when Harry and family plus Rudi ran from Hogwarts. Tonks then blinked when she was on the end of a very large, very powerful and very old sword.

“This time you went too far” Harry snarled. “You attacked me and that was alright. But to try and poison my wife is totally unforgivable” Harry thundered.

“What the hell...” the sound of Katharine Riottz came from the side of the scene. “Harry?” she asked confused, “What is going on?” the Auror added.

“This... this... this thing” Harry spat out, keeping his gaze on Tonks, “Tried to poison my wife with a potion that nearly killed her” he lowered the sword. “I want her arrested and sent to the deepest darkest place on Earth. What she did was no worse then Voldemort and his lot got up to” then Harry pulled out a massive Pensive from his pocket and tapped it, and it showed to everyone on the Atrium exactly what had happened, and that Harry was telling the truth about the Poison.

“You still have to face trial” Tonks sneered at him.

“To hell with this” Harry said, “I have had just about enough of you”, then struck out with his right fist and hit Tonks in the stomach so hard that she went flying into a stone pillar.

Aurors Riottz and Jackson both Stunned Tonks, then dragged her by the arms down towards the cells. Harry went right into a meeting with Mr Weasley, where it was agreed that the treason charge was an evil plan on Tonks’s part. It was announced in that evening’s papers that Harry had been cleared of all charges, and that Tonks had been sent after an emergency trial to Azkaban prison, staying as a guest for the next 37 and three quarter years. When Harry returned to Hogwarts, Hannah had been released from the Hospital Wing, with orders to take it easy in case the poison had made her weak – which it had actually done. The first thing the concerned Gryffindor had done was to pick Hannah up and take her to their room, with orders to not be disturbed for the next four hours. They came back down just as dinner was being served, and Harry intercepted the Weasley twins and whispered something to them. They agreed at once to assist Harry and everyone in the know kept straight looks as McGonagall came into the Great Hall with all the staff seats playing ‘Pop Goes The Weasel’.

“Is this your doing?” she asked Harry.

“Why, Professor” Harry said, in his best hurt voice, “Surely you have heard of Musical Chairs?” he asked sweetly.

“Musical Chairs do not involve musical chairs!” McGonagall said, then realised she had been suckered by Harry and the twins. The entire hall (staff and teachers included) ‘Why did I ever let them two teach here?’ she asked herself. Harry let the song play for a few more moments then cancelled the spell and everyone had a normal meal. Afterwards, Harry took his family and friends down to the lake and they sailed on Harry’s boat. As Hermione took the helm, Harry frowned while putting an arm round Hannah.

“Whats wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing” Harry replied, “I’m just glad that I didn’t lose you, and that you are safe and sound” then he brightened up and laughed. The tension of all the time spent at Hannah’s bedside or pacing round the nearby corridors had taken a lot from the boy, and he settled down to watch as Hermione nearly made the Giant Squid the new Prow ornament. To avoid it, Hermione had to make several violent turns, and Susan was chucked over the side while coming back aft with some Butterbeer.

“Woman overboard!” Luna shouted out.

“Bugger that” Neville said, “BUTTERBEER OVERBOARD!” and was rewarded by getting soaked by Susan who splashed him. Natalie took pity on her and lifted the Hufflepuff out of the water and dried her off.

“We really should get Hermione lessons you know” Hannah said casually.

“She can only just ride a broomstick” Harry said, “Don’t push it” and Hermione charged him and threw him into the water.

“Harry overboard!” Rudi yelled, then jumped in and swam towards where Harry had gone under. It only took a few seconds as she was a good swimmer, having used the summer to have lessons in the ability. She used the Great Lake to keep in practice, and it served her well. But when she got to Harry, nothing of him could be seen at all except his cloak. Rudi and everyone else started to panic – surely Harry could have just apparated back on the boat or just swam over? Priorities changed when Rudi turned round in the water and saw a shark’s fin sticking up out of the water’s surface. “Oh shit” she swore then made a bee line for the boat. She almost made it when the shark leapt out of the water and pounced on her.

“Surprise” Harry said, laughing at Rudi’s multiple facial expressions.

“That was mean” Ben scaled him, as the pair clambered back on board and then dried off.

“Perhaps it was a little bit, but it was relaxing” Harry said, then he took the wheel and took them to the middle. Casting wandless and wordless shield and warming charms over the boat, they watched as the sun set over the castle. The setting sun made everything look golden topped and just... magical for want of a better word.

“What’s next on the agenda?” asked Hannah, later that night while in bed.

“Nothing much” Harry said sleepily, “Just the Quidditch game” and then he fell asleep with all three of his wives around him. The strain of everything had taken its toll on Harry, and he slept soundly for the first time in ages.

#

The pair snuck out of the Ravenclaw tower, and headed down to the kitchens with grins on faces. Rudi and Ben entered and told the surprised elves that they were hungry, but that they would take care of themselves. The elves had protested at first, but Rudi told them that Harry would be upset if they didn’t do their jobs right, and the elves hurried away.

“You have a way with words” Ben smiled, as the pair dotted around to get some items. The Ravensclaws were going to make a pizza, and everything seemed to be going well...

#

The explosion thundered right round the castle, and woke everybody up – including the Potters and Longbottoms. Harry’s first reaction was to dress in an instant and then grab his wand – leaving a bewildered trio of wives behind him. Sticking his head out of the door proved to be fine, and Harry followed where the sound had come from. As he walked past the Great Hall, Harry could see like minded people following the trail. From that point down the corridors lay debris, smoke and burnt stonework, and Harry also noticed huge amounts of a gooey white substance. When he encountered them, Harry knew it wasn’t a Weasley prank – even those two had limits! Together they followed the devastation until Harry stood in the middle of a destroyed

room. Elves huddled together at the least damaged part, and two goo covered monsters stood their ground and looked back at him. The room had been completely smashed with nothing very large remaining. Harry took another look around then yelled at the monsters

“WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE TO MY KITCHEN?” Harry James Potter yelled at two gooey Ravenclaws.

A/N:

So Harry was not dead after all, so there we have it! It was Tonks all along, poisoning Hannah's mind for real!

Tachikoma – The talk with the Tachikoma is the same as what Batou's Tachi had with Miki in “Tachikoma Runs Away” – one of the better eps.

Harry's sentence before hitting Tonks is Kirk's line in ST III.

Well there are only six ...yes... SIX chapters to go, so things will start to skip a bit in times and things. Next chapter will be Harry's last Quidditch game as a student and then we'll go to the birth scenes for Susan and Hermione – suggestion for names in a hat. Children will be a mixture of boys and girls, though one is going to be Ginny of course. After that... it's off to the final week of Hogwarts and Harry gets ready to say goodbye to the first home he truly loved and liked.

Personal Note:- I know that a lot of you will have got alerts concerning two fics. One is the second and final part of “How Rigel Got Her Wings” and the other is called “Rose's Passing”. Is it too much to ask if you could read and review them please? Thanks!!!

If you all look on my homepage for , then you will see that I have now done a bio (at last) – and at the bottom are some people from this site – take a look!

What I am going to do, is to place “True Friends” on hold for the moment, and then complete all outstanding works so I have more time to deal with the final run. Thought I would let you know. The fics

that need completing are: my other HP fic, my Lazytown one (and the reason my pen name is how it is), as well a number of others. Drop me a PM if you want to know about expected completion dates. Should you ask a question that isn't about "True Friends" or any of the others, then please just write a PM, it makes it better for me to cope with.

For all of you out there

This is the third time that I have posted this chapter, and I have only got three reviews. The word ANGRY doesn't come close to how I feel. I would be happy if you could review please. If you have a problem with the fic, then let me bloody well know.

Reviews and PM's in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

THE UNDISPUTED ONE TRUE GOD OF FANFICTION!

Rita Skeeter And The Day She Crossed Harry

Things had almost settled down until several days later, when the morning papers arrived. Harry didn't read them that morning as he was still attempting to clear away the mess that Rudi and Ben had created. As the kitchens had still not been sorted out, Harry had gone to the Leaky Cauldron and placed an order for 614 breakfasts to go, and he was glad that he had a camera with him when Tom's face dropped. After breakfast, he was excused from going to Defence Against the Dark Arts as he was a little drained, so he sat on the living room sofa and picked up the morning paper to read. It was later said that the explosion could be heard from the other side of the castle.

Former Minister Jailed With No Trial

By

Rita Skeeter

I can reveal to my readers that former Minister Nymphadora Tonks was jailed without a proper trial. It has been rumoured that it was over allegations that she poisoned Mrs Hannah Potter, and almost caused her to die. This series of shocking and alarming events has been brought about by the actions of Harry Potter. The saviour of the Wizarding world seems to have decided to do what ever he wants and to attack and terrorise those who do not comply with his wishes.

Though this reporter did not witness the events in question, it was reported by several Aurors who remain loyal to the former Minister. They have suggested that Mr Potter has become deranged after killing many Death Eaters during the 2nd Dark War, and should be taken to St Mungos Mental Ward. It has also been suggested that Mr Potter stand trial for the innocent people he killed, as well as Un-Armed Death Eaters at various times during the war. Mr Potter is not the person we had all come to love and trust anymore. Harry Potter is a threat to the world and should be put through the veil at the first possible chance.

As Harry put down the paper, Hannah, Susan, Hermione, McGonagall and the Weasley twins came skidding through the doorway. When they asked what had caused Harry to explode with anger, and he threw the paper over at them for them to read the full article.

“How the hell did she get a job with the Prophet?” Hermione said, “Harry had her sacked” and Hannah explained that Rita had regained it after the war – there not being too many reporters left after all.

“I’m going to kill her” Harry growled.

“Is that really going to solve things?” asked Susan.

“No” Harry said, “But it will make me feel better” and he smiled weakly.

“We have to leave to go back to our shop” the twins said at the same time.

“We also have to go and talk to a reporter or two” George added, and they both walked out at the same time.

“So,” Hannah sighed, “What are we going to do about this?” she asked.

“Well” Harry said, picking up the paper, “We could make hats, or paper people, or paper boats and put them on the lake or even...” Harry stopped as he saw the glare he got from his wife.

“This isn’t time to be quoting Airplane, Harry” she said to him.

“The best bet is to get a court order on her” McGonagall said, “At least it will buy some time before she tries another form of attacking you and your family” she added. Harry was going to agree when he suddenly had a plan.

“We could do that” he said, “But I have just had a really funny idea” and after explaining what he was going to do, he used the Floo to go to the offices of the Prophet to talk to the person he had left in charge

while he was at Hogwarts. Harry waited at the reception for a full twenty minutes before getting to his feet.

“What are you doing?” the receptionist asked, as Harry swept past him.

“Just a meeting” Harry said, and tried the door. “Mmmm... door seems to not be opening” and Harry backed off about two feet. The receptionist thought that Harry was going to sit back down until Harry brought out his wand. “Bombarda” and the door was blasted to smithereens. “Heres Johnny!” Harry said as he passed through the doorway which now had no door. Harry could see the terrified editor behind his desk. “Sorry about that” Harry apologised, “Door was locked” and Harry conjured a nice fluffy purple armchair for him to sit in.

“Can I help you?” the female editor asked Harry.

“I would like to know why... no HOW you let Rita Skeeter get a job here again, when I left instructions for her to not be employed here” Harry said calmly.

“We needed the staff” the editor offered. The editor was a plump woman called Arial Black, but no relation to Sirius or his family line. “She promised that she wouldn’t write another bad article about you, so we gave her a job” Arial went on.

“How long has she been here?” Harry asked calmly.

“Six months” Arial replied.

“And you didn’t think to check it with me, or mention it when I came for a visit?” Harry said, now drinking a cup of tea which had come from nowhere.

“Well...” Arial hesitated, “We did think you was busy with everything that went on in your life” and Harry shook his head.

“I gave standing orders for a Rita Skeeter situation. You have broken those orders, and I am afraid that I am going to have to punish you for that” Harry said, setting his cup and saucer on the desk.

“Please don’t sack me!” Arial cried suddenly, “I took this job in order to help look after my sister’s two girls. She was an Auror who worked in the counter insurgency during the war, but her two girls managed to avoid being discovered and managed to get to me. I have a bit in Gringotts, but it isn’t enough to support the three of us, and this is a nine to five job. It lets me pick them up from Muggle primary school” and as Arial told her tale, Harry’s heart softened. He was about to sack her but he didn’t feel able to do so anymore. Harry cast a new door into place and then told her that she could keep her job. Arial Black’s gratitude towards Harry made him sick, and Harry told her to stop or else he would sack her.

“We are going to sack Miss Skeeter” Harry said, “Her name is shit anyway” he added.

“Theres no reason to swear” Arial said.

“No it really is” Harry said. “Skeeter in Scandinavian sounds very much like the word ‘Skíta’. You can never have too much fun with that one” he added, and Arial smiled.

“What do we do then?” she asked.

“First of all” Harry told her, “I want to see every reporter we have in the building. Tell them to meet me in the conference room on the second floor” and Arial looked puzzled.

“We don’t have a conference room on the second floor” she said.

“Will be when I’m finished” Harry said, and then went up to the next floor to do some re-arranging – with some help of course.

#

Arial Black and the other reporters came into a large room – dominated by a large oval wooden table and 2 seats arranged around

it. The oval at one end was slightly flat and was clearly where the editor sat, or in this case Harry. The person in question was sat in the leather swivel chair with his feet up in the desk.

“Thanks guys” Harry said, and tossed Griphook a handful of Galleons.

“Our pleasure, Harry” Griphook said, and walked right past the surprised Prophet staff. Harry indicated that the reporters should sit with Arial Black to sit to Harry’s right.

“Now I don’t know most of you” he said, “So let’s go round the horn clockwise” and he indicated the first person in front and to his left.

“Adobe Calson”

“Chaparral Pro”

“Eras Demi”

“Lucida Console”

“Gill Sans”

“Verdanna Bookman”

“Pica Mothman”

“Upher Case”

Harry nodded to each and explained his plans for Rita. He also told them that anybody who was making up stories or writing bad things about anybody, then that person would be suspended for a week and fined two weeks wages. If they continued with the bad stories, then Harry would personally sack them himself. It was a testament to Harry’s fairness that each and every one of them accepted Harry’s terms. He also told them that if Rita tried to enter the building, then they where now authorised by Harry to stun her, and drag the woman all the way to the Ministry. He also told them exactly what he wanted printing in that evening’s paper as well as the next day.

#

"I thought that went well" Harry said.

"I would have been terrified by that" Arial admitted to him later in her office. Harry got up and went to the fire place, turning to look back at the editor.

"After fighting Voldemort and his Death Eaters for years, that was as terrifying as a mouse that goes 'BOO!' and Harry stepped through the fire and came out at Gringotts. He had some talking to concerning Arial Black and how little she had in her account. When Harry apparated to Hogwarts later that morning, Arial Black's account was a million Galleons larger.

#

"What did you do?" Hermione asked, when he came back to Hogwarts later that morning.

"Wait until tonight" Harry replied, and he refused to say anything else on the subject.

"I hope haven't done anything stupid, Harry" Hermione said.

"You know me" Harry replied.

"That's what I'm worried about" Hermione quipped, and then kissed Harry deeply before heading off to her lessons. As she moved off, Harry's eyes strayed down the feminine swaying of her hips bottom. If he could get away with it, Harry would have jumped Hermione there and then, and then deal with the counselling for the younger students later. Harry sat down in the living room, put his feet up on the coffee table and sighed. As he did so, Harry closed his eyes and rubbed the sides of his aching head. Things were not as bad as he had been expecting, but it seemed like the whole world needed Harry to deal with its problems and Harry wasn't very happy with that at all. He seriously considered purchasing a small island and living on it for a few months or even years. As he tried to get rid of the stress in his mind, a window shattered.

“Enough relaxing” Harry said, and he fixed the window. After finding he had nothing better to do with his time, Harry went down to see how his special project was doing. He had had to concede to the laws of nature and had done a small amount of magic in the greenhouse. On his way back, he met Natalie and he asked her if she was alright. Natalie replied that she was, but she was waiting for a boy to meet her. Harry raised an eyebrow at her, and then decided to grill her for details. After that, Harry seemed to have calmed down, and then of course there was the matter of Rita Skeeter. The first part of which would be in that evening’s papers.

#

Rita Skeeter – Biggest Cow In History

By

Seymour Butts

It has come to the attention of the Prophet that Miss Skeeter is an ugly old hag – and we have been given plenty of evidence to prove it. With the assistance of Griphook, currant manager of Gringotts bank, this paper has discovered that Miss Skeeter (still the only Virgin of her graduating class) makes several purchases a week of a well known beauty product – “Wrinkly’s Wrinkle Remover” as well as some others. Further more we have discovered a number of Quick Quotes Quills, which, though not banned, are only to be used in court cases and interviews. Rita Skeeter seems to have had a great deal of fun dragging the names of the saviours of the magical world into the mud. When asked for a statement, Mr Harry Potter said:

“Miss Skeeter is an ugly old hag. Her favourite game is to play with people’s reputations. She has more slime on her than a slug, and is more slippery than a greased up squid. Between you and me” Mr Potter said leaning in, “I rather think she is a lesbian as she has never slept with a man in her life”. When asked why he made those comments, he replied, “If Rita can make up things, then so can I” and we agree with Mr Potter. Because of the many fabricated articles, Mr Potter has challenged her to a Duel to be held wherever she likes.

#

The next morning, Hundreds of Owls landed at the Gryffindor table, and Harry employed many of the first years from all four houses to help sort them out. It sometimes paid to have them obey his wishes. After trying to get rid of the blob with potions that the class had been brewing, it was finally gone although a large hole was in the middle of the room so that Harry was forced to use several powerful spells in order to seal it. It was times like that which Harry doubt the wisdom of having the twins as Teachers. Just as well that the arrangement was only until the summer holidays. The last important letter was from Rita Skeeter's lawyer which made for some good reading.

Dear Mr Potter

In recent copies of the press, you have repeatedly sullied the name of my client. What I must ask you is for you to stop your false stories, as my client has done nothing but be kind to you. Miss Skeeter is very upset over your allegations which your paper printed on your instructions and demands a total retraction no later then three days time.

Ima Git

"If he thinks that I am going to apologise to that cow, he has another thing coming" Harry said to his wives.

"I know I wouldn't" Hannah said.

"Not after what she out you through" Susan agreed.

"My client has done nothing but be kind to you" Hermione snorted, "I honestly believe she doesn't know the meaning of the word" she added. Harry sipped his Firewhiskey while looking at the letter again. He thought about it deeply for several moments, then got up and went to the Fireplace and made a Floo call. Several minutes later the Twins came through into the living room. They had been in London running the shop – the teaching being a part time thing after all.

“How can” George began.

“We help?” finished his brother. Harry let them read the full letter and they both replied with cursing.

“The Bitch!” came the simultaneous reply. Harry smirked for a moment, and then straightened to attention.

“Ladies and Gentlemen” Harry said, “This means war. We’ll meet in the Room of Requirement in fifteen minutes. Can you get you get hold of Natalie for me, and tell her where we are, Rudi?” Harry asked, and Rudi nodded and she went off with Ben – holding each others hands.

#

Four hours later and 10 Galleons lighter, nine Death Eaters walked down an entirely WIZARDING street. People saw them and ran for their houses, but the Death Eaters swept past until they got to one small house. The leader blasted the doors off the front and sent his companions into the house and soon spells could be heard getting cast. It went quiet after a few seconds, and Rita Skeeter was carried out of the house with a Death Eater at each extremity.

“You have been a evil woman” the leader said, deep voice booming through his mask and cloak. “We have decided to punish you in the best and most humiliating way imaginable” and then he stunned Rita and they all apparated away.

#

Rita Skeeter’s next memory was waking up and realising that she was sat up in the middle of the Quidditch pitch at Hogwarts. Her next impression was that all of the stands facing her were full of people cheering and talking loudly. What was going on? She asked herself. As if in answer to her question, a voice rang out over a magical microphone.

“Welcome everybody to the Hogwarts display team demonstration! We have a willing subject to show you how accurate you can throw

things from a moving broom. As you can see” the voice said, ringing out over the ground, “The riders are all armed with paint bombs. So without further ado... let’s begin” and the crowd went wild as several bombs converged on her at once. At the end of the bombing run, her clothes changed from being paint covered to something odd. Rita Skeeter was now wearing a Princess costume and everyone in the stands laughed at her and pointed at her discomfort. Suddenly there was a massive explosion in front of her and smoke and flames issued from a few odd looking black boxes and through the smoke came...

“Potter!” Rita hissed. “Let me free this isn’t instant!” she demanded.

“Erm... no” Harry said politely. “I wanted you to be humiliated as much as I have been over the last few years by you. You see it’s not very nice to have that printed about you. And then you have to go and insult my family? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!” Harry turned to one of the floating riders behind him. “You get all the pictures you need?” he asked and Hermione nodded.

“All ready for print” she called down.

“Get me out of here!” Rita snarled, managing to get to her feet.

“At once” Harry said, and raised his wand arm. A double set of booms echoed over the entire grounds of Hogwarts, and the Knight Bus appeared. At the same time as it did so, a piece of very fast music began playing and the muggleborns and those purebloods that recognised it burst into applause as the magical speakers played “Yakkety Sax”. When it came to a stop, Harry was assisted by the Weasley twins in picking Rita up and shoving her onto the bus. “Never cross me again” Harry said, with all the venom he could muster. And then the Knight Bus went away and Harry returned to the castle for dinner.

A/N:

Well there you go, another chapter for you to enjoy.

Theres a massive joke when Harry learns who the other reporters are at the Prophet, as well as the Editor. See if you can get it! There is

also a joke about Rita's last name – but it is also true as well. suggest you look it up!

Note:- I have updated Chapter 85 “Boeing Boeing Gone” with missing parts. please go back to the chapter and see what I have done. It concerns a nun and a man. (and it's not rude either). PLEASE go back and look for it

Next chapter will be pure out and out sex between Harry and his three wives, and joemjackson (a trusted friend of mine on here – and long term reviewer) will get his wish concerning Susan. Think about the 4 out of 5 rating you gave me. I'm going for that fifth star for you. *wink*.

Hope you enjoyed how Harry got his revenge on Rita, and look forward to writing the next chapter.

Reviews and PM's in the normal manner

Regards:

Pixel

Harry's Last Hogwarts Quidditch Match

Weeks passed since the Rita Skeeter incident, and Harry was deep in training for the upcoming Quidditch match. There had been so many points clocked up by Gryffindor that it was a mathematical impossibility that Gryffindor could lose. The next day would be Harry's final ever game of Quidditch at Hogwarts. He had a problem in that he needed replacement players as Hermione was carrying his child and that meant she could not play. Neville was unable to play as well because he had broken his arm and Madam Pomfrey had forbidden him to play. This, combined with the rest of the squad unable to play for some reason or other, meant that it was Harry and Natalie playing against a full Slytherin side.

"I'm beginning to think the fates are against me" Harry moaned as he fell onto the bed. His body ached as he and Natalie had played a full game against Hufflepuff just for practice.

"That bad?" Hannah asked, slipping into the room with Susan and Hermione.

"We both got flattened" Harry spoke, flipping himself over to look at his wives. "The game ended with your lot winning by a clear 900 points" he added, referring to the two Hufflepuffs.

"And for the record" Hermione said soothingly, "Was your score?" she asked.

"Ten" came the single worded reply.

"You look as if you need to be relaxed" Susan said. Harry looked at three wives to see that they had discarded their clothes, and now stood naked in front of him. Harry felt himself harden at once, and in no time the door was sealed and warded against entry to anybody.

#

Harry's eyes went through the roof when he saw Hannah openly kiss Hermione and the bushy haired witch was just as enthusiastic about the entire thing. Harry was loving every moment of his life at that very

moment. Susan was sat on the edge of the bed while Hannah and Hermione licked and sucked on his hardened length.

Without being asked to, Susan shuffled closer and Harry began to tease her already hardened nipples. Hermione had stopped her ministrations to Harry and Hannah took Harry for herself. She bobbed her head up and down, using her tongue to flick the little groove at the top. Hermione used one hand on herself while she stroked Harry's balls with the other. All the time this was going on, the room was filled with the sound of four horny teenagers moaning – Harry was glad he used silencing charms on the bedroom door.

"Don't stop, Harry" Susan said, and Harry used his finger and thumb and pinched Susan's nipples hard – something he knew she liked.

"That good enough?" he smirked.

"You bastard, Harry" Susan swore, "Do that again please" she asked, and Harry complied. But while he did so, his free hand dipped inside Susan's hot and moist core and Harry slipped one finger in, followed by the second and third ones which made Susan scream at the top of her lungs.

"Thought you'd like that" Harry smiled, and withdrew his fingers from her. Then without warning, he slammed all five fingers and thumb into Susan's centre making her cry out in pain.

"Oh yeah" she managed to get out. Harry grinned as Susan took his hand out of herself and licked the fingers clean. While she was doing this, Harry was cupping each of her perfectly formed breasts and tweaking each nipple alternately. "You bastard" Susan swore again. Once she was done, Susan mounted Harry and began to move up and down on his hardened member moaning softly. Harry had been slightly concerned about harming the unborn babies, until Hermione said she had asked for Madam Pomfrey's advice on the subject. According to his wife, her reply was one that made both of them laugh.

"It is alright to do so" she had said, "But I can not speak for Harry's fetishes" Pomfrey had added.

Harry was distracted for a moment from mauling Susan's breasts by the sight of Hannah and Hermione 69ing each other. Hermione had certainly come out of her meek and shy shell from first year to be doing all that. Harry's mind switched back to Susan, and he licked, nipped, bit and sucked on every part of her breasts. Susan went wilder every time he did so, and they reached an orgasm at the same time, and Harry shot his seed so far up Susan's inner core, it was a wonder it didn't come out her mouth. Then Harry flipped Susan onto her slightly swollen stomach and proceeded to fill the other hole. After that, Susan and Harry did it again the normal way.

"My turn" Hannah growled sultry like. Susan slid off Harry and let Hannah got into position.

"Wait a minute" Harry said suddenly, and reached over for a small bottle.

"Whats up?" asked Hannah quickly, then saw Harry had taken a swig from a bottle of Firewhiskey. She looked at him with a slight frown on her face.

"I'm not going the whole night without a drink" Harry told her, then let Hannah do all the work. While Susan was working on herself, Hermione was readying the whips and oiling the chains.

#

The next morning was bright, sunny and reasonably warm. As always on a Quidditch day, Harry was the first to awake and he slipped out of the bedroom and had a shower before dressing in some casual clothes. Through the living room windows Harry could see the Quidditch stadium with all the flags flying. While he was alone, Harry considered what he would do after Hogwarts for a job. During the war, he hadn't imagined living past the last fight with Voldemort at all, so Harry was quite stumped. He supposed he might be either a professional Quidditch player or become an Auror, but he put that to the back of his mind as the sound of Neville coming down the stairs made him turn around to face him.

“Thought you would be up” Neville said.

“Hows the arm?” Harry asked him. Neville flexed it a little bit, and winced with a twinge of pain.

“Just fine” his fellow Gryffindor replied through grated teeth. Harry laughed for a moment at his friend’s discomfort, then ducked as a cushion was thrown at him – missing him by a clear foot. “So what has you up this early?” Neville asked Harry.

“This is my final Quidditch game here, Nev” Harry sighed. “Its one of the things that got me through the war, and now...” his voice trailed off.

“I’ve been thinking about life after Hogwarts as well” Neville admitted, looking out of the windows at the Quidditch pitch as well. “None of expected to survive that shite” he added, and Harry nodded at his friends words.

“I was thinking of becoming an Auror” Harry said after a while! I know that I would be accepted and passed after everything that happened. Then again, I might be a Quidditch player to get some decent money – even though I have some loose change in the bank” Harry finished with a smile. He sighed once more then sat on the sofa and Neville took an armchair.

“Is the great and powerful Harry Potter afraid of becoming a family man?” he asked with a smirk.

“Oh shut it, Nev” Harry said, “There isn’t much for me to do now. Voldemort is defeated along with his followers, and the Aurors are nothing more then the Swiss Guard” and Neville nodded knowingly. He had seen Hannah, Susan and Hermione come down the stairs and they had heard the entire convocation.

“Theres no need to worry, Harry” Hannah said.

“Nothing can hurt us now” Susan added.

“And as for you worrying about us, it’s logical that you think of that” Hermione said.

“You’re a great one for logic” Harry retorted, “I’m a great one for rushing in where angels fear to tread... reality’s somewhere in between” and he looked out at the Quidditch pitch.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” asked Luna, padding down the stairs in a large orange and pink dressing gown.

“I doubt it” Susan laughed, and Luna took it with grace. She didn’t mind being reminded of when she was thought of as being the weirdest student on the register.

“I think that you two” Luna said, indicating Harry and Neville, “Should go out there and win that game” and Harry cheered up.

“But I have orders to not play” Neville said.

“Since when did you do what Madam Pomfrey told you to do?” Luna retorted patting her enlarged stomach lovingly.

“Theres nothing that I can do about it” Harry said, “But if you say that it is fine, then I have to accept your word for it” Harry spoke after considering for a long time.

“Isn’t it going to be dangerous with only three players?” asked Hermione.

“Herms, we’re Gryffindors. Trouble comes as part of the job!” and Harry looked at his watch which showed it was time to start heading towards the pitch. As they left the tower, Harry returned to his bedroom and opened his trunk. He searched around it and then brought out something red and gold – something he’d worn eight years previous.

#

Being a perfect gentleman, Harry let Natalie go out first and she took to the air and headed towards the keeper’s posts. Harry zoomed out

of the changing room and rocketed into the air above the pitch with a roar from his Nimbus 2000. The crowd fell silent as they saw only two Gryffindors fly out, and then cheered again as they saw Neville come zooming out on his Firebolt. Then one by one came several first and second years on borrowed Firebolts – by arrangement from McGonagall. She had been inflexible on the First Year Rule, but Harry had told her it was the only way that they could win the game. She had relented and Harry had been giving the firsties some practice sessions in the middle of the night in the Room of Requirement. Even if they lost the game, Gryffindor would still win the cup. However Harry still wanted to maintain a full clean sheet on the season by winning the game. The Slytherins had taken up position already as Harry's motley crew assumed their starting line up. Madam Hooch released the balls and then threw the Quaffle into the air, and the game began. Gryffindor took an early lead scoring several rapid goals before the Slytherins knew what was going on. Harry was high above them watching everything, and he pulled his robes a little closer together. The robes he wore were the same ones he wore on the day of his first match for Gryffindor. When he had got them, he had had them made with a special charm that made them grow to fit him every year. They were worn, slightly tattered but still had the word 'POTTER' in thick gold letter on the back. If this was to be his last ever Quidditch match, and then he would be doing it in style and as a tribute to the members of his house who had died. Twenty minutes into the game he saw it, and Harry went diving after the Snitch. He was almost able to get it when it dived and reversed its direction – going under Harry's Nimbus before he could react.

"Bugger" Harry said, and swung the broom round and then went higher into the sky. Down below, Neville was busy flying around the pitch keeping the Bludgers out of the way – assisted by a first year. The makeshift chasers did their best to score, but the older and more experienced Slytherins got the score level and a few moments later went ahead by 30 – 40. Harry wasn't upset because he drifted slowly down to the ground and drifted around the pitch as a distraction to the Slytherins in order for them to be put off by his presence. It worked as the players were put off by his appearance so far down. Then Harry did something quite odd for him. He stopped his broom in the exact middle and flipped it upwards so the handle was facing the sky. He then kicked his broom and went up into the sky at the brooms top

speed. He went so high that nobody could see him – even with Binoculars. At ten thousand feet, Harry flipped the broom hard over and then hurtled towards the ground. While this was going on, One of Harry's first years had been sent off because of the fact he had sent a bludger at the Slytherin keeper and causing him to fall off his broom. This meant that Neville now had to cover the entire team by himself. The Slytherins had got the score to 50 – 100 and their seeker was on his way to grabbing hold of the Snitch and winning the game. At that Point, Harry came back into sight and the crowd saw him zooming downwards towards the ground. He pulled up seconds before hitting the grass and he caught up to the Slytherin seeker due to the velocity he still carried. The seeker was in his way however so Harry managed to stand up on his broom and literally leaped over the Slytherin keeper's head. As the crowd and players from both teams watched, Harry completed a full forward summersault and plucked the Snitch out of the air and just managed to land on his broom without falling off. Hooch blew her whistle to end the game as the crowd went wild at what Harry had done. He could hardly believe it himself as he braked to kill the speed.

“GO GO GRYFFINDOR! GO GO GRYFFINDOR! GO GO GRYFFINDOR!” yelled all of the Gryffindor students present at the top of their lungs. Nobody had ever seen anything quite like what Harry had just done in the entire history of Quidditch. One of the Gryffindors conjured a giant scoreboard which displayed the final score for Harry's last game in charge of the Gryffindor team: Gryffindor 250 – Slytherin 120. As for the Boy – Who – Lived, he had drifted to the middle of the pitch and hovered; stunned at the fact he had won the cup once again for his house. The snitch still remained in his hand, trying to get away from his tight grip. The younger members of his team headed down to the ground while Neville and Natalie came over to him.

“Wow” was Natalie's first words.

“Wow indeed” Neville said, “I can't believe that we actually won it” he added, and Harry looked at him.

“If you believe in your heart, then there is nothing that you can not do” he said, then looked around at the cheering students below. Even the

Slytherins applauded as it had been one impressive piece of flying that Harry had done. One more look and Harry turned back to his two companions. "Are you thinking what I am thinking?" he asked them.

"I think I am" Natalie said, and she and Neville turned round and headed towards one end of the pitch, while Harry went to the other. The three faced off and then sped towards the middle at a good rate of speed. The moment they reached the middle, red and gold smoke erupted from them and formed into the Gryffindor coat of arms. As the three floated down to the ground, Professor McGonagall was on the pitch to give out medals and the Quidditch cup and Harry led the way up as the captain for the final time. He took his medal first as did everyone else and then Harry took the trophy and with each of the team holding it – the first and second years floating in the air thanks to Harry – the cup was lifted into the air in celebration. At that exact moment, one of the muggle born students or a pureblood who knew about such things, caused a song to play over the speaker set up reserved for the in-game commentary. Harry, Natalie and Neville smiled as they recognized Queen's We Are The Champions, and Harry finally let tears run down his face as he felt so happy. The noise from everyone clapping and cheering (the students and others having been let onto the pitch) was deafening, and would have made any muggle noise abatement team very happy indeed. Harry made sure to shake hands with the Slytherin team before they vanished and thank them for playing well. Perhaps next year was going to be their year without Harry to stop them from getting victory? Hugs and kisses were shared around the Gryffindor team and Harry was tapped on the shoulder by McGonagall who had tears running down her face – tears of joy.

"You must make a speech" she said, then started to pull out a giant tartan handkerchief. Harry took the microphone which had come down from its normal spot in the stands, and gave a short speech. He thanked the Slytherins for playing once again, he thanked each and everyone of his team for helping to make the win happen and finally Madam Hooch for refereeing all of his games over the years he had spent at Hogwarts. He stepped down and took the cup under one arm with his broom under the other and was trying to fight his way through the crowds when he spotted Hedwig flying towards him. Giving his

broom and the cup to Neville, he held out the free arm for his owl to land on.

“Hello girl” Harry said, and he saw the message she was carrying. He undid from her, and Hedwig took to the air, with a look that would have passed for pride on a human.

Dear Mr Harry Potter

If you are not too busy, then could you please come to the Hospital wing? Susan and Hermione have gone into Labour and would very much like you to be present.

Signed

P Pomfrey

“Neville? This lot is yours” Harry said, grabbing his broom, “I’m needed elsewhere” and Harry put so much speed into his takeoff, that he broke the sound barrier from a standing start.

A/N:

Well there we go – Chapter 95. This means (for those of you who can count), that there are only five more Chapters to go. To let you know, I was in hospital over the last few days with a groin injury, so I wrote the first part while in my hospital bed... so like it or lump it!

Special mention:- Airlady. This review has not review since chapter 50. She corrected this by leaving a review for each of the chapters up to Chapter 79. Many thanks to you! I can only assume she stopped to give her fingers a rest!

Welcome Back to Paladin13 who re-read my fic and now likes it. Fancy that! Somebody who doesn’t like my fic! A user who left an anonymous review was very abusive towards me and the fic, and I almost stopped the fic at Chapter 94, but decided to press on and ignore him.

I hope the scene with the sex got me the fifth star! (joke between me and another user here).

So Harry has completed his last Quidditch match for Gryffindor and won, and it seems like new additions to the Potter line will be coming very soon!

Two film references and a TV reference here. The TV one is a little hard, so look for something that comes from Yu-Gi-Oh. Let me know what you liked in the chapter please.

Reviews and PMs in the normal manner,

Regards:

Pixel

The All Mighty God Of All That Is Fanfiction

(ps: Queenofspades19, they have not yet arrived).

New Additions And The End Of Being At Hogwarts

Harry sped over the grounds and entered the castle on the floor of the hospital wing. He kept on going along the corridors, and remembered that he had done this before. When he got to the doors, Harry simply jumped off where he could see several beds which had been curtained off.

"Knock knock" he said, before stepping round them.

"Hi Harry" Hermione said weekly.

"Nice of you to drop by" Susan said.

"I was hung up" Harry shrugged, then turned to Pomfrey. "Is everything going alright, Madam Pomfrey?" he asked.

"As well as can be expected" she replied, flitting between beds doing spells and whatnot.

"How long do you think they will be?" Harry asked as two of his three wives screamed in pain.

"I'M NOT A FUCKING BUS TIMETABLE!" yelled Hermione loudly.

"Maybe you should wait outside?" suggested Pomfrey with a chuckle.

"That sounds a good idea" Harry said, and stepped out from the curtain. Looking around the familiar sight of the hospital wing, Harry decided to transfigure one of the spare beds into a large armchair and waited exactly five point six seven minutes until the rest of the Potter family was gathered round. Making up the numbers was the Luna and Neville, Ben and Rudi, Fred and George, Natalie and McGonagall. When the last one had come through, Harry got out of his chair and offered it to McGonagall and summoned a pair of elves.

"How may we serve you?" they both asked, bowing low to Harry.

"I need you to keep out people unless they are on this list of names" Harry told them, putting a few names onto a piece of parchment from

his mind. "Let them through if they have an injury of course" he added, and the elves nodded and went off to being on crowd control.

"They want you to go out and say something" Neville said, jerking his thumb at the doors.

"Well they're out of luck." Harry replied, "I'm busy waiting and being worried" he added.

"Susan and Hermione are in the best possible care here" Luna said, patting her own stomach, "You know that from when Hannah was carrying" and Harry nodded then frowned.

"Speaking of which," he said "Where is she?" he asked, and they noticed that Hannah was nowhere to be seen in the hospital wing. Harry couldn't check the marauders map because he had left it in the tower. Harry was about to apparate out when he had a sense that Hannah was in pain – a great deal of pain.

"Let's go get her" Natalie said.

"I agree" Rudi said.

"All for one" Fred said.

"And one for all" George finished. The 'Find Hannah' party left the room by simply parting the crowd as Harry took the lead. Once clear, Harry broke into a run and followed his senses and ended up in the Hufflepuff common room, looking at the sleeping figure of his wife.

"We... erm... didn't know what to do" said a third year in a whispered voice. "She just went all funny and fell onto the settee" he added.

"You did this?" Harry asked, as the others came rushing in.

"I'm a muggle born" the third year explained, "I watch drama programmes over the summer at home. I remember them doing this when people suddenly fall ill. I was going to get somebody to run to the hospital wing" and Harry nodded at him.

"You did the right thing" Harry said, looking at the pillows under her head, and the blanket over her. He wasn't going to take the chance of apperating with her in his arms, so he would have to carry her the entire way to the Hospital wing.

"What can we do?" asked Fred, seemingly thinking of what Harry was thinking.

"I want you to run back to the Hospital Wing, and tell Pomfrey that Hannah is ill and unconscious. Let her know that I'm on the way" Harry said, and the twins nodded and rushed from the room.

"And us?" Natalie asked.

"I need you two to clear the way so I don't get stopped" Harry said, bending to pick Hannah up. When he touched her, he got the same odd feeling he did the previous night, and for many nights before. It was as if something was growing inside her... Harry let out a sigh as they left the Hufflepuffs. "I don't believe it" he groaned. Harry should have picked it up months ago.

"Whats up?" asked Natalie.

"Lets just say that Susan and Hermione aren't the only ones busy this afternoon" Harry said, and Natalie was dumbfounded.

"You mean that Hannah is carrying?" she asked, and Harry nodded.

"You're always busy" Rudi said, sweetly enough that Harry didn't know if she knew what she was saying or not. When they got to the Hospital Wing, Pomfrey had a bed ready for Hannah and Harry placed her on top of it.

"What is wrong?" Pomfrey asked, and Harry whispered in her ear. "You have got to be kidding me" she exclaimed, when Harry finished speaking to her. He stepped out of the curtains and told the others what had happened, and also Hannah's condition. Natalie was the first of them to speak.

“So let me get this right” she said, “You have one child already, two from Susan, two from Hermione and more from Hannah it seems?” and Harry nodded.

“That’s what it seems like” he said, sitting down on the bed – his armchair being taken by Rudi and Ben.

“Are you Catholic by any chance?” Natalie asked.

“Might as bloody well be” Harry laughed. They waited for more news, and Harry paced up and down the Hospital Wing over and over again. He was on his nineteenth go when everyone heard the sounds of crying babies. Harry stopped in his tracks and apparated the ten feet distance, and popped inside the curtains to see a tired but happy looking Susan.

“Hermione isn’t first for once” she said. Harry leaned over and kissed her forehead, and then saw three very healthy and loud triplets – one boy and two girls.

“Congratulations” Pomfrey said to Harry.

“Thanks” he said “And I’m proud of you” he added to Susan. He looked at his two newest children, “One even has your red hair” he told her.

“Well they can’t look you” Susan said; “One Harry is enough for a lifetime” she smiled. Pomfrey had wrapped them in baby sized blankets and gave them to Susan and Harry.

“What do you think for names?” Harry asked, as he cradled one girl while his wife had the other and the boy.

“I was thinking Ginny for one” Susan said.

“Yeah” Harry said, “What about the others?” he asked.

“How about Justin for the boy?” Susan said, and Harry nodded. “I reckon that you should pick the name of the second girl” she added.

“Oh thanks” Harry said theatrically. He thought for a few moments and then came up with something. “What about Raven?” he suggested and Susan agreed it was a nice name. At that point, there was the sound of Hermione screaming, and Harry managed to put the newly christened Raven down in Susan's arms. “Must dash” he joked, and stepped four feet to the left.

“Always another woman” Susan laughed, then cradled her children.

“AFTER THIS, I'M GOING ON THE FUCKING PILL UNTIL THE DAY I BASTARD DIE!” Hermione yelled as she gripped Harry's hand.

“Please. Get. Me. A. Pain. Relieving. Potion” Harry managed to get out. Pomfrey saw his situation and she smiled as she flicked her wand and a small bottle floated over. Harry drank it with his free hand and the pain lessened.

“Oh god!” Hermione cried out, and she pushed when Pomfrey told her to. A few moments later and two new people entered the world.

“Well done, Hermione” Pomfrey said, and cleaned Hermione and the babies up. Hermione had given birth to twins – one boy and one girl.

“This is better then winning the Quidditch cup” Harry said, holding one of the children. “Better come up with names” he said, looking in to the emerald eyes of his daughter.

“What about Jack?” Hermione suggested.

“Jack” Harry said, and from Hermione's arms the boy made a sound. “I think that's a yes” he laughed.

“You pick the girl's name” Hermione said.

“Cassandra” Harry said after a few minutes of thinking. His daughter by Hermione gurgled and it was decided. Pomfrey called him over as Hannah was awake and was about to give birth. Apparently, Hannah had used glamour charms to keep her pregnancy a secret. It had fooled even Harry which was a surprise to everyone. Same as last

time, Hannah was only giving birth to one child, something of a relief for Healer Poppy Pomfrey.

“Come on, Hannah” Harry said, “Push!” and Hannah replied in no uncertain terms that she was pushing. A baby girl was in her arms when Neville called to say that the taxi was here and waiting.

“Taxi?” Hannah, Susan and Hermione questioned. Harry turned to see his Tachikoma standing in the Hospital Wing. He looked down at his daughter and then at Hannah.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” Harry asked her.

“Why not?” shrugged his wife.

“Tachikoma it is then” Harry said, and the Tachikoma was pleased to know that Harry had named one of his daughters after it. Pomfrey released them all from the Hospital Wing, and she went to have a lie down in a quiet room. Neville had dismissed the two elves on the doors, but the crowd pushed in front of them – the Tachikoma filling the doorway.

“We’re not going to get past this lot” Rudi said.

“I wouldn’t count on it” Harry smirked, and then turned his attention to the screens inside the cockpit of the Tachikoma. He pressed two buttons on the control panel.

“Yes, Harry” the Tachikoma said. As people came a little closer and closed them in, the Tachikoma fired three rounds into the ceiling. The students scattered in every direction, and the Tachikoma moved forwards and zipped along the corridors and stairs until it got to the tower door.. Once the cockpit was empty, the Tachikoma said something to Harry and Harry smiled. The Tachikoma saluted with one of its arms and headed off to wherever it wanted to go. Harry spent days afterwards with the latest additions to his family, but soon it was time for one more thing to do at Hogwarts – the presentations.

#

It didn't seem like it, but it was all completely true. Lessons were finished with and exams taken. McGonagall had decided that there would be a presentation for the seventh years who would be leaving.

"At least this isn't going to turn out like one of the Ministry functions" Harry said, reminding people that he hated such things.

"She actually wants us in dress uniforms" Hannah said, reading the note which had been left for them.

"Wonderful" Harry said sarcastically. The children of the Potters had been shipped off to various grandparents, with Hannah's offering to take Susan's contingent. "And what time is this supposed to kick off?" he asked.

"Ten" Hannah glanced at the note. There was a scramble for dress robes – Harry's had got themselves inside the fridge.

"At least mine will be cool" he offered weakly to Hermione as she threw them at him.

"Get them on" she told him, and Harry obeyed his wife and donned the dress robes. As he was doing so, his eyes fell on Godric Gryffindor's sword. Professor McGonagall had not said he couldn't wear a dress sword. He strapped it on and made his way down to the barren looking sitting room. Everything had been sent to Grimmauld Place and set up there. He found the rest of his family and the Lovegoods waiting for him, and Harry took a look around the place he had called home the last couple of years. He had already been to the Gryffindor common room to say some private goodbyes to those who had fallen, along with Hermione and Neville – his fellow Gryffindors.

"Are we ready then?" he asked them, and they nodded and they headed out with only the sounds of their feet echoing on the stone floors.

"A bit quiet" Susan muttered.

"I suppose they're all at the presentation" Luna said. She was holding Neville's arm as they walked along the empty corridors and towards the Great Hall.

When they reached it, the doors opened automatically and Harry and the rest saw that all of the other students were stood in two blocks facing each other. As they moved forwards, they could hear trumpets being played and it reminded Harry of a film he had once seen. As they walked along the middle of the two phalanxes both of them turned so smartly, that it would have made a Sergeant Major in the British army proud. Harry's worst thoughts were confirmed when he saw Professor McGonagall, the teaching staff, Hagrid, the Minister for Magic and Aurors Jackson and Riottz.

'It's a bloody awards ceremony' Harry groaned softly.

'Cheer up' came Hermione's voice, 'You look like Ian Brady with that face' and Harry could sense giggles.

'Right now, I'm already to go Sharpe on their arses' Harry replied.

'Grin and bare it... grin and bare it' Hermione said, as they reached the top table.

The next half an hour was spent giving out exam certificates and each gave a short speech. Harry was the last, and he took a few moments before going into his. It was a speech about how he had felt when he had discovered he was a Wizard, how he felt when fighting a large troll and then a few dark people for desert. He detailed each and every year he had attended Hogwarts, and told some things that had not come out before. The students had been given chairs to sit on, and they had been sat on them for well over two hours, but nobody seemed to mind at all as they listened to Harry's story. Then it was all over, and it was time for them all to enjoy the summer holidays or to start new lives in the magical world. Harry was the last one on to the train, and he stopped to look back at the tall castle which stood proud over the village of Hogsmeade. Not counting the fact it was daylight, this was the same scene that he had seen the first time he had ever arrived on the Hogwarts Express. The train started to pull off, and Harry stepped on board and closed the

carriage door. He watched as the castle got smaller and smaller in his vision until it had gone. For some odd reason, it was like losing a member of his family.

A/N

Well there you go, only FOUR chapters to go until I reach the magic 100 chapters!

So Harry's wives have given birth, and it wasn't the total number that you thought of either! I thought I would list the names here to make sure people get the right ones for reference.

Hannah: James Sirius and Tachikoma (after the Tank)

Susan: Ginny, Justin and Raven (from teen Titans)

Hermione: Jack and Cassandra (from Stargate SG-1)

#

A few funny lines here and there in the above chapter, so I'll leave it to you to decide what you liked.

The next chapter will have a big time jump and will cover a wedding (or two), and so I would like your input as to what you would like to see happen. The wedding between the Rudi and Ben will happen of course, but what else would you like?

There is a movie reference for the last part of this chapter, and in fact it also references the same in early on in the fic.

Please tell me what you think of my new signature. True or not? You decide!

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner please.

Regards:

Pixel

THE ONE TRUE HIGH ALMIGHTY GOD OF ALL THAT IS HARRY
POTTER FANFICTION WRITING.

Rudi's Wedding

Harry was running a mad house, and also trying to organise part of a wedding. He watched as a Weasley Wizard Wheezes Stink Bomb – Mark Twelve sailed high over his head, and hit something behind him.

“Ewww” came a child’s voice. “Now I have to have a bath!” the voice complained.

“Jack!” Harry said, looking at his list of things, “Apologise to your sister at once” and one of his sons looked down at his feet.

“I’m sorry” he mumbled.

“Go to your room, and stay there” Harry said, and Jack vanished from the living room. “You all right, Tachi?” he asked his daughter.

“Yeah” Tachikoma said, “But I need a bath” she complained.

“No need” Harry said, and snapped his fingers without looking at her.

“Thanks dad” Tachikoma said, hugging Harry round the waist. “I guess I better try on my things for tomorrow” she said, and ran from the room.

“Kids” Harry muttered. He heard the fire place flare up and out came Hannah and Hermione.

“Rudi’s in tears” Hermione reported.

“It’s the dress” Hannah explained, “We left Susan to calm her down” she added.

“What about the groom?” Harry said, setting down his list and picking up the pot in front of him. He filled two mugs full of coffee, and passed one each to his wives.

“Neville got help from Fred and George” Hannah said, sipping her coffee lightly.

“They’ve been practicing for the entrance” Hermione said, drinking deeply from hers.

“I’m still reeling from the fact Rudi wants me to act as her father” Harry said.

“There wasn’t a question of it being anyone else” Hannah said, “You saved her at the Battle of Hogwarts when you could have run. She will never forget that” his wife added. Harry was silent before bursting into laughter which startled the remaining children in the room.

“Whats so funny?” Hermione enquired.

“First time I’ve been dressed up for something other then a presentation” he said, and the other two had to admit he was right. When he was done laughing, Harry told the remaining kids to leave the room as the grown ups had something to talk about.

“Can you tell the others not to come in here, Cassandra” Hermione said to her daughter.

“Yes mother” and she left the room – the last to actually do so.

“Now they’ve gone” Hannah said, “Neville and the twins managed to get the strippers booked for tonight” and Harry smiled. He had been planning this for a few weeks, and tapping his inner Slytherin to boot.

“Ben isn’t going to now what hit him” Harry grinned, “And I assume everything is set for the hen party?” he asked Hermione.

“Everything” she assured him.

“Great” Harry replied. “Katharine and Joe managed to get enough Aurors for the wedding” he added.

“You certain they are needed?” Hannah asked, finishing the last of her coffee.

“Where I am, you never know” Harry said darkly. Since he had left Hogwarts ten years ago, there had been death treats against him and

the family. Although the Death Eaters had been killed or imprisoned, people still sprouted support groups, and several had actually gone on the offensive but a quick appearance by Harry and his Aurors soon put a stop to that. Harry still didn't know if it was his own appearance that put an end to attacks, the sight of the Rifle in his hands, Gryffindor's sword or a combination of them all. What Harry hadn't told anyone except the Auror Corps, was that the morning of the wedding was when a large group of Aurors would raid the houses of suspected Dark Arts supporters. He wasn't taking chances on anything going wrong with the wedding tomorrow. Though the Aurors would be in full dress uniforms, they would also be fully armed to prevent trouble breaking out. The planning went on until dinner which Harry was cooking – Irish Stew. Harry had got the recipe from the head of the Irish Auror Corps at a meeting a few weeks ago, and he had been waiting to try it out since then. afterwards came a few movies back to back. Harry had made certain that his children watched muggle films and TV shows, so that they had an understanding should a question be asked while out in the muggle world. It also helped them to get top marks in Muggle Studies which was a bonus.

“So what is tonight's selection?” asked James, flumping down onto a bean bag.

“The Hunt For Red October, Crimson Tide and Independence Day” Harry said. Harry was a big fan of action films, and this had caught on with his family over the years. After the final film was finished the fireplace flared up and out stepped Katharine Riottz.

“Hi” said the children all at once to her.

“The babysitter's here” Harry said, and he got a look of disgust from his children.

“We don't need a babysitter” they complained.

“Yes you do” Hannah said.

“No we don't” they insisted.

“Silenco” Harry said, and the incessant chattering of the kids shut up at once. “Thank god for magic” he muttered. “And to think I was so pleased hen they all started to speak” Harry added, shaking his head in mock sadness. After cancelling the charm, the children promised to behave themselves for their babysitter.

“If they don’t” Riottz said, “Then it’s a night at Azkaban” she threatened and Harry, Hannah and Hermione smiled at the reactions.

Harry apparated the three of them to where Ben was enjoying his last night of freedom. From there, it was a simple process of apperating over to where Rudi was starting her hen night – well for Hannah and Hermione that is. Harry had worked on the list of guests for a week or so with Ben, and the list ran to quite a few names: Ben, Harry, Neville, the Weasley twins, Professor Filius Flitwick, Griphook, Joe Jackson and Ben’s friends from work and from Hogwarts. It was about the same thing for Rudi’s hen night: Rudi, Hannah, Susan, Hermione, Luna, Natalie and friends from school and work. Drinks flowed until they ended up at the Leaky Cauldron, where Harry stood and banged his goblet for silence.

“I want to thank you all for coming to Ben’s going away party” he began, “Because tomorrow Ben is going off on a one way mission to get married and there is no escape from it” people laughed. “This is what we award our highest medals for” and Fred and George stood up, swaying slightly, and went over to Harry. “If the unlucky person can come up here to receive the medal” and Ben was pushed to the front.

“Ish get a schmedal?” he asked, cheeks red as Rudolph’s nose and swaying from the drinks he had drunk so far that night.

“Ben Tennyson” Harry said in mock seriousness, “We award you this medal of valour for heroism above and beyond the call of duty” and at that moment, Harry pinned a cardboard Order of Merlin medal coloured in pink. At the same time, the Weasley twins started humming the funeral march.

“Dum dum dum, dum dum, dum dum dum dummmmm” as Ben swayed on the spot. After that, the drinking went on as stories got

swapped about the Groom – To – Be, and drinking under the table took place. This was between Flitwick and Griphook versus the Weasley twins who had bet 100 Galleons they could hold more alcohol.

“Do you take a cheque?” asked George, “We seem to be a little short” he added.

“Right” said Fred. When it was time to go home, Harry was the only one to have a clear head and to speak anything close to English. That night, he had seen many things that amazed him. Neville had got drunk so much, he thought that a wall was the American ambassador and started talking to it about Florida. Flitwick had transfigured a footstool and ridden round the public area of the Leaky Cauldron naked whilst going “YEEHAW!” at the top of his tiny lungs. Harry was sure to take pictures so that McGonagall could use them for blackmail purposes. Before they left, There was one last thing for Harry to do.

“BRING FORTH THE TROUSERS WITH THE CUT OUT BOTTOM, AND BRING ME THE BUCKET OF SOAPY FROGS!” he bellowed, and the items were brought forth. After being humiliated by that, Harry had Fred – the soberest of the twins – bring the Hippogriff and the ballerina outfit.

#

“WAKEY WAKEY!” Harry yelled that morning.

“My head hurts!” complained Ben.

“That’s because you drank too much” Harry said.

“Give me another centaury or so” Ben said, putting the pillow over his head.

“You leave me with no choice” Harry said darkly, and he produced a silver bugle. Taking a deep breath, Harry blew the sound of the rally and in burst Neville and the twins. “Needs some help getting up”

Harry explained and together they threw Ben into a bath full of icy cold water.

“YOU BASTARDS!” Ben yelled as he was soaked to the skin.

“Time for me to get out of here” Harry said and apparated directly from the bathroom over to where Rudi was getting ready – the Lovegood Manor.

“Harry!” a black haired ballistic missile came bursting over and hugged him. Rudi had grown up over the years, and was now a stunningly beautiful young woman.

“My little Rudi... all grown up” Harry said as he took stock of her.

“Shut up” Rudi blushed, swotting Harry on the arm. She turned and went inside a room where Harry could see Natalie and Hannah getting ready to do her hair.

“Seems like only yesterday” Harry sighed as Susan put an arm around his waist.

“I know” she said, “Lets hope this all goes right for them” Susan added.

“With Aurors all around the place, I should think it will” Hermione said.

“I need help” Rudi’s voice drifted out from behind a closed door.

“I’ll go wait in the living room” Harry shrugged when he was left on his own. He sat down in the living room and turned on the TV set. A programme was showing scenes of New York and of the Twin Towers. ‘Still haven’t got that hole done up’ Harry said to himself.

#

“Have you heard the news?” Katharine Riottz said, rushing into Harry’s office without knocking.

“What news?” Harry said, standing up quickly.

“Some muggle terrorists have flown two planes into the World Trade Centre” Riottz said.

“Shit” was Harry’s response. He and Riottz went three doors down where an Auror ready room was located and found the on duty Aurors watching one of the TV sets Harry had had installed in the Auror department.

“Theres nothing we can do” Joe Jackson said when he saw Harry standing with them all. “My first thought was that this was something to do with Dark Arts supporters” he added.

“This is entirely a muggle attack” Harry said, and he and the Aurors watched on in horror as a second plane flew straight into the up to then undamaged tower. The whole side of the tower was a twisted mess of metal, glass and all sorts.

“We have to do something” said one of the Aurors.

“But what about the secrecy laws?” asked another.

“Fuck them” said the first, “People are dying and we are sat here drinking coffee?” and several Aurors started a full blown shouting match there and then.

“QUIET” Harry shouted, and they fell silent. “We can’t go unless asked for by the Americans. You all know that is the agreement” he added. They went back to staring at the images, the room now full of people from nearby departments as well.

“Oh gods” whispered Riottz, and the TV cameras spotted people jumping from the building to their deaths. Harry took a full half second to decide what he was going to do.

“You two have command” he told Riottz and Jackson.

“Where are you going?” asked Jackson.

“To commit a treaty violation” Harry said, then took one last look at the screen, “A goddamned big one” he said, and Harry apparated from the room. Harry’s two most trusted friends in the Auror department looked at each other, at the screen and then back at each other again.

“Up off your arses” Riottz said, “We’re going” and the others looked stunned.

“Action stations” Jackson said, and the Aurors readied for their primary purpose, helping people in trouble – magical, muggle or whatever.

#

Harry and the Aurors had saved many people’s lives, and managed to save the towers from collapsing by using clever and quick spell work. Harry now had several American medals in his cabinet and his wives where angry at first with him. But they soon had calmed down when he told them of the many thousands of people he and the Aurors had saved – all for the price of altered memories. Arthur Weasley had been annoyed that he hadn’t been informed of the fact most of his Aurors had gone on a “Day Trip” to New York, but Harry had managed to convince him it was all for the best. The noise of the door opening made Harry turn and see Rudi come out of Luna's bedroom. She was dressed all in white and looking every inch the radiant bride that she should be.

“You ready?” he asked her.

“No” Rudi said nervously, and she hugged Harry as he took her arm.

“It’s going to be alright” Harry told her gently, “I bet Ben is going to be in a bigger panic then you are” he added.

“You think so?” asked Rudi.

“Happened to me three times!” Harry laughed, “I think I know what he is going through” and the young woman giggled.

"I guess so" she said. Harry smiled as he looked at his watch, and then told everyone that it was time for them to go.

"Don't want to be too late" he said.

"Where are we going?" asked Rudi as they went to the hallway from where they would be leaving Lovegood Manor.

"It's a secret" said Luna.

"Let us just say that Harry pulled a few strings" Hermione said cryptically.

"Harry spent all of three minutes on this" Susan piped in.

"Amazing what you can through together on shot notice" Hannah added.

"What..." was all that Rudi got out before Harry apparated them all to the wedding venue. Rudi took one look at the building and gasped in wonder and delight.

"You have got to be kidding" she said.

"It's all true" Luna said, patting her shoulder.

"I was expecting Hogwarts or the Ministry" Rudi said in disbelief, "But" she swept her hand at the castle, "Not this" she finished.

"Shall we?" Harry said, and he snapped his fingers and the trail on Rudi's wedding dress tripled in length and Harry's daughters came out of nowhere and picked it up along with his wives. They walked through some doors in the room they had apparated into, and came into what looked like a massive reception hall which had been filled with seats. People turned to look as they came up the aisle, and Fred and George started to play the 'Wedding March' on the Electric guitars. At the front, Rudi could see Ben fidgeting with the corner of his tuxedo, and she gave off a smile.

"How did you get to use Windsor Castle?" whispered Rudi to Harry.

“Hmm? Oh well I know the owner” Harry said. As they got closer to the front and where Ben and Neville (Ben’s Groom) was waiting, Rudi could see nobody who looked to be doing the ceremony.

“Who is marrying us?” Rudi whispered as they stopped. Rudi looked across at Ben and smiled at her soon to be husband. She had been waiting for this for over ten years, and now she would be as happy as the Potters and the Lovegoods.

“That would be me” said a distinguished looking woman. She was the oldest person in the room, but she looked very regal indeed. She was dressed in a gold dress and had a red fur cloak around laced with gold thread. She had a very expensive looking crown on her head and the woman smiled.

“I don’t believe you have met” Harry said. “Ben? Rudi? Allow me to introduce Queen Elizabeth the Second of Great Britain, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland. She will be conducting the service” and Harry turned just in time to stop them both from falling to the ground and hitting their heads.

A/N:

Well there you go...

Enjoy it, and note that there are only three chapters left to go in this fic.

Reviews and Pm’s in the normal manner please

Regards

Pixel And Stephanie Forever

The Future

The best thing about Butterbeer was that you couldn't get drunk from it. The worst thing about Butterbeer was that you couldn't get drunk from it. Harry looked over his desk at the papers and sighed at the work which he still had to do. Harry looked at the grandfather clock stood in one corner and decided to call it quits for the day. He went into the outer office where his secretary was going through the mail. Harry was the first Auror head to have a secretary, but it was widely known that Harry hated paperwork almost as much as he had hated Voldemort.

"I'm off, Miss Money Penny" Harry said, "You know where I will be" he added and she nodded. Harry apparated directly from the office and arrived moments later at Hogwarts. The snow lay deep over the grounds as he made his way up to the castle. As he did so, he passed Hagrid's hut and he wished that the giant was still alive. Hagrid had died several years previously and the whole school mourned his loss, as well as those people who had known him. One of the things he had been able to do for him after the war had ended was to put Hagrid back into the school at the year he had left. Fang had died a week afterwards – the hound not being able to live without his master. As he approached the entrance hall, the prefects were lined up with four on each side.

"Welcome to Hogwarts, Mr Potter" said the head boy.

"The headmistress is waiting for you" added the head girl.

"I wouldn't doubt it" Harry said. He followed his escort into the Great Hall which was decorated with the banners from all four houses, as well as the normal Christmas decorations one would expect. Every year, Harry was expected to make an appearance at the celebration about the defeat of Voldemort. Although there had not been a Dark Lord for decades, people still remembered the suffering, and Harry wanted the children of tomorrow to know how lucky they were in not having to live in constant fear of death. As he looked to the top table, he briefly expected to see McGonagall but the witch had passed on four years previous. When it had come to selecting a new Head, most people had wanted Harry to have the job but he had declined. Instead,

he had made it known that he would like to see Hermione have the job instead. When Harry had said he 'would like to see Hermione have the job instead', there was no argument from anyone.

As he walked up the middle of the hall, he stopped briefly at the Gryffindor table which was completely empty. The table was set for 100 places that would never be taken up. The currant Gryffindor students where sat at the other three tables for this night only, as Harry always ensured it was. As he got to the top table at last, he smiled and greeted the teachers. Professor Neville Longbottom was the Herboligy teacher, Professor Luna Longbottom taught charms and Professor Rudi Tennyson taught Muggle Studies. Hermione stood from the Golden Throne and offered it to Harry who accepted it with grace. Before the feast came speeches about what had happened, and even though some of the students had heard it for seven years, they still listened to one of a series of living legends. Every year, Harry would say something which he had not mentioned in the previous one. This was also one of the few times that Harry saw the Weasley twins not playing pranks. Their business went from strength to strength and Harry always made sure that they had plenty of custom from the Ministry. As people ate Harry looked down the tables and saw Natalie talking to a good looking man on her left. He smiled as he saw the wedding ring on her finger. Harry had acted as the Bride's father again, and had given Natalie away. Years on, Natalie and Richard – her husband – had had two children. Both of their children attended Hogwarts of course. After the last speeches had been made, Harry went to pay a private visit to two empty dorm rooms in Gryffindor tower in order to lay two wreaths. Then with a goodbye to his friends, Harry would return to Grimmauld Place to spend Christmas with his other wives. It did seem a little empty without Hermione present, but he knew that she loved being at Hogwarts and so Harry didn't mind all that much at all.

#####

Many Years Later

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Harry let the glass drop onto the floor and smash as the news sunk in. Head of the Auror Corps, Joe M Jackson, stood and watched one of his oldest friends break down into a fit of tears. It was nearly his reaction when he had heard the news himself, and he had had to consume two full glasses of Firewhiskey for the nerves before going up to see Harry.

"How?" Harry managed to get out.

"She was hit by a rogue blasting spell" Jackson said. "I have been told that she didn't suffer at all and that it was very quick" he added.

"All this time she lived, to be killed by something so trivial" Harry whispered, shaking his head as if he couldn't believe his ears. "Where is she?" he asked.

"We have her in St Mungos" Jackson said. At his side, Riottz was crying silently. Over the years, they had got married in the end with Harry as Jackson's best man.

'Makes a change' he had said.

"I want to see her" Harry said.

"Of course" Jackson said. "We have a direct Floo connection to the room she is in" and Harry left the office in their company. A few moments later, and they were in the room with Hermione and Hannah stood holding each other for comfort. Amongst the mass of people and lying on a bed was Susan. In death she looked beautiful and Harry let the flood of tears flow down his cheeks. Even magic couldn't help do things sometimes, and Harry had lost most of his magical healing powers. When you looked at Susan, you couldn't where the spell had hit her, and Harry assumed that somebody had tidied her up before letting him know about her death. He felt as if every bit of happiness had been drained from him, and left feeling cold and dead inside. The healers wanted to do an autopsy, but Harry absolutely forbade it, and threatened to put anyone who did so through the veil without a trial. Nobody wanted to risk that very much, so Harry had Susan's body prepared and placed into a casket in the Hufflepuff house colours. The funeral took place three days later, and

was attended by many people. Susan's old school friends, friends from work and of course close family and friends that she had known for ages. As Harry thought about it, 202 was not a bad age by any means for a witch, as Hermione was 203 years old herself. He knew though that she herself hadn't been feeling too well over the last few days, and Harry could guess what was happening. Hermione's body had had enough and was slowly shutting down.

The trouble was that while Hannah, Susan and Hermione had grown older, Harry had remained as youthful as when he had been 19 years old. Nobody could figure out how this was happening, but it was happening and Harry was puzzled. Harry was devastated by Susan's death and he simply sat surrounded by family and friends as they held a service in the Bones family plot. Long before she had died, Susan had found that she had some relatives living in a research station in Antarctica, who hadn't heard about the war with Voldemort. Susan had been happy to discover that she was not the last of the Boneses after all, and had welcomed them back into the family. Harry thought about it as he watched people go up and speak about how they knew Susan, and Harry felt empty of all joy and life. He still had Hannah and Hermione – but for how long the saviour of the world could not be certain. After the service, a wake was held at Grimmauld Place but Harry didn't seem to hear anyone talk to him. He just moved round the house with a blank stare on his face, and nobody knew how to help him. Harry sat down next to an empty chair and looked at the guests who stole glances at him before looking away. Harry saw Natalie talking to Richard, and a faint smile crossed his face for a millisecond. Richard was a muggle but he seemed to take Natalie's magical status quite well indeed. The man didn't ask a lot from his wife's abilities except for a few occasions where he was going for a job and thought some luck might come in handy. The other thing that made him smile was the fact that he was 189. Richard often joked that it pissed the Japanese off whenever he came through their passport and customs, as they no longer had the longest living person. Of course that would go to the Wizarding world but Harry found it quite funny indeed. The smile vanished as he thought about Susan lying in the cold, dark ground, and something inside Harry broke. It was after when almost everyone had gone, that Harry let his grief out. Raw and powerful magic burst from him so that Harry had to be stunned for the good of the entire known population

of the planet. It was several months before Harry returned to work at the Ministry.

#

Harry was now on his own. Hermione was dead at the age of 205. Hannah had died the previous year from simple old age and the same had happened to Hermione. His children and grandchildren came to see him as often as was possible, but they found him a broken man.

"This isn't good" Rudi said, nursing a large Firewhiskey.

"I saw him today" Natalie said, "He was looking through a photograph album that was made while we was all at Hogwarts" she added, when Ben looked at her.

"What can we do to help him?" he asked his two companions.

"I don't know" Rudi said, shaking her black and grey haired head. "But he is doing himself no good just sitting and letting himself go" and there was an agreement made between them. Without telling Harry, they moved in along with Richard and slowly but surely they found that Harry would sometimes come out of his shell and talk to them for some time. They also got Harry's weight back up to a respectable number as it seemed that he had stopped eating properly. Harry received a time locked letter from Gringotts a few days after the friends had moved in to keep Harry company. He opened it and found that the paper was the scented type that Hermione had been fond of. Harry unfolded the letter and began to read the contents, and the Tennysons and the McDonalds found him re-reading it at 10:37 am. Natalie moved over to Harry, looked over his shoulder and read the letter

Dear Harry

By the time you have got this, we will be long gone.

You will have realised that you have stayed at a young age while we have all grown old. We found the Philosophers Stone amongst

Dumbledore's vault at Gringotts, and us three made an agreement to use it and give you a long life. We made the potions out of it and have been putting the results into your drinks. You have enough in you in order to allow you to live for a few more decades. We understand that you might be angry with us for what we have done, but you have done everything and sacrificed so much that you need this. Consider this a last gift from us to you. We know that you will do something with the time you have left. Make good use of it.

Thinking of and Always being with you,

Hannah Potter

Susan Potter

Hermione Potter.

#

The room was filled with reporters as Harry had asked. Newspaper reporters, television reporters and radio reporters had all gathered at the request of the Prime Minister. Harry suppressed a smile as he thought about a famous showman and backstreet shyster that he had read about many years ago. This would have been right down his street. The Prime Minister talked to the mass of people in front of them, and then introduced Harry to them. Harry thanked the woman and looked at the reporters, and had a sudden thought about Rita not being here to see this.

"There is no real way to say this, so I will come out with it. For at least a couple of thousand years, there has been a world hidden from you all. This land is populated by witches and wizards, and I myself am a powerful wizard" Harry said, and most of the reporters – being the tabloids – did not believe him.

"Prove it then!" jeered one of the reporters in the front row.

"Very well" Harry said. He nodded at the Prime Minister who gestured to a security man. The man came onto the stage and pointed a gun at Harry's head – laser sight directly onto the middle of his head. A few

seconds later and the gun went off and the bullet went towards Harry on its mission to kill him. Milliseconds before it hit, Harry cast a shield charm and the bullet hit the floor.

"That was a trick" said the reporter. "Do something that will prove you are a so called wizard" and Harry gave a feral grin.

"Now you see me" he said and he apparated on the spot, "And now you don't" Harry finished as he popped in front of the reporter. Before she could say anything, the reporter was turned into a cow and then back again.

"..." was the stunned reaction.

"Any questions?" Harry asked sweetly.

A/N:

So there you go.

There are now only TWO chapters left in this fic, and I cried my eyes out whilst writing this chapter! Heaven knows how I will be when I save and upload the last chapter...

There is a reference to a film character in the very early part of this chapter... so spot it.

As I promised, there is a time jump in this fic twice, and I'm sorry if you don't like the fact I have killed off Harry's three wives. This is because they had to go to make the next chapter work. The next chapter will be a departure from the other 98, and will all be from Harry's point of view. It is going to recount his life in the books up to the point where I deviate from them, and then over the course of the war and then after Hogwarts. I will be filling in gaps in this chapter... so if you want to see something go into the next chapter or would like something clearing up, then please say so in your reviews.

I have also done a new fic dedicated to one of my best mates on here...

On the reviews side, I have nearly 900 reviews. I would love you all if you could go back through the fic and try and boost this baby up to a thousand reviews for Chapter 100. Too much to ask?...

Reviews and PM's in the normal manner

Regards;

Pixel

It's The Final Countdown

Or

One More Chapter To Go

Or

The Filler Chapter

Or

Harry Remembers

Or

The Chapter With The Most Titles

Or

You Actually Found This List Funny Chapter

Or

The Non Ice Cream 99 Chapter

Or

The Chapter With A Grammatically Correct Sentence

Or

I Couldn't Think Of Any Other Chapter Titles Chapter

Harry sat in his armchair at Hogwarts and thought deeply about his life. Over the many centuries of his life, he had had to bury many members of his family and friends. The last two to go were Natalie and Rudi, who both passed away peacefully in their sleep, during the same night. This left Harry as the only survivor from the Battle of Hogwarts, and Harry felt like a relic which was brought out every year

and paraded around in public. He looked around the office that he occupied and gazed upon the many things he had collected over the years. There was a picture of himself taken just after his first Quidditch match with the rest of the team, the sword of Godric Gryffindor, an old Wanted poster of Sirius, the Egg from the second task during the Tri-Wizard Tourlement, the article he did for The Quibbler, a Christmas photograph where Harry was covered in paint, there was a framed muggle picture of himself taken moments after the final battle was over with Voldemort and a portrait of himself, Hannah, Susan, Hermione Neville and Luna at their graduation. There were a few other things that he had collected over the many decades of Harry's life. Harry looked out of the window to see the snow lay across the grounds at Hogwarts, and then sighed as he went back to the writing of his book. Looking over his memories helped him to think of what to write. He decided that the book he would be writing would be an autobiography about his entire life.

#

I've been told that it's customary to describe myself at the front of the book, but as I don't know what to do, you'll have to settle for this then.

I was born in 1980 to Lily and James Potter. My parents were Aurors and apparently quite good at it as well. When I was a few months old, an evil Wizard called Voldemort – real name Tom Marvolo Riddle – came to our house and killed my parents because of some prophecy concerning me. I was the subject of that and he tried to kill me too, but my mothers sacrifice made that impossible. Something happened – and I'm still not sure what, and I was left lying in a wrecked house. Eventually a half giant called Rubius Hagrid found me and brought me to the home of my Aunt and Uncle. After years of abuse from my relatives, I got my letter accepting me to a place called Hogwarts. That is where, as you know, my story begins.

#

Harry finished the book by evening as he had charmed the pen to write to his voice. One of the changes that he had made since he had come to power as Minister for Magic was to have everyone at the Ministry change to pens, though they still used Quills at Hogwarts and

the public could as well. It was also much cheaper to do that, and you could get 100 ballpoints for £1.50 at Staples. By now it was dark and Harry felt very tired which had been nagging him over the last few years. Thinking back on his life, he had seen many things happen in the world. There was now a permanent base on the moon and a science station on the surface of Mars. There was a hotel in orbit of the Earth and telescopes searched the heavens in search of other life in the cosmos. One of the more funny things that had been discovered was that part of the Moon was made out of cheese. This had been discovered by a man called Dr Wallace Clay – something that had privately amused Harry no end.

Sometimes when Harry thought about the past, he couldn't help but cry over those he had lost. When it happened that evening, it also made Harry think about something. When he entered the classroom to take the History of Magic class, he decided to tell a story he had kept secret for a long time but now the time to tell.

"You can put away your books today" Harry said to his class, "I have decided to tell all of you about the Second Dark War" and Harry switched the normal seats for bean bags and comfy armchairs. "I will answer any questions that you want to know the answers to" Harry said, and a bushy haired girl put up her hand at once. "Yes, Hermione?" he asked.

"What did you feel when you went on the run from Voldemort?" the girl asked. Even though he was long dead, Voldemort's name still made people shiver in fear and fright.

"I didn't know what was happening" Harry said, "Our first concern was that we escaped and got ourselves sorted out. I didn't know if there would be a counter attack or what. We heard on the Wireless that Voldemort had taken over most of the Wizarding world, and then he sent people to attack my home. After fending off many Death Eaters we apparated to the middle of a dark forest, and we didn't know what was going on. One of the first things we did was to get supplies and I even purchased a car. We went around the country searching for the Horcruxes and destroyed all but two of them" Harry paused to let it sink in for the class before continuing. "We met up with people who had managed to get away from Hogwarts, and we made plans to take

back the Ministry and Hogwarts. While all this was going on, I felt terrible knowing that many of the people who I was looking at would be dead the next day. I hated myself for fighting Voldemort and blamed myself for all of the deaths that had happened over the years” Harry explained a little bit further and Hermione seemed satisfied. A boy put his hand up, and Harry took his question.

“When you were on the run, what was it like to sleep in the same sleeping bags as your wives?” he asked.

“Well I was never cold” Harry shrugged and the class burst into several minutes of laughter.

“Sir?” a small red haired girl had her hand almost up to the ceiling, and Harry nodded at her. “What was it like growing up at Hogwarts?” she asked. “What were your best moments?” she added.

“That’s a good question” Harry said. “I guess that you would have to say getting married and the birth of my children was the top moments” he said at last rubbing his head absently. “Apart from that, I think that you would have to say the defeat of Voldemort because it meant that there was very little evil in the world now. But things happened that I alone must carry the burden for. I killed many Death Eaters, and though they would have done the same to me, I have to carry the memory of that fact with me until the day that I die” and Harry answered many every question that was put to him. The class seemed enthralled by Harry’s tales and all agreed it was better than any other history class they had ever had. Back in his office Harry looked at a photograph of his wives and close friends. Soon enough and Harry would be back with them as Harry knew that he was nearing the end of his life – something he knew for the last 50 years or so. As he had known this, Harry had more than enough time to put his affairs into order before he passed on.

#

“Is there anything I can help you with, Sir?” asked a short blond haired wizard.

“No” Harry replied, “I just wanted to come and have a look around before I headed home” he told the guard, and the wizard nodded before going back to his post. Harry looked around the Atrium of the Ministry building and sighed. All of the damage sustained during the war had long since been repaired but Harry knew each and every spot. Even after all this time, he still wondered if he could have done things differently, perhaps something simple like watching out for sneak Death Eater attacks. But then he knew that he could not have been in all the action spots at the same time – though he wished he could. Harry was still thinking about it when he got back to Grimmauld Place, and as he was going round the house he looked at the antique grandfather clock. It reminded him of the Time Turner. He had often thought about using it to change the past, but Harry could not do that. There had been a few times when he had used it to stop catastrophes when he had no other choice – but that was a total of less than five times. Harry sighed as he made a small dinner for himself and ate it while listening to the radio feed from a Quidditch match between England and Argentina. The old rivalry still existed and the England team had brooms which they called ‘Belgrano Destroyers’ – no wonder that the South Americans got pissed when they played them. After that came a news report on HMS Victory. After over 400 years in drydock, it would finally get to come out and sail on the seas once more. Harry would be attending as he had helped to get the ship protected using magic. After the revealing of the Wizarding world to the muggles, the Royal Navy had asked if they could do something with Victory, and Harry had agreed to look into it. As Harry went to sleep that night, he wondered if he would get to meet his wives in heaven. But with all of the deaths he had caused, Harry considered it best to take a parachute just to be on the safe side!

#

“It’s nearly time” Hermione said.

“You said that 15 years ago” Susan teased.

“How was I supposed to know Harry was going to pull out that Berretta?” Hermione huffed.

“Now now” Hannah said sternly, “I think we should be ready for when Harry gets here” and they had to agree.

“I bet he will surprised” Rudi commented from her seat.

“Surprised isn’t going to be the first words he says” Natalie predicted.

“Too damn right” Ben added.

“Shut it shorty!” said everyone, and Ben made a face.

“Just because I’m dead, doesn’t mean you can pick on me” he pouted.

“You’re beautiful when you’re angry” Rudi giggled.

“Care to prove it?” Ben asked innocently. He jerked his head in the direction of a newly appeared house.

“I do” Rudi replied and they both went inside.

“How on Earth did they get to come upstairs?” asked Natalie shaking her head.

“That would have been my decision” said an unseen booming voice.

“I hate it when he does that randomly” Hermione said.

“Me too” Hannah said.

#

The last few years of Harry’s left passed without much incident, and Harry spent some of his time fishing off the deck of his submarine off the coast of Yorkshire. Although he liked to be with people, he still liked time to himself or at least do what he wanted to do. When he came back to shore in the sub he went to the local airstrip and took to the air in his Supermarine Spitfire. As he used magic to power the aircraft, it was always in gleaming condition though Harry liked to make several passes over London with the machine guns bursting. One could say that Harry’s last years was a complete joy ride. But

then it was time to gather the family to tell them that he would be going on a one way trip to the heavens. Harry absently wondered what the reactions of his family, friends and the entire world at large would be after he had gone. While he waited for the guests to come, Harry picked up a piece of parchment which contained the instructions for his funeral. He would be reading it out during the meeting the next day.

A/N:

Well there you go... Chapter 99 out of 100 Chapters. This means that the next chapter will be the final one for this fic, and I aim to make it a big one and to break 10,000 words for Chapter 100.

Special mentions to Airlady, Submaruader and queenofspades19 who all did many reviews to get me towards the magic 1000 reviews. I would love you all if people who read this but do not review, please do a review. It would mean so much to me.

The titles at the beginning result from an indecision on what to name this. So in the end, I decided to use all of the chapters titles for one big one. It is also a nod of the head to the Carry On films.... English people will get it the best! One of titles is a reference to how some of you keep reminding me to correct the grammer, so theres a few correct sentences in here – SPOT THE BUGGERS!

There will now be a lengthy pause as I work on Chapter 100 and get it past 10,000 and so you will have to wait. In the meantime, I have updated several other fics of mine: Pixel and Stephanie Forever, I'm Not Going and a new one called The Rescue of Lt Yar. Would love to see who lieks those as well!

Would just like to say I hope Submaruder's daughter gets better, and to cheer her up, she is the Hermione Harry speaks to.

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner

Regards;

Pixel

ONE MORE TO GOONE MORE TO GOONE MORE TO GO

ONE MORE TO GOONE MORE TO GOONE MORE TO GO

ONE MORE TO GOONE MORE TO GOONE MORE TO GO

Goodbye Farewell Amen

As you all know, it is my custom to have never put a message at the top of a chapter before, but this occasion demands that one be done. This has been a love of labour that has been ongoing since September 2008, and I have been working on it everyday ever since – even if it was for half an hour or so. To prove how dedicated I was, I even worked on this on Christmas Day in order to get this baby out on time. Many nights have gone by without sleep trying to finish a rather troublesome chapter or two, though some have been completed and uploaded in less then 24 Hours! When I started this, I only expected it to be 5 or 6 chapters at the most, but I rather think that I have gone past that by just a wee mite or two!

The thing that astounded me was when I was told, in a review, that I was one of the best fan fiction writers on the entire web. That made me, a guy, burst into tears. The love, gratitude and respect from all of you who have reviewed and sent me PM's is something that I thank you for. Some people have given me some terrible reviews... Dragon Symphony for one! But I have ignored them and carried on with your support.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls; I would like to invite you to join me in reading the final chapter of "Harry Potter True Friends" Please enjoy the entire story as much I as have whilst writing it.

Thank You

#

It is often said that some people know when they are going to die, and this was true of Harry. Of course he could not actually tell you the exact time of his departure from this world, but he could tell none the less anyway. Harry started to put together his will which was to be read after the service which was up to others. Harry had said on many occasions that he wouldn't know either way would he? Whatever happened, he would not tell anybody about his passing until the very end when there was nothing they could do – he would just slip away to sleep and that would be that. Later that morning, Harry had a cabinet meeting with the Prime Minister which he liked as

much as he loved Voldemort. Since the revealing of the magical world to the ordinary world, the Ministry had been put with all of the others except that it had a large degree of Autonomy to what it could do. Once Harry had left he went to his office he had some paperwork to take care of, and he set to work on it with a pleasure as it wouldn't be his concern for much longer.

"Sir?" a short witch put her head around the door.

"Yes, Rachel?" he asked.

"The Goblins have sent the forms you asked for" she said, and she brought them in and put them on his desk. "Is there anything else?" Rachel asked him

"No, thanks" Harry replied, "In fact take the rest of the day off" and Rachel vanished out the door. The forms which he had been sent regarded the transfer of money from the Potter Vaults to some very good and deserving places. After the help they had given him, it was time he repaid that debt before he left.

#

Harry was stood on the cliff and watched the sun as it shone golden rays of light onto the surface of the sea. He found the sea relaxing at times and it helped him to think about how to tell his family, his friends and others that he was going to die soon.

"Granddad?" a voice from behind made him turn around to see a black haired young woman standing behind him.

"Hello, Brenna" he said to his granddaughter. "What's the matter?" Harry asked her.

"I was going to ask you" she replied. "You're out here alone so something is wrong" Brenna finished, and brushed her long black hair back behind her ears.

“Apart from the fact I am the oldest living person?” Harry said sarcastically, and then he looked at her seriously. “I want to die” he said, and Brenna put a horrified expression on to her face.

“You can’t do that!” she said. They argued for over an hour until Harry silenced her with a look.

“Brenna, I am over 400 years old and I would very much like to die” Harry said, and his granddaughter looked at him with a puzzled look replacing the previous panicked one.

“But you can’t die” she said.

“Everyone dies” Harry told her, “When people do is always completely random. I should have died many years ago but things conspired that allowed me to live twice as long as anyone else. It has been a full and happy life and I just want to go to sleep knowing that the world is safe from major evil” he said, and Harry looked back towards the sea. “And the sea shall give each man new hope” he quoted.

“Who said that?” Brenna asked.

“Christopher Columbus” Harry said.

“That the guy that directed two of the Harry Potter films?” Brenna enquired.

“No” Harry told her, “Different Columbus” and explained that Columbus had sailed from Spain and discovered the West Indies. “Surely you know that from school?” Harry asked her when he was done with explaining. Brenna took it all in before asking Harry when he was going to die. Harry replied that he wasn’t sure when he was going to die; only that he knew that he wouldn’t last another year – that much he knew for certain.

“But you are a legend” Brenna said sternly, and it reminded Harry very much of when Hermione would have a go at him for not doing his homework correctly or being the wrong length, “You can’t die” she pouted.

“Oh really?” Harry said, turning back and raising an eyebrow at her. “I was lucky and survived the Second Dark War. The people buried in fields all over England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland are the real legends. They gave up their lives for freedom and all they get is a day in the year – **THOSE ARE THE REAL LEGENDS**” he shouted, and he apparated from the spot so hard that Brenna was knocked off her feet and was thrown back several feet.

#

Harry had worked for several decades on this, and he was very proud of it indeed. When he had attended Shamus Finnegan and Liam Cleary’s funerals all those years ago, he had made a promise to get Ireland united into one country again. Today was the day that it happened, though there had been a few compromises. Ireland was one whole place again, but it was part of the United Kingdom which annoyed some Irish, but they put up with it as they got half of what they wanted.

#

Harry lit the fire and then settled down to watch a Quidditch game on the TV. After the merging of the two worlds, the sport was now shown on weekends and during the week for important matches. Football still reigned supreme of course – **THAT** hadn’t changed. The game was Manchester Marauders v Hull Harriers, and this was just a league game so it was shown at the weekend. Harry still had a keen interest in Quidditch and still played in charity matches every so often.

“Just to keep my hand in,” he would often say.

The game was a total pleasure to watch as both teams did their level best to win, and it was no surprise that it came to a draw. Harry finished his tea and felt a little tired and he settled down in the massive, soft armchair and closed his eyes.

“A little sleep I should think” he thought to himself. Harry was feeling warm and comfortable and he slipped under and never woke up again. He knew that something was wrong when he started seeing

Hannah, Susan, Hermione, Rudi, Ben, Luna, Neville, Natalie and other people that he had been to school at. They all looked a youthful age as if time had not passed for them – they all looked liked he best remembered them from his memory.

“It’s been a while” Hermione said matter of factly.

“Where am I?” Harry asked.

“This is heaven” Hannah giggled.

“And you’re dead” Susan pointed out.

“Shit” Harry swore.

“Harry said a naughty word” chimed the chorus of Ben, Rudi and Natalie.

“Best get a parachute and sunblock for him” added Luna and Neville.

#

They found him still in the armchair that evening when an Auror came round to deliver some missing paperwork to Harry. The first thing the Auror did was to seal the house up from the general public and then to alert the Ministry and inform them that Harry Potter was dead. Shortly before Harry had died, he had altered his will so that it would be read to the benefactors before whatever service was held for him. The whole world mourned the loss of what many people considered to be the greatest person who had ever lived, and tributes were paid and flowers left outside his home and outside the Ministry. Queen Elizabeth IV – the currant monarch of the United Kingdom – declared a full week of national mourning and messages of symphony were sent from other world leaders from almost every nation on the planet. The debate as to where Harry would be buried started almost as soon as the news of his death broke. While they talked and talked, Harry’s body lay in state so that people could see him and pay their respects to the family. He lay in the centre of Westminster watched over by a member of each of the armed services plus an Auror – now almost a ceremonial post, and the people filed past to glimpse Harry

one last time. At the end of the last day, a total was taken of all those who had filed past Harry and the number came to 17 million men women and children – a true testament to the respect Harry had from all walks of life.

#

The casket containing the last survivor of the Second Dark War was carried by Aurors to the dockside with the route lined with people watching the procession. Once at the docks, the coffin was piped aboard HMS Ark Royal and the ship left and joined by HMS Invincible, HMS Chatham, HMS Glasgow, HMS Bristol, HMS Cornwall and HMS Victory. Ships from other navies also sailed with them including the USS Missouri which was out of Pearl Harbour for this first time in 382 years. Sailed from Portsmouth harbour with a small flotilla of motor boats and sailing dinghies almost carrying them out. The fleet sailed up the east coast – and every ship was lined in black - and travelled all the way to Scotland, anchoring 25 miles from Inverness. A small submarine came alongside Ark Royal and the flight deck was filled with senior officers from all of the ships of the funeral fleet. Once alongside Ark Royal, the name of the submarine was clear to everyone as Wulfler. Although she had been retired from the Royal Navy hundreds of years ago, it had been ordered by Royal Decree that Wulfler be commissioned for this event, and so she proudly bore name on her conning tower picked out in red once again – HMS Wulfler. As the coffin was carried out onto the flight deck, every officer and crew member snapped to attention and saluted as it went past. When it reached the edge of the ship, the senior petty officer piped Harry's coffin over the side and down to the submarine. One of the Royal Navy officers withdrew a walkie talkie and spoke in hushed tones to it.

“Westminster to Victory”

“Victory here” came a reply.

“Run out all guns and fire at your discretion” the Captain said. As he switched it off, he heard his American counterpart do the same for his ship. As the submarine slowly drifted away from the side of Ark Royal,

HMS Victory opened its portside gun ports.

#

“Open port gun ports” came the shouted order. The crew members opened the portside gun ports on the lower decks

“Gun ports open” came a reply.

“Load the guns” said the executive officer, and each of then actual cannons from Trafalgar was loaded with a blank charge of gunpowder. “Run out... make ready...FIRE!” and the port side of the ship erupted into burst of fire. One by one, from stem to stern, Victory fired a full broadside in salute to Harry. Moments later, the Missouri also opened up with her massive 15in guns. By the end, every one of the 34 ships had fired its guns in a full general salute. Five Harriers from the Fleet Air Arm museum few over the Wulfler and one peeled off in “The Missing Man” formation. Some people had criticized the cost of the entire operation, but they had been talked down by the fact that they owed Harry a great deal. One by one, the ships all turned about and headed for Portsmouth where the fleet would be dispersed back to their own countries. Victory and Missouri had one last thing to do however, and both ships began to overtake Wulfler and as they came up alongside, both ships raised full battle ensigns to every mast that would hold them and fired another broadside off and then they turned back to Portsmouth.

#

The headmaster scanned the waters surface for any sign of something coming out, and was rewarded after many glances by Wulfler coming up from the watery depths of the lake. The submarine came up to as close to the edge of the lake and stopped as a group of six people went towards the waters edge and received the coffin. The sad little party came up and Harry was borne on the last leg of his final journey to be buried at his beloved Hogwarts, by members of Gryffindor House. The burial service was attended by hundreds of people and it was broadcast all over the world as well. Harry’s coffin was added to those which had placed there hundreds of years ago.

One last name was added to a memorial statue which Harry himself had erected. The names ran like thus: Natalie McDonald, Ben Tennyson, Rudi Tennyson, Luna Longbottom, Neville Longbottom, Hermione Potter, Susan Potter, Hannah Potter, Harry Potter – True Friends.

A/N:

Ladies and Gentlemen; I present to you the final Chapter of Harry Potter True Friends. I would like to first thank all of you for the support you have given me over the 11 months it has taken me to get to this final part. I am now going to list those people who deserve a special mention in reviews, comments or general support and ideas.

In no particular order:

Zeropolis79/The Submarauder

Budrick1701 e

queenofspades19

Wulfler

JWOHPfan

Voldemort is dead

Draghknar

Joemjackson

Phantombrick

Airlady

Paladin 13

michaelc100

Beth5572

Godzillahomer

Olaf74

hpnut1

Murdrax

To all those above and to the rest of you readers and reviewers I salute you!

Now to references:

Christopher Columbus did say the quote that Harry used. The other Christopher Columbus is of course the guy that directed the first two Harry Potter films – easy to get confused. Brenna actually references that fact early on.

The ships: HMS Ark Royal, HMS Invincible, HMS Chatham, HMS Glasgow, HMS Bristol, HMS Cornwall and HMS Victory and USS Missouri are active commissioned vessel from the Royal Navy and the United States Navy respectfully except HMS Glasgow which was withdrawn from service while this chapter was begun.

HMS Wulfler is of course named after one of my reviewers who is also listed above.

The Chapter title is also the title of the final episode of M*A*S*H

I got my wish in that the very last words of this story was the title of the fic.

Special Message To Trax: Look over and over the chapter, I have done a grammeticy correct sentence – please note it in your review.

#

As of this upload, the statistics stand as thus:

Words: 303,002

Reviews: 945

Views: 253,872

Once again, I would like to thank you for all of the reviews that you sent to me and also of the Pm's sent in support or trying to weed out a little information in advance of the next release.

Reviews and Pm's in the normal manner

Regards

Pixel And Stephanie Forever

THE ONE TRUE GOD OF FANFICTION

Story Status:- Complete

Goodnight

Coming Next: Chapter 101

And Just When You Thought It Was Over...

Harry slowly got used to the fact he was dead, and heaven didn't seem so bad in the end. He had his close family and friends with him to enjoy the afterlife with, but one thing confused him concerning his life. Hannah saw the confusion wash over his face and she spoke softly to him.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I was wishing that I could have changed the way things went" Harry told her, while sitting on a cloud.

"You should have used the Time Turner then" Hermione said, bouncing onto an adjoining cloud.

"You know the price of those who have them" Harry reminded her.

"I know what the price of a Time Lord is" Susan said, popping out of nowhere.

"Sworn never to interfere" Ben and Rudi said, drinking Long Island Iced Teas.

"Only to watch" Natalie finished, crossing over with a book entitled 'Your Own Death, And How To Cope With It' – apparently a good read in the afterlife.

"I know all that" Harry said glumly, "I just wish that I could go back and change things so that people could have lived who deserved to live" and he slapped back into the cloud he was sitting on. He was about to say something when he had a thought.

"What's wrong?" Susan asked.

"Apart from the fact I'm dead?" Harry asked, "I've had an idea" he said.

"Like?" Hannah enquired.

“I’m going to find out if it is possible to go back in time and change things” Harry said. And they could all tell that he was perfectly serious.

#

After his death, Harry spent several decades doing what he wanted. Though he was no longer on a mortal plane, he still went to sleep as he always used to.

“What are you thinking about?” asked Hermione. His wife was wearing a bright yellow summer dress which had a low cut front.

“I was thinking of what I said ages ago” Harry replied.

“What was that?” asked Susan, stepping out of the shower. After his arrival, Harry had discovered an exact replica of Grimmauld Place. However, as Susan stepped out of the shower, Harry noted she was not wearing a towel.

“I want to go back in time and put right things that once went wrong” Harry told her.

“I thought you gave that all up years ago?” Hannah said, lying on the bed with just a short skirt and blouse on.

“I never gave up, I just put it to one side. I found information on how to do so in the Great Library. As I was so powerful in the living world, then I should be able to return to the past and put things right. It also means...” he paused to grin at his wives, “That there is more chance for sex!” and a barrage of pillows converged upon his head.

“Men!” came a collective call of female voices.

“Are you ready?” asked a tall man with a long white beard. Harry picked himself up, dusted himself down and nodded.

“See you around” was all that he said, and Harry vanished from view.

“Hope he does it” said one of them.

A/N:

HA HA HA HA HA

Do you know how long this has been in my inbox?

Prepare for Chapter 102!

Happy Halloween

Pixel